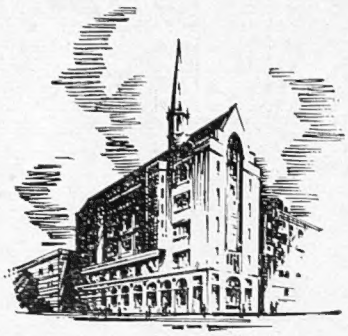
BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

JULY
1940

NEGLEY FARSON
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
BARRE LYNDON
MARGARET CHUTE
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



24 OLD BOND STREET · W1

ATKINSONS

GOLD MEDAL

Eau de Cologne

For years some people have had the mistaken idea that only foreign Eau de Cologne could be regarded as 'real.' Those same people now find that a real Eau de Cologne *is* and always has been obtainable in England. Made by Atkinsons for over 100 years, this exquisite Eau de Cologne is distilled from selected blossoms grown in Atkinsons own orange groves.

Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is unique in its restorative properties, its high degree of concentration, and the lasting quality of its refreshing perfume.

1/9, 3/-, 5/6, 9/- and upwards.

AEC 110-335-80

SUN-TAN

WITHOUT SUN-BURN

To suntan becomingly yet without painful sunburn the skin should always be bathed with Larola. Exposure to sun, wind and salt-laden air brings no harm to your beauty if you use Larola regularly, for Larola gives both protection and a lovely bloom. After using it you feel permanently soothed and refreshed. In all weathers and conditions Larola is indispensable for protecting the skin—for keeping the face and hands beautifully smooth and free from blemish.

Write for a free copy of the Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

Larola

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Silk Stockings Reign Supreme

Combine smartness with economy. Insist on your stockings being **invisibly mended** by the **VITOS** process. Ladders picked up and secured by the infallible **VITOS** machine.

At all good drapers and **invisible mending** shops.

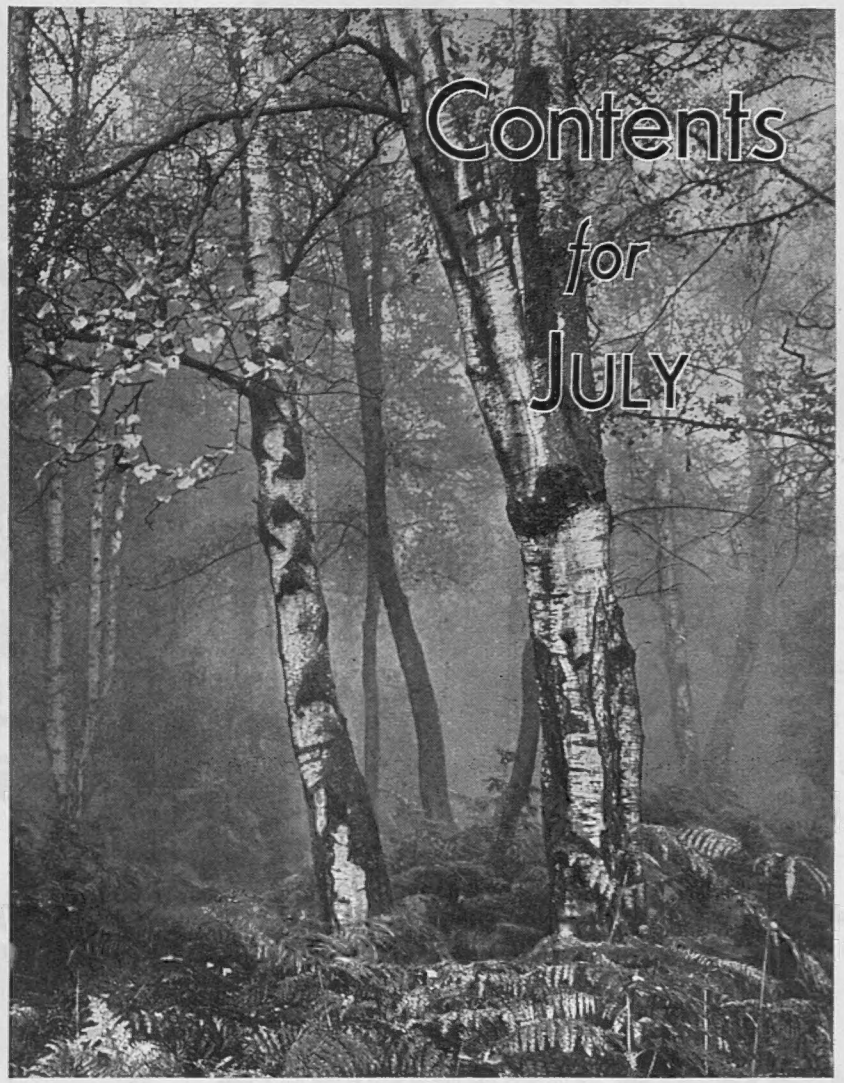
If in difficulty write for the name of the nearest agent to...

LA SOIE LIMITED (Dept. 16) 23, Great Castle St., LONDON W. 1. for London and the South.

B. TOONE & C° (Dept. 16) Newdigate St., NOTTINGHAM... for Scotland the North and Midlands.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 21, No. 1 JULY, 1940



Cover Design

by *Fred Purvis*

Articles

Surprise, Surprise . . . ! : by *C. Patrick Thompson* Decoration by *J. Nicolson* 10–11 and 62

Along the Danube : by *Negley Farson* 16–17 and 68

They Let Them Go . . . : by *Margaret Chute* 30–31 and 76

Wings Over the Navy : by *Stanley Jackson* 34 and 80

Old Tales Re-told : A Saracen Heroine Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 35–38 and 87

Home Section

How the Old Face Has Changed : 22–23 and 66

Cutting Down Without Tears : 28–29 and 74

One Room and a Bath : 32–33 and 80

Treat 'Em Rough : 40 and 86

Saving Your Good Presence : 41

Stories

Strictly According to Plan : by *Lawson Luard* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 6–9 and 62

A Bosom Pal : by *Muriel Dick* Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 12–15 and 64

There's Always Something : by *Barré Lyndon* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 18–21 and 68

The Lift is Quicker, Sir ! : by *W. Cooper-Willson* Illustrated by *Kenneth Inns* 24–27 and 71

Home Section

Beauty and Health : by *Chrysis*

Cash into the Sun 42–43 and 96

Take Summer into Partnership 44–45

Picnic Technique : by *Harriet Muir* 46–47

Knitting :

Light Waistcoat — Dark Shirt 48 and 84

Yellow With Blue Stripes 48 and 84

Lavender and New Lacy Design 49 and 85

On Duty—and Off : by *Jane Gordon* 50, 89 and 90

Fashions : by *Jean Burnup* 51–54

Mary Young's Findings for Your Keepings : 55

Waste Not : 56

Confidently Recommended : 58 and 93

Some Things a Good Cook Ought to Know : 94–96

General

Books : Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 39 and 89

Power Alternatives : by *A. Percy Bradley* 61

Decisive Battles of the World : No. 7—Battle of Tours 5

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 90. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons. For the conditions of sale and supply of this magazine see page 96.

BARNARDO'S

are helping—

SOME OF OUR OLD BOYS.

They have 2,401 old boys in H.M. FORCES.

Will YOU kindly help to secure the "KITCHEN FRONT" for the 8,250 children now in the Homes?

Their need is greater than ever today

10/- FEEDS ONE CHILD FOR TEN DAYS.

Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 391 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

PLEASE HELP BARNARDO'S

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

It's economical to polish with

A PERFECT POLISH

RONUK

FURNITURE CREAM

Remember—*I'll want lots of* SNAPS

Keep your camera in readiness to take delightful *personal* snaps. You can take all the pictures you like so long as you don't infringe the Government Order against taking ships, aircraft, other scenes of naval and military importance. Send these precious pictures to Will R. Rose where every stage of developing and printing is under the care of the finest photographic experts.

'Magna Prints' (regd.) are superb for bringing out details in small negatives. No. 2 Brownie and smaller sizes printed 4¼" x 3¼" at standard prices.

Send your developing and printing to

WILL R. ROSE Ltd

(Dept. G)
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester
133 & 134 High Street, Oxford
25 The Promenade, Cheltenham

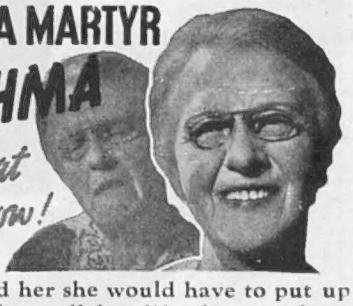
HOFELS' CARROT JUICE

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia & Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 94 Westbourne Grove, London, W.2, mentioning **Hofels' Life Juices.—B.E.32.**

For healthy teeth and sweet breath

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

ONCE A MARTYR *to* ASTHMA *—look at her now!*



They told her she would have to put up with Asthma all her life—have to keep dreading nightfall with the spasms . . . the fighting for breath that was straining her heart . . . making life miserable.

But a good friend brought her some POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE and to-day she's a changed woman, for directly an attack threatens she burns a little in a saucer, inhales the aromatic healing vapours and obtains INSTANT RELIEF. Gone are the awful paroxysms of suffocation...congestion goes, breathing eases.

INSTANT RELIEF *for* ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CONGESTION, INFLUENZA, CROUP, CHRONIC CATARRH, *and all chest complaints*

Marvellous in Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Bronchial Catarrh, Hay Fever and all chest complaints.

Thousands have taken POTTER'S successfully on the advice of their doctors. Get a tin to-day. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists, 1/6 or 1/9 post free from makers.

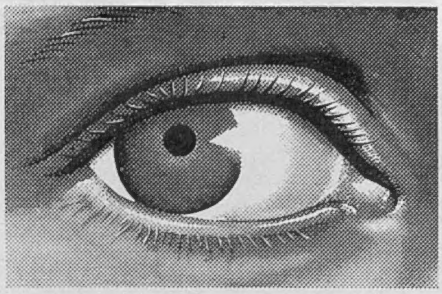
Write for a really helpful book, "Are you Asthmatic?"

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
61Q Artillery Lane, London, E.1

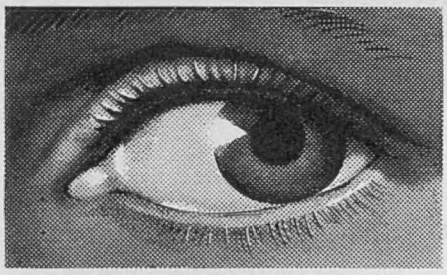
POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

A.C.20

SUN HEADACHES



HAY FEVER



WAR STRAIN

Pity your poor eyes. Think of all the extra strain and work that Summer brings them—sun-glare, tennis, bathing, microbe-laden dust (and remember, microbes breed faster in hot weather)—no wonder they get sore and red and tired. And this Summer your nerves are fighting the added strain of war conditions. This nerve strain definitely affects your eyes. Do as Doctors and Opticians recommend—bathe your eyes with Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex gently washes away all foreign matter, tones up the local nerves and muscles, and restores circulation to the tiny veins of the eye. As a result, aches, pains, irritations and excessive watering quickly disappear (even in cases of hay fever) and your eyes regain their natural healthy sparkle. From now on have an Optrex eye-bath regularly every night and morning—see what a difference it makes!

Optrex

BRAND

EYE LOTION

Obtainable from all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath) and 3/6 nearly three times the quantity (without eye-bath). Also Optrex Eye Masks at 4/6 per jar of 12.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middlx.

"On war service or at home, these marvellous creams keep my complexion smooth and clear"

SAYS

Lady Cynthia Tothill

Analysis of *Lady Cynthia Tothill's* features

(**1**) *Shape of Face:* Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth, very white forehead.

(**2**) *Eyes:* Starry, dark, slightly almond-shaped, fringed with long, silky dark lashes. No lines or wrinkles at corners.

(**3**) *Nose:* Short and straight, with very smooth, white skin. No coarse pores or blackheads.

(**4**) *Mouth:* Wide and sensitive with well-shaped lips. *Chin:* Firm and rounded, with smooth, velvety skin. No sagging lines or blackheads.

(**5**) *Hair:* Dark and lustrous—a perfect foil for Lady Cynthia's attractive features and glorious complexion.

Lady Cynthia attributes the unusual smoothness and clearness of her skin to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

She says: "Elaborate beauty care isn't necessary—for Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition. Since I started using them I've been amazed at the improvement in my complexion."

Pond's Creams can do as much for your complexion as they have done for hers! You see, these wonderful creams supply all your skin's needs. They cleanse and lubricate it; they rid it of blemishes and coarse pores; they protect it against harsh winds.

Begin using them *now!* Soon you will notice a wonderful change in your skin. Cared for this simple way, skin loses any trace of sallowness, becomes fresh, clear. Shrunken undertissues fill out so that lines are softened away. Big pores and blemishes disappear as your skin becomes each day healthier and in better condition!

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning as a protection against dryness and to hold your powder on smoothly! It's the way to gain a new, lovelier, more youthful complexion.

P.S. HAVE YOU TRIED **POND'S** *Lipstick?*

Britannia & Eve for July, 1940

"Both Schweppes, sir"

Decisive Battles of the World

Charles Martel defeats Abd-ar-Rahman
and made possible the Medieval Empire

Battle of Tours, A.D. 732

THE victory of Charles Martel ("the Hammer"), military leader of the Franks, over Abd-ar-Rahman's horde army, in the plain between Tours and Poitiers, halted and threw back the Islamic invasion of Europe, and incubated the Holy Roman Empire, which, for a time at least, united the French and German speaking elements in Europe.

Under the dynamism of Muhammad and his associate Abu Bekr—the latter an organiser and captain of genius—a new power had sprouted in South-East Asia. Over seventy years the dark, hard-hitting armies of the Caliphs fought and conquered to the eastward, over Persia and Turkestan, to the borders of China: they took Syria and Egypt, and swept along North Africa to the Atlantic. They hammered at the eastern and western gateways of Europe.

At Constantinople, seat of the Roman Eastern Empire since Constantine's day, the Emperor Leo III, in A.D. 718, broke the assault by two adroit naval operations, a daring land attack, and some dexterous diplomacy and propaganda. But at Gibraltar the Arabs crossed to Spain and overran the peninsula, once held so firmly by Rome's legions.

Muhammad died in A.D. 632, before the great conquests began with the destruction of the Byzantine army at Yarmuk, and the Persian host under Rustam in the three-days' battle at Kadessia. The conquest of Spain began in A.D. 710, and it was in A.D. 732 that the Moslem Governor of Spain, Abd-ar-Rahman, at the head of a great army, came over the Pyrenees, knocked aside the force which Eudo of Aquitaine (South-West France) sent to stop him at Bordeaux, and headed north for Tours, looting as he went.

EUDO rode to Paris and submitted to Charles Martel, head of the Carolingian family, hereditary chief minister of the Merovingian kings, military commander of the Franks, and their king in all but name. Charles had an army of tough veterans, and all the fighting north to draw upon. He moved fast, and was over the Loire and at Tours before Abd-ar-Rahman. The Moslem commander had not expected him. He halted, and for a week the two armies faced one another. Charles was awaiting reinforcements. Abd-ar-Rahman was covering the movement south of his loot. Then Abd-ar-Rahman retired. Charles followed and came up with him near Poitiers. The Moslem could not afford either another wait, or another retreat. His masses of horses and baggage mules would starve in the first event; and, in the second, sections of his undisciplined army might break away with their loot, or the Franks, at his heels, might catch him at a disadvantage. The ground favoured the cavalry on which he relied. He attacked.

THE battle lasted all day. The fighting must have had some semblance to that at Omdurman, on the banks of the Nile, when the Mullah's hordes charged Kitchener's ranks, and were in their turn charged.

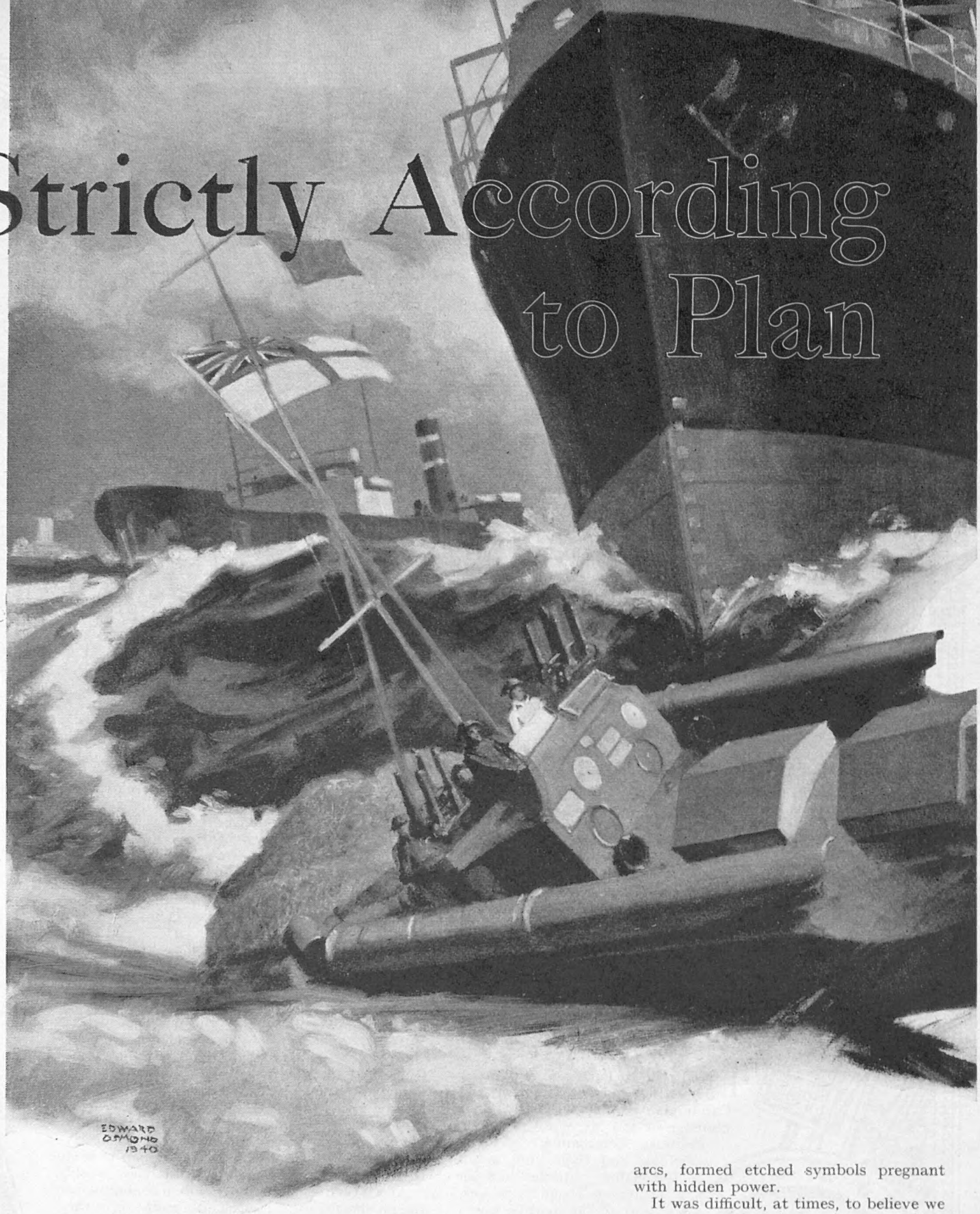
Charles's compact army opposed its phalanx to the furious Moslem onslaughts. The unarmoured Moslems thrust with lance and hewed with curved sword. They had failed to appreciate and did not use the missile weapons, arrow, javelin, and throwing-axe. The Frankish army buffered the shocks with throwing-spears and throwing-axes, opposed their shields to scimitar slashes, thrust with spear and dagger, swung with axe and sword.

Towards the end of the day one wing of the allied army reached the Moslem headquarter camp and killed Abd-ar-Rahman. That night, the Moslems fled. Charles had no adequate cavalry force to pursue.

The Moslem tide thereafter ebbed, and eventually their empire splintered. But in Europe a new unity was achieved as a new and durable centre of authority arose to replace the Latin Empire which Rome had spawned. Charles's son could obtain the Pope's sanction to depose the Merovingian king and assume the royal title; and his son, Charlemagne, as king of the Franks, could proceed to the building of the medieval empire which lasted nearly a thousand years, and helped western man to bridge the gap between the old and the new worlds.

And if Charles had lost? Gibbon contemplates the prospect thus: "... the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pupils might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet."

Strictly According to Plan



I SHALL never forget the experience. It was vivid, exciting, almost bewildering in its sudden intensity. Doubtless the luck was with us—that good luck men earn and deserve when carefully planned tactics, accompanied by exactitude in detail, achieve success. And my friend, the commodore of the convoy, spoke of it afterwards as a naval occasion.

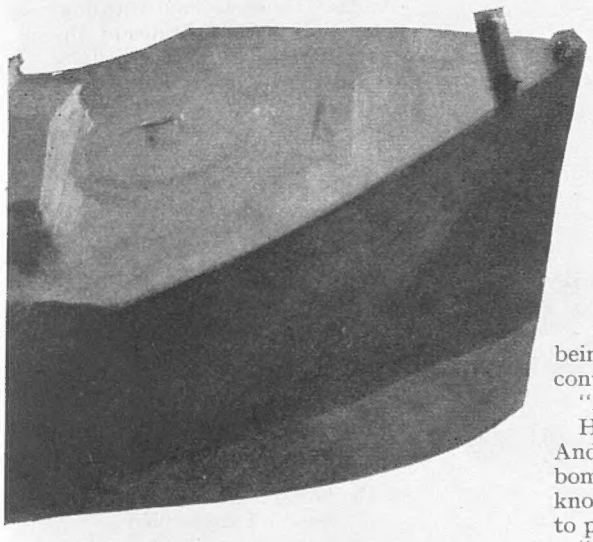
We were proceeding south down the North Sea. From the bridge of our ship, situated in the centre of the port wing, I had a faultless view of the convoy advancing, like an open phalanx, in columns disposed abeam. They were a strange collection, gathered, one would say, from the corners of the seven seas. They ranged in size from five hundred to three thousand tons. Some were in ballast, others deep loaded. Some held a curve and sheer that delighted the eye, others, squat and angular, with topsides straight as walls, were bereft of beauty. From all clouds of smoke rose intermittently, spreading like a pall above the calm placidity of the sea. The slim grey hulls of the escort vessels, sweeping wide arcs, formed etched symbols pregnant with hidden power.

It was difficult, at times, to believe we were at war, though the night, curtained by mist, had been trying. But, dawn brought increasing visibility to a festal pour of sunshine, a sky of deep unstained blue that held no hint of hidden anger, with the line of the coast, limned against a diaphanous haze, a remote, impregnable bulwark.

"Do you believe in announcing the odds against a ship being sunk in convoy?" Bradshaw asked, averting his eyes from the eastern horizon.

"Perhaps it is tempting Fate," I said.

"It is," he returned. "One should never boast in war; the unexpected too often happens."



A *Story of the* British *Convoys*

By L. LUARD

INSTANTLY our M.T.B.s moved ahead. They increased to full speed, forming into single line; and a trail of foam rolled like a miniature tidal wave across the sea

He leaned against the binnacle. Though he had been on the bridge all night, he showed no signs of fatigue. Five years ago he had retired from the Navy, with the rank of rear-admiral. Now, a commodore of the Royal Naval Reserve, responsible for over twenty merchant ships, he had found a new lease of life. "I had my work cut out to begin with," he would admit; "but they soon learnt. They keep station like the Navy. They swing into anti-submarine formation with the precision of a Guard's regiment. They're far greater than they know."

I watched him fill his pipe. He pressed the tobacco into the bowl slowly and deliberately, as though he were reviewing the course of events. His bronzed face, lined and seamed, held wisdom born of experience. "Yes," he continued; "the odds may be five hundred to one against being sunk by a submarine when in convoy."

"As high as that?"

He nodded. "I don't necessarily agree. And the same odds may hold good against bombing attacks, because, for some unknown reason, the Germans don't seem to press them home."

"And mines?" I questioned.

"Almost non-existent now. We're steaming down channels swept each day. But I'm not so sure they haven't other methods up their sleeve. Why not? Surprise is the essence of success. And conditions this morning are ideal."

I knew from his words that something was afoot. Bradshaw rarely discussed the war. He kept it segregated in one compartment of his mind. "Brooding on what may happen destroys efficiency," he often remarked. "Fear is our worst enemy—the fear of the unknown."

He pointed to one of the new war light floats broad on the port bow. "There's the result not of fear, but of insensate bombing. All to the good for us. The lantern burns for more than two months —unattended. In five years' time all lightships will receive their power from the ether, and one of the loneliest callings in the world will be abolished."

He straightened, glanced at his watch, then moved to the starboard side of the bridge and stared ahead. "Time they approached," he said.

I held my peace. A direct question would do no good. Something seemed in store. I attempted an assumed indifference.

Bradshaw grinned. "You're all eagerness," he said, "with luck you won't have long to wait. Mind you keep your eyes open. It will come and go so fast that you'll hardly realise what has happened."

He spoke into a voice-pipe. "Any signals through? None? Complete wireless silence? Right."

He began to pace the bridge. I noticed he was becoming anxious. Yet nothing seemed amiss. The ships were in station, steaming a steady nine knots; our dead reckoning was correct; and the white feather of a hostile periscope would be as easy to spot as the black specks of approaching bombers amid the unruffled serenity of sea and sky.

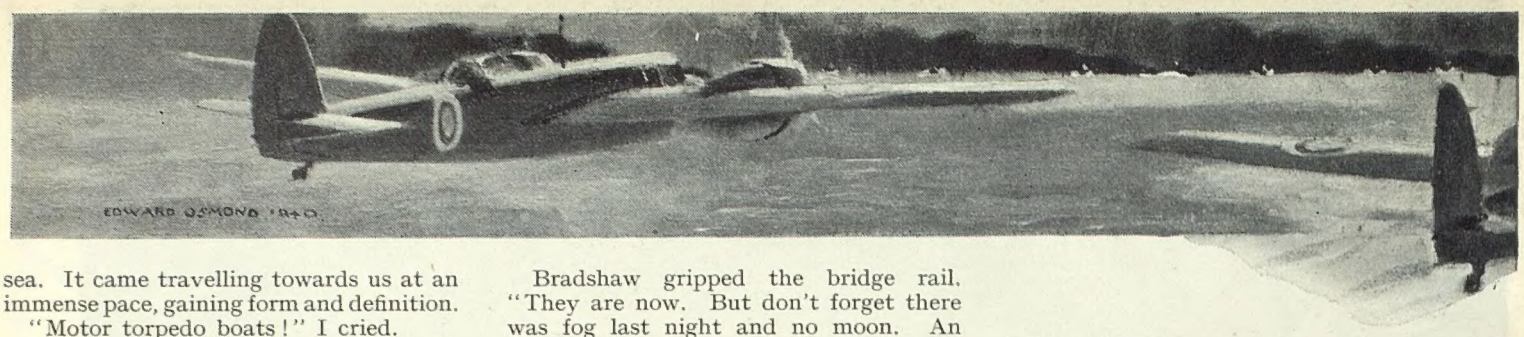
"I'm becoming impatient," Bradshaw said, half to himself. "Getting old. Getting nervy. Looking into things, despite my resolve. But it's too audacious. We're taking too big a risk. . . ."

He paused in his stride. "Were you listening?"

"I was," I said, "but for the life of me I can't understand your remarks."

A hail from the look-out interrupted his reply. He jumped to the starboard side of the bridge. "Good!" he exclaimed, "here they are."

I followed his gaze. Fine on the bow a long line of foam, like a miniature tidal wave, broke the calm surface of the



sea. It came travelling towards us at an immense pace, gaining form and definition.

"Motor torpedo boats!" I cried.

Bradshaw lowered his binoculars. "Quite right. They're all out—making forty-five knots. Now the Germans can do their worst. Events are working strictly according to plan."

"According to plan?" I questioned. "Do you mean we may be attacked by German M.T.B.s?"

A slow smile spread over his rugged features. "I'm not suggesting anything. I'm leaving it to our Intelligence Service. They know best; they've got the information. The Operations Division has done the rest. A big risk—no doubt; but it's been planned to the last detail—timed to a minute."

I held my breath. It seemed difficult to believe. Their craft had nearly three hundred miles to travel. Doubtless well over double this distance was within their radius of action if they proceeded outward bound at economical speed. But they would have to run the gauntlet of our surface and air-borne patrols—no easy matter.

"Conditions seem ideal for us," I pursued.

Bradshaw gripped the bridge rail. "They are now. But don't forget there was fog last night and no moon. An attacking force of mosquito craft would leave at dusk, and have every chance of eluding our patrols. And I don't believe they'll be accompanied by aircraft."

"I'm no tactician," I said, "but aircraft scouting ahead seem essential. They would be the eyes of the flotilla; they would deliver a simultaneous attack. Surely the chances of success would be more than doubled?"

He shook his head. "Not if visibility remained poor. The German M.T.B.s carry two torpedoes apiece. They would stake everything on complete surprise. If we first sighted them at two miles—four thousand yards—their torpedoes, slightly spread, would play havoc before we could turn away."

"Yes," I returned. "You may be right; but, as a landsman, I would still deliver an attack in conjunction with aircraft, even if they came in afterwards. Besides, conditions are no longer ideal for them. Visibility is good. We should sight them five miles away. Even now our M.T.B.s are only just closing home."

"Watch them," Bradshaw returned, "and remember the Germans always work and hold to a preconceived plan. Conditions were ideal last night, I repeat. If they're out, they won't return until they've attempted something. That's where they fall down. They can't adapt themselves to sudden changes—in this case meteorological."

Our craft, roaring over the water in line abreast, approached within four hundred

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

HE glanced at his watch, then moved to the starboard side of the bridge and stared ahead. "Time they approached," he said

yards. Then, without warning, the high-pitched drone of the motors fell, the misted upflung bow waves merged into flecks of white. Turning into line ahead, they steadied on a parallel course—dispersed, each taking station on the starboard beam of one of the convoy.

"We form a perfect screen," Bradshaw murmured. "Do you see what they are carrying aft?"

I studied the M.T.B. steaming on a parallel course fifty yards away. Her squat hull, with its torpedo tubes, its small tripod mast, its anti-aircraft pom-pom, looked diminutive, insignificant. Then I concentrated on the heaped mounds near her stern.

"Nets!" I exclaimed.

"Quite right. Nets. Have you guessed what we're hoping to achieve?" He raised a megaphone. "M.T.B. ahoy! A red flat at the yard arm is your signal."

"Ay, ay, sir," a youthful voice returned. "The sooner you hoist it the better. We're ready and waiting. We've been practising for weeks."

"Senior officer of twenty ships," Bradshaw commented with a touch of envy. "I don't suppose he has many more years to his credit. No wonder they call them the 'Death or Glory Flotilla'."

I ran over the sequence of events, attempting to elucidate matters. Convoys had been attacked by submarines and bombers, with small measure of success. The magnetic mine which had, at first, claimed many victims, was no longer a serious menace, most ships being fitted with the antidote. I glanced at the live cable, lagged like a steam pipe, running round our scuppers, and marvelled that the current was neutralising the permanent

magnetism of the hull. We could steam safely, without attracting the sensitive needle that closed the detonating circuit. There remained, then, this problem of a massed torpedo attack by German M.T.B.s. It could take several forms. Aided by poor visibility, which favoured the element of surprise, it might well succeed, especially if some of the craft were fitted with floating contact mines, which could be dropped ahead of our course.

"Well, have you guessed?" Bradshaw repeated.

"I think so; but I'd rather see a flight of fighters and bombers overhead."

FOR a moment I felt our plan, despite its amazing precision, had failed

Bradshaw smiled. "Maybe you will. They're ready to take off—only a few minutes distant in time. Haven't you forgotten that craft travelling over forty-five knots are more difficult to hit than stationary targets?"

I saw a signalman climbing the bridge ladder. Bradshaw glanced at the pad. "Thanks," he said. He wrote rapidly. "Code and get this off."

He turned to me. "An outer flight patrol has reported them. I've just sent a signal to the necessary R.A.F. Coastal Command. Relaying for safety. Don't know what we'd do without wireless. They're twenty miles away. We ought to sight them any minute. Watch for the executive."

I watched, right enough. A few seconds later I saw the red flag break from the yardarm of every ship. Instantly our M.T.B.s moved ahead. They increased to full speed. Covered in flying belts of spray, they formed into single line, turned eight points; and again a long trail of foam rolled, like a miniature tidal wave, across the calm surface of the sea.

"Good luck to (*Continued on page* 62)

EARLY CAVE DWELLER ARMED WITH FLINT WEAPONS HANNIBAL CROSSES THE ALPS WITH HIS ELEPHANTS THE ENGLISH BOWMEN AT CRECY

SURPRISE,

—Or, the Art of Warfare Through the Ages

OG came stealthily round the side of the hummock and peered across the green stretch towards the cave at the hill foot. Had the occupant seen him coming over the far ridge, before he slipped into the wood? You could see a long way from that cave: which was one reason why Og, washed out of his own fastness across the valley by a mountain torrent which had changed its course, desired it.

Og had had his fights with invaders who wanted his woman, his home, or his hunting ground. He knew the desirability of a shelter immune from surprise. True, one enterprising stranger, with the look of a tree dweller, after being beaten off by day, had returned in the night. But Og was clever.

Ever since he had lost a month's meat dinners through a rotten twig snapping as he leaned down from an overhanging branch for the kill, he had strewn rotten twigs in the clearing before the entrance to his cave at dusk. The stranger had stepped on one; but, after a pause, as nothing happened, he had crept on to the cave and rushed. Og, lying on his stomach, had received him on the end of a flint-sharpened, fire-hardened stake; and the invader had died without learning what had gone wrong with his time-honoured tactics of a nocturnal surprise attack.

Firmly gripping his club, Og started to run. He was gathering speed when a figure rose from behind a boulder on a ledge above the cave, and hurled something at him with a round-arm motion. Og saw a white object coming faster than any thrown stone he ever saw before. He ducked just in time to escape stopping it with his skull.

The shaggy, short man behind the boulder stood quiet, waiting; and Og received the impression that he wanted Og to advance. The wary Og therefore stood, watching. The stone-thrower eyed Og, and evidently decided to make him come on, or clear off. He swung his arm with an odd motion, and twice Og started to dodge, thinking the stone was coming. Then the arm swung full, and the stone flew, smoothly whizzing. Og stayed still, seeing it going wide. But suddenly he jumped, for the thin flat stone had curved in on him. It ripped his flank on his movement, instead of crashing with the force of a stone-axe blow into his side below the rib line.

Og ran back, facing the enemy, wary for more stones. He stumbled on the first stone, and picked it up. It was a flat flint, laboriously chipped to a razor edge. It had a curious, breathless balance. Og recognised an unfamiliar weapon, and a novel defensive method which employed attack instead of parry and the return of blow for blow. It would take him time to find out about this.

He made sounds indicating an opinion that the flint thrower was no gentleman—a foul player resorting to unorthodox new weapons—and retired whence he came.

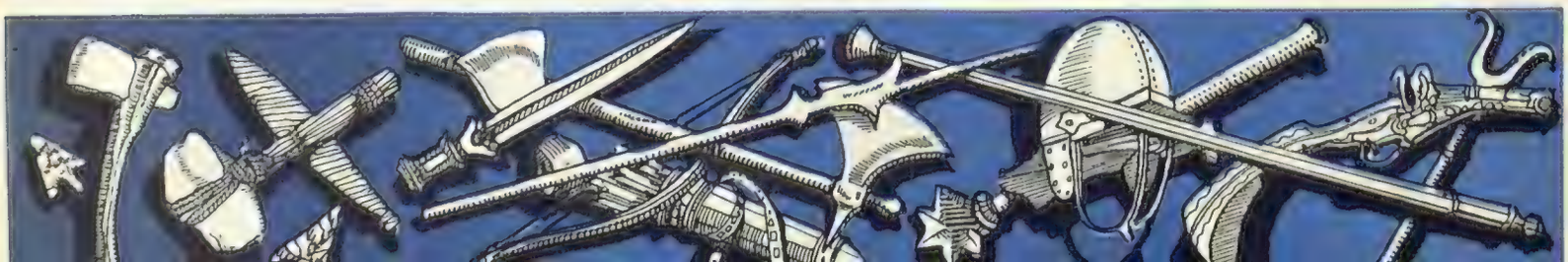
THIS imaginative glimpse back to the youth of *homo sapiens*—most efficient of the killer species evolved by Nature so far—may not picture the first surprise in the realm of war. If one stuck to the record, one might find that in the Biblical tale of David, the shepherd boy, and his sling, and the smooth river pebble which he slung at Goliath, knocking the giant's brains out, or, at least, enough of them to secure the Philistine's immediate demise. But it serves.

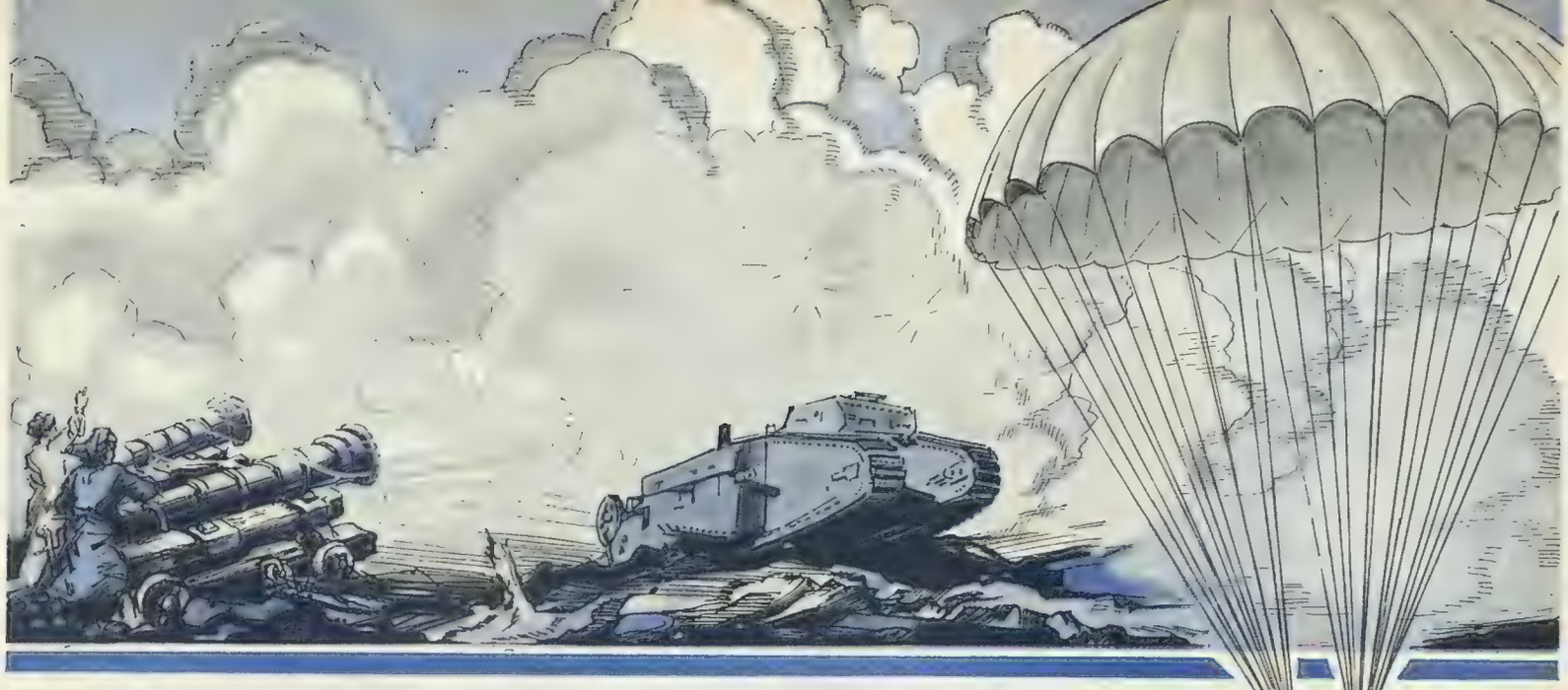
It is a good enough reminder that there were surprises in war before the Nazis sprang some new ones in A.D. 1940, and that although modern knowledge and resources have been harnessed to the modern war machine, war motives and methods remain essentially what they have always been.

Ministers, generals, and journalists of the Allied and associated states have been explaining the swift and unexpected successes of the Nazis, in the first round of the Second Punic War of our age, by a single word: "Surprise."

Analyse the whole series of surprises, and what does one find? One finds only what one always has found in war surprises: hard, direct war thinking, planning, and preparation on the one side, and lack of it on the other. The Germans are neither supermen, nor inventive geniuses. They have nothing that the Allies have not got, or could not obtain if they wanted to. They have simply used the old, tried war methods, patterned on the actions and principles of the great captains, from Alexander and Hannibal, to Frederick and Napoleon, and built and put into action a war machine which utilises all known resources, which is neither more nor less than those old captains did. Indeed, the most surprising thing is that anything the Nazis have done should have come as a surprise.

Eleven hundred years before Christ, Paris, the Phrygian prince ran off with Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. It may be that the prince was enamoured of Helen, the Garbo of her age; but the hard fact remains that she was the heiress through whom Menelaus reigned, and, while he held her, the claim of Paris and his heirs to the Spartan





EARLY GUNPOWDER GUNS GO INTO ACTION — THE TANKS GOING OVER ON THE SOMME — GERMAN PARACHUTE TROOPS

SURPRISE . . . !

By C. Patrick Thompson

(Decoration by J. Nicolson)

throne was strong. It took the Spartans ten years to retake the lady. In the end economic pressure and a Fifth Column brought the city down. But the tale tells of a gigantic wooden horse which the Spartans left outside the gates, and which so intrigued the Phrygians that they dragged it inside; whereupon the Trojan soldiers inside hopped out: and so Troy fell.

It seems to us that the success of the Trojan horse trick is explicable only by the surmise that men were simpler then. But the generations who follow us will doubtless say that the men of this age, attacked by the Nazis, showed an obtuseness beyond anything manifested by those earlier citizens.

Some time before the Germans launched their enormous *blitzkrieg* on the Allied armies through the Low Countries, the world knew, from authentic stories told with a wealth of detail, that a Trojan Horse trick, and Fifth Columnists, secured the success of the lightning invasion. German troops came into Norwegian harbours in freighters, some of which flew neutral flags. On Tuesday, May 7, the Netherlands Government received warning from its secret service that the German Army was about to strike, and on Wednesday the precautionary measures on the programme were taken, including demolition of frontier bridges. The programme, however, did not include search of barges moored near vital spots, or foreign ships in the harbours.

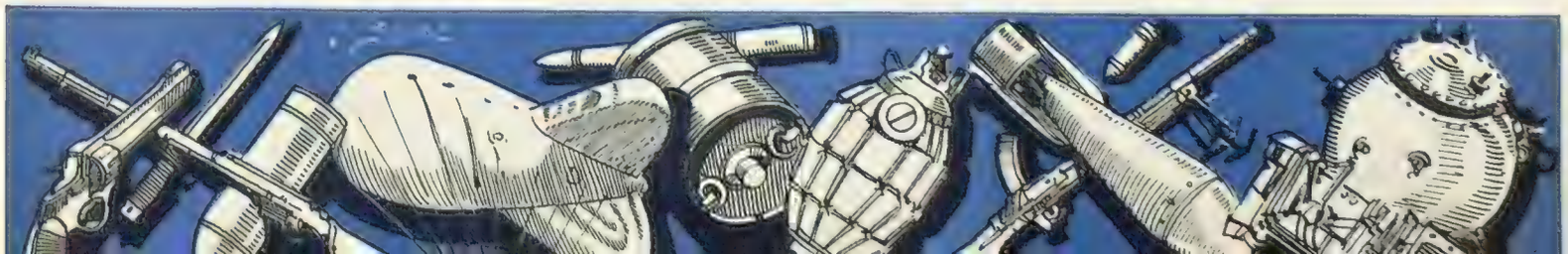
At dawn on Friday the German air fleet headed for Holland, and simultaneously some innocent-looking barges near the Moerdijk bridge, and a ship flying the Swedish flag in Rotterdam harbour, debouched German soldiers, fully equipped, down to light field guns. They seized the vital bridge, and over it poured the mechanized and armoured German columns. The soldiers from the ship linked up with German citizens in Rotterdam, who had not been arrested, or shadowed, and who had successfully assembled in a concrete room in the headquarters of a German firm. The surprise was complete, but not wholly successful. It took the Germans five days, instead of twenty-four hours, to secure possession of Rotterdam.

Still, it's small wonder that Premier Reynaud, after the further stunning surprise of the German break-through at the weak Corap Army line between Sedan and Namur, declared that "the most important of all the tasks that confront us is *clear thinking*"!

Prophets, not in touch with military realities, forecasted astonishing new scientific weapons in the next—that is, the present—war. None has yet appeared, or is likely to appear unless the war is a long one. Hitler's so-called "secret weapon," the magnetic mine, is not new. Magnetic mines were in use in 1918. Only the method of dropping them by aircraft was novel. The British surprised the surprisers in their turn by the swiftness with which they devised defences against the magnetic mine.

The parachute trooper is not new. In the summer of 1935 I was in Moscow. The Red Army was on manœuvres in the north. The American newspaper correspondent friend I was staying with was much interested in the parachute practice raid he heard they were trying out in the Leningrad neighbourhood. He wanted to go up there, but his Ogpu chauffeur got orders to stay away. The Red Air chiefs put up a thousand men in full war equipment. We heard that thirty-five were damaged coming down, but the Red staff was very satisfied, and the propaganda ministry the next year distributed official press photos showing a mass of parachutists descending.

I wrote of parachutists in an article in July, 1936, titled *Mars Holds a Dress Rehearsal*. Russia is not so far from Paris and London; and Germany is closer still. They had four schools for training parachutists in Germany. Thousands were trained. A great mass of special equipment was manufactured. Yet when the thing actually happens, general staffs and war offices are taken by surprise, and the civil authorities have to improvise measures, while the citizenry are led to believe that the parachutist is a war phenomenon which could not be foreseen, and there is a general disposition to accuse the enemy of playing us a dirty trick, and to regard the parachutist as something less than a good, honest soldier—which, as Mr. Winston Churchill reminded us in the story of his early life, is just the mistake we made about the Boer horse warriors who took us by surprise in the war of 1899–1902. *(Continued on page 62)*



A Bosom Pal

THE *Horatio* slipped quietly down the River Plate carrying a full cargo of meat from the Argentine. She had been delayed for some days in the harbour by the outbreak of war.

Once clear of the land, Captain Johnson took a certain precaution. Instead of shaping straight for Santos, the *Horatio* steamed for twelve hours directly out of her course and back again, so that, should the time of her departure have been observed by enemy agents, their calculations would have been in error to the extent of twenty-four hours.

Captain Johnson was both cautious and conscientious. He had a valuable cargo on board as well as a sprinkling of passengers, and the next few days loomed darkly ahead. The safe transport of meat was a great responsibility in itself, but

SHE felt suddenly all full of maternal pity for him and hoped fervently that he would be cured. Over his shoulder she saw Gonzales approaching

The Plans of Spies will sometimes go awry when "Mr. Cupid" is about

By Muriel Dick

human beings were a burden that the captain could have dispensed with. Those who travelled were doing so out of sheer necessity, with just a few exceptions, so that the boat was more than half empty.

There were a few business men travelling to Santos and Rio, one or two wealthy Argentines anxious to get to Paris. There were their middle-aged wives, calm, phlegmatic women, for the most part, who whiled away their time in knitting jumpers and reading cheap novels. They would probably give their captain no trouble if all went well. He did not think that they would break any of the rules and regulations that were bound to be strictly enforced at sea in wartime.

Sadie Vernon might be a problem. She was young, beautiful and unattached. A weeping aunt and a flustered uncle had put her aboard at Montevideo and had commended her to Captain Johnson's special care. They were friends of one of the directors of the Wellington Line of passenger steamers. Sadie had left no stone unturned to procure a passage to England. She admitted that as she laughed up into the captain's unresponsive countenance when she came aboard. He was grimly silent when she said that her country needed her for war work, and she could not possibly stay in the Argentine when her parents were in England.

"I know the type!" he growled to his wife's photograph as he climbed into his bunk for a few hours' rest before going on the bridge. "Hearty, blithering old colonel for a father and a fashionable, committee-minded mother. To hell with flighty young women."

He had secret nightmares of Sadie strolling up on deck with a lighted cigarette in her scarlet mouth to bring the *Horatio* to a swift doom in the darkness. He had visions of locking Sadie in her cabin at sunset so that she should be safe. After a while, he decided grudgingly that he rather liked the kid, and began to wish that he had a daughter of her age, twenty-three or thereabouts. Childless, middle-aged men (and women) often have secret longings for tall, strong sons and laughing, blue-eyed daughters.

Sadie had blue eyes with lashes of somewhat exaggerated length and hue, and neatly-plucked brows. She wound gaily-coloured scarves round her curly brown hair. She breezed around in violent jumpers surmounting navy blue slacks, that Captain Johnson wished most fervently that women would not wear. He admitted that Sadie's slim figure showed to advantage in her dashing, skin-tight pullovers and well-tailored trousers. He even schooled himself to look at her in the white linen shorts which she donned for the purpose of playing deck tennis. Sometimes, but not often, Captain Johnson found time to make a fourth. The voyage worried him more than he cared to own, but no passenger must be allowed to guess of the horrors that he and the crew dreaded and guarded against with every precaution possible.

If a handful of men and women could forget that there was a war while they played games, well and good. The men who were young enough joined in the sports, others were content to watch the agile sunburnt legs of Sadie dancing to and fro over the deck, and the women sat in the sunshine and discussed their fellow passengers, with or without malice, as the case might be.

THE general opinion of the ship was that it was a pity that Sadie Vernon flirted so outrageously with young José Gonzales. He was obviously attracted by her cheery, modern come-hitherness, but was he not the type to flirt, and ride away in a taxi directly he left the ship? One could not imagine Miss Vernon crying her eyes out over any man, but it was quite palpable that she enjoyed the company of the handsome young South American, and a ship's love affair is amusing to watch. Gonzales had one of the best cabins. He sat at the captain's table and had plenty of the wherewithal. It was generally accepted that he was a member of a wealthy South American family. He had been educated in England, graduated at Bonn University and had spent a year or more in Paris.

At any rate, he was a god-send in these difficult war-clouded days with the cheery parties that he gave in his luxurious cabin, with the noisy, expensive radio he had brought with him, and a constant supply of every drink that the ship could muster.

So Sadie provided entertainment for quite a number of people as she strolled up and down the deck with José Gonzales, swam in the bathing pool with him and, each evening, donned a startling dinner frock and drank cocktails at the young man's expense. But then, every one knew that he was rich and could afford to spend money on Sadie. Sadie meant to have a good time, war or no war, and it looked as though she had planned a competent, matter-of-fact system of drawing an eligible party into her matrimonial net.

The only other unattached male passenger watched Sadie's campaign and, like Queen Victoria, was not at all amused.

Young Robert Laurence, a mining engineer from Chile, was badly handicapped by almost total deafness, and it seemed as though opportunities for even speaking to Sadie would, of necessity, be very few and far between. His hearing had been destroyed by an explosion in the mine on which he had been working. His firm were paying his expenses to England to consult a famous aural surgeon. There was a remote chance that some cure might be effected, but it was important that any advisable operation should be performed without delay. Hence Robert Laurence's journey over the Atlantic, shut off from intercourse with his fellow creatures, excepting when he

fixed a small box-like instrument from his ear to his chest, and even this, he intimated, was most difficult to manipulate.

It seemed a pity that a fine, good-looking young man should be forced to spend day after day in a deck chair doing crossword puzzles, or striding round the ship all by himself.

Sadie thought so. She had a kind heart, with all her faults. She always insisted that Robert should play deck tennis every morning, and afterwards she sat beside him and carried on a bawling conversation that could be heard all over the ship. The more critical of Sadie's shipmates possibly accused her of having a feminine desire of making her other young man suffer pangs of jealousy. Others were of the opinion that he was far too conceited to entertain the idea that there was any other pebble on the *Horatio* beach. Either theory was borne out equally well by the fact that directly young Laurence was engaged in the difficult conversation that is carried on by those who have lost their hearing, José Gonzales generally marched off to his cabin to write letters. Sadie's eyes would twinkle, she would edge closer to Robert Laurence. But alas, her light, inconsequent chatter seemed to exhaust him. Often he would close his eyes wearily, intimate that he could talk no longer and, like Greta Garbo, wished to be alone.

"Sorry, old thing," Sadie would say kindly, and with a friendly pat on the head, or a sympathetic squeeze of the hand would skip off with a total lack of malice or self-consciousness.

Robert's eyes would follow her with an expression of gloomy regret as though he cursed his infirmity and wished that things had been different. Then he would pore over his book or crossword puzzle and apparently forget all about Sadie.

"I'm not sure that I like that young man," said José Gonzales one morning as he sat by Sadie's side while she held forth with much enthusiasm on the histrionic abilities of various film stars.

"Not like Michael Redgrave?" questioned Sadie incredulously. "What! He's so manly, so——"

"I'm talking about that fellow Laurence," interrupted Gonzales, quite impatiently. "I repeat, I don't like him."

"Well, I do!" said Sadie sturdily. "I think he's sweet, and I feel terribly sorry for him."

José's hand groped for her own and gave it a squeeze. His dark eyes looked into hers with adoration shining in their depths. He murmured that she was the sweetest little girl in the world, and it would break his heart to leave her at Cherbourg. Of course, it would only be a temporary parting. When his business in Paris was finished, he would join her in England and——

Sadie drew her hand away quite casually and scratched her small nose. This simple operation may have been necessary, but the fact remained that she did not return her hand to within easy reach of her companion. She cupped it round her mouth and gave vent to a loud, long-drawn "Coo-e-e-e!"

Robert Laurence took no notice of her call. He strode on without heed and walked towards the forecastle.

Gonzales looked after him with a puzzled frown. He thought that he had noticed a swift jerk of Laurence's head, as though he had been about to turn when Sadie called, and had changed his mind.

"The fellow's sulky," he said slowly. "I'm quite certain he must have heard you."

"Rubbish," said Sadie. "He's absolutely stone deaf. It's awful to talk to him. Besides," she added blandly, "he would have joined us if he had heard me. He likes me a lot. I know he does."

José laughed indulgently, and somehow or other Sadie was seized with a longing to punch his handsome head. Perhaps she had been too much in his company, perhaps his perfect love-making was just a shade too perfect, his hair too curly and his features too regular.

"We'll soon tell if he can hear or not," murmured José, as Laurence came in sight again. As he passed them, José

ROBERT was in a tearing hurry, but he just found time to look at her in a way that made Sadie want to sing at the top of her voice. He grinned back at her

dropped a coin on the deck. It fell with a sharp tinkle and rolled along behind the young Englishman. He walked on steadily with his face turned towards the sea.

"You are a pig," said Sadie, frankly. "I told you he can't hear a sound."

"He can't be a Scotsman," remarked José, and laughed heartily at his own joke.

Sadie whisked herself to her feet. She had made up her mind to give Gonzales her cold shoulder for the rest of the voyage. Her intention was perfectly plain to him and he realized that he had blundered. He got up quickly, and put his arm round her shoulders.

Sadie said : "Shut up !"

"I'm sorry I laughed at Laurence," apologised José contritely. "It was caddish of me. The poor chap can't help being what he is, and I must say he does get on my nerves sometimes. Besides——"

"Besides what?" asked Sadie stiffly.

"Well," said José diffidently, "I hate any other man to look or speak to you . . . I honestly don't trust him."

"What nonsense," answered Sadie.

"What does he talk about?" persisted José. "What does he say to you?"

"Yes and no, chiefly," grinned Sadie. "I do all the talking. Let me tell you I can look after myself."

"That would seem to be true," said José heavily. "But I should be careful of the fellow, all the same."

Somehow or other José resumed his usual charming manner. Sadie sat down and talked to him again. José never seemed to tire of listening to her chatter, which chiefly consisted of descriptions of people she had met in her uncle's house, places she had visited, and all kinds of confidential rumours which she was quite certain that no one else had heard.

Sadie loved to talk, and José gave all his attention to her description of the life she had led in the Argentine. Then she told him all about her parents in England and some of her friends and altogether she spent a delightful hour just talking almost unceasingly.

After all, what did it matter if Gonzales were a trifle bumptious sometimes? She could keep him in order, without any difficulty. It takes very little effort for a girl to administer a snub to one man when she is quite certain that she prefers another, even if he is stone deaf and backward in coming forward. Sadie had no Victorian inhibitions or old-fashioned ideas about letting the male do all the chasing. Not for her the maidenly code of coyly running away. One can't run far on a passenger steamer in any case.

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

WHEN Sadie swept her scarlet evening frock into the cocktail bar just before dinner, José was not there. Robert Laurence was. He was sipping a dry Martini as he worked at his inevitable crossword puzzle. This evening he had a small dictionary laid on the counter. Sadie sat down beside him and shouted into his ear :

"What's the word? Let me help you."

Somewhat ungraciously the young man put away his books and intimated that he preferred to work out his own problems.

Sadie laughed.

"That's all right by me," she said good-naturedly. "I'm no earthly good. You are one of the brainy ones. I'm not."

For a moment Sadie's bright face wore a cloud. She wondered if she were suffering from unrequited love. The more she saw of Robert, the more she liked him, but his infirmity made him behave so oddly at times. Nervy, she supposed, poor dear. She felt suddenly all full of maternal pity for him and hoped fervently that he would be cured. Over his shoulder she saw Gonzales approaching. Laurence did a most surprising thing. He bent forward and whispered urgently :

"You're not falling in love with that foreign bounder, are you?"

Sadie could have danced with joy. Although Laurence had his gadget fixed in his ear, she did not risk an answer. She felt that words were not necessary at that moment. The language of the eye was more effective, and Robert had shown his hand. He took an interest in her and he was jealous. For a brief second Sadie wondered if he was just a little bit fond of her. She decided to take a gamble and then and there made up her mind to fall in love.

But the next day one might have supposed that Sadie had no cavalier whatever. José shut himself up in his cabin for hours, and Robert said he felt too seedy to take any exercise. He lay in a deck chair all the morning frowning at his book. Sadie noticed that he very seldom turned over a page, but made notes in the margin from time to time. A studious sort of person, she (*Continued on page* 64)

ALONG the DANUBE

—The record of a journey through the traditional "Cockpit of Europe"

FOR forty years prior to the last war the Balkans suffered from that phrase, "The Cockpit of Europe." Their politicians thrived on it. The European, the American, the English mind was deceived by it. Their own patriots were betrayed by it. Then Princep fired his fatal shot at Sarajevo; the world flamed into war, and we saw their cheeks) trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again. They all failed —*every single one of them*. And, in my opinion, why they failed was because they never went to a conference with their *hearts* set upon making a real agreement. Ideals were absent. The diplomats were still thinking in terms of political combinations—not the welfare of plain people.

then where the strings were pulled from—the Chancellories of Europe.

All along, the Balkans had been the stage for a Grand Guignol puppet dance. Their people were fed, from the outside, with hatreds to kill each other. The very picturesqueness of their Rupert of Hentzau kingdoms was exploited, by European statesmen, to play one off against the other. Small wonder if an operatic *Chocolate Soldier* became the mode—and that the world knew nothing whatever of the millions of sturdy peasants.

The Balkans had a false, dangerous glitter.

Then, when the smoke of the last war rolled away, we had the spectacle of these dragged-in countries, wounded, trying to adjust their civilian lives to new frontiers, and half of them trying to overcome new barriers to their established economic life. But even that went over our heads—because all Europe had been "Balkanised."

We then had the spectacle of European statesmen meeting at conference after conference (most with their tongues in

During these years I made the acquaintance of the Danube and the Balkans—intimately! To begin with, I set out as a stunt; I sailed my own boat—a twenty-six-foot Norfolk Broads' yawl—from Kelheim, three hundred miles above Vienna, to Sulina on the Black Sea. I went down through the Wachau Valley into Austria, with its castles and vineyards —when the apple trees were in blossom. I sailed out into the Black Sea when ice had locked its rush marshes, and the last night in the cabin of my yawl found me emerging in the morning into a cockpit filled with snow.

It was a stunt. Everybody said it was impossible—to take a five-ton yawl down through the rapids of Vilshofen, down the Iron Gates, through the Gorge of Kazan. Therefore, everybody united to make it possible. From Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, down to the last Rumanian boatman, we received practical aid (very often a push) to send *Flame* along. And in that way, in those six months, we began to know the Danube and the

1 A boatman from Ada Kaleh, a tiny fortified island in the Danube. Originally Turkish, it still has as inhabitants the purest Turks on the Danube.

2 A *Csikos* of the Puszta, the great Hungarian plains. They use the lassos like American cowboys, have girthless saddles and are supposed to be descendants of Yenghis Khan.

3 Where the Danube flows through Budapest. Below is the Corso along which the Hungarians take their evening promenade before dining.

4 The Orthodox Greek Church holds great power in the Balkans. This cathedral could rival many of the most magnificent in Tsarist Russia.

5 You will find this Balkan street scene almost anywhere along the Danube, but this is Serbia.

Balkans from the top to the very bottom.

It did not end as a stunt. The things we had seen in what my New York publisher quaintly phrased as the "Back Yards of the Balkans" gave me a knowledge, an intimate sense, that I have used ever since in European politics—what the "people" think. Not the diplomats. It is said that most people travel too young, too far, and too fast. That's dead wrong, except for the last accusation. Somerset Maugham says that if you bring the same man back (yourself) that set out—you had better not travel. That's all too true.

That is why I shall always value those Balkan days for I saw those romantic and beautiful lands throwing off their "Cockpit of Europe" psychology, turning to peace and wide farms.

I remember watching their statesmen at Geneva; I covered, in 1932–1933, the various Danubian conferences in London and other capitals; I spent the summers of 1935 and 1936 in the Slovenian Alps, driving all the way across Austria to get there, and in the autumn of 1936 I drove out to Zagreb to interview that great Croatian leader, Dr. Matchek.

During all these tense years I witnessed the Balkan people striving to consolidate their economic independence, trying to clear it from their political necessities; and yet, at all these conferences, and behind the scenes, I watched them being used as pawns again on the European chackerboard.

To any thinking person who reads the news these days it must be plain how these Balkan States, *though not fighting among themselves or starting any European war,* are the unwilling pawns yet once again. And in this case—loot: food and oil.

I think it is a substantial contribution to the average man's historical sense, and ability to judge what are the forces behind current events, to kill once and for all that "Cockpit of Europe" complex about the Balkans.

The two kings, Carol of Rumania and Boris of Bulgaria, and Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, were just as anxious to remain outside of this war as was the Queen of Holland.

Dr. Matchek, the Croatian leader, said to me when I drove out to spend an evening with him on his farm outside Zagreb, "The Allies are counting in this coming war on the Little Entente—and the Little Entente is predicated upon the overwhelming strength and fighting capacity of the Yugoslav Army! But I tell you there is no such army; there is no such thing as a combination of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The Allies will find that out some day."

That night Dr. Matchek's farmhouse, wherein we sat talking by the light of an old oil lamp, was being guarded by twelve peasants, armed with rifles, against any descent of what he called "the Belgrade terrorists." But it was only a few months later that the well-intentioned Regent, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, came to Zagreb, was received with processions, made a compact with Matchek which gave the Croats the genuine representation the Croats wanted in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—and Matchek entered the Cabinet at Belgrade.

Here is a typical example of Balkan peace consolidation—formed out of fear and expediency, if (*Continued on page* 68)

By Negley Farson

(with illustrations from photographs by the author)

6 River scene anywhere in Bulgaria, Yugoslavia or Rumania. The endless traffic of river barges takes grain down to Braila, or Galatz in Rumania

7 The sturgeon fishing port of Wilkowo, in Bessarabia, in winter. All sturgeon must be sold at a fixed price to the State in Rumania.

8 Old-fashioned sailing ships of Bessarabia. They once took growing gold (wheat) to the ports of Greece and Italy.

9 A typical Balkan peasant's house. The roof is covered with pink tiles; the thick walls are made of mud bricks whitewashed inside and out.

10 The author, cooking his lunch in the cockpit of *Flame*, which he and his wife, sailed from Rotterdam to Sulina.

There's Always Some

I WOULD like to be so rich, I should smell.

Stinking rich!

So, naturally, I was interested in André.

He had to be rich to come buying orchids at thirty shillings the half-dozen, doing it just so he could say "Hallo!" to me. He seemed too shy for more than that, and he had the orchids sent to himself.

I ought to have been suspicious because he always bought orchids.

He was around twenty-one—twenty-two—André Jordain, and he had a little bit of French accent that he must have got from his people. He was kind of soft and thin and round in the chin, and there was something about him that you sort of liked and which made you sorry for him.

I think, now, he was trading on my mother instinct.

They lived in Berkeley Square, and got their money out of Jordain Parismode Girdles. A girl couldn't go anywhere—anywhere at all—without she saw an advertisement for Jordain Girdles.

It's about his fourth visit that the average customer tries to get you to meet him somewhere away from the shop. But André just went on buying orchids. I daren't encourage him too much, because of Charley. Not that Charley was anywhere near just then; he was in Blackpool trying to get rich for me.

The morning André didn't show up, I thought it was all over, although I'd been making myself very pleasant to him. Only the day before he'd asked: "Do you love orchids?"

"I'd do a lot for orchids," I'd told him.

It seems that registered, because the Berkeley Square house rang up at lunch time. There was to be a party that night, and they wanted flowers, and please send Miss Nagel to arrange them.

Our tyke of a manager argued against me going, only they said it had to be Miss Nagel. At six o'clock a butler—or somebody—opened the door to me, and I found André waiting in the hall.

"Hallo!" he said, and he had a shy sort of grin. But now I think maybe it was sly, not shy.

They were rich, all right. The house was all wide stairs and gilt furniture. There was a dance room on the first floor, with a buffet opening off and rooms arranged for sitting out. The flowers were there and waiting for me.

"Miss Nagel?" His mother came in, and from the way she looked me over I knew he must have said something to her. Beauticians had lifted her face so she looked about twenty-seven, only without the bloom—kind of enamelled, if you know what I mean.

"May I suggest how the flowers should be arranged?" and she gave me a tiny, careful smile as if she was afraid of cracking something.

André might not have been there for all the notice she took of him. He hung about while she told me what she wanted, then he disappeared. But I knew he'd be back.

It was a couple of hours before I finished. I was standing amongst the flower boxes and tissue on the floor when André turned up. He wore evening dress. It made him look spindly, but you can't have everything with the Jordain millions.

He held out a card. It was a copper-plate invitation. I was being asked to stay for the party.

It was being given for his sister, "Pattie" Jordain. She was a débutante, and a lot of the young and snooty upper crust would be there. I knew it might be a mistake to get mixed up with them straight off. I hated doing it, but I gave him back the card.

"Oh, but please!" he said, and seemed anxious. "You must come!"

"It's nice of you," I told him.

"Please!" he said again, then his mother blew in to look at the flowers. She was ready for the evening, wearing one of those frocks that stay up by themselves; the kind that Henry VIII's queens used to wear to be beheaded in, all shoulders and neck.

She went around spoiling a couple or three groupings, just to show she knew more about it than I did.

"Could you persuade Miss Nagel?" he asked.

thing

When two Evils present themselves, choose the Lesser, thought André's parents

By Barré Lyndon

HE held out a copper-plate invitation card. I was being asked to stay for the party

and showed her the card.

"Corinne will be here," she said nastily. "I don't want you to neglect her!"

"You said I could invite any one I wished," and he sounded like a poor little rich boy being obstinate.

She looked at me then.

"André insisted that I should have you to do the flowers." She spoke as if he was about six years old. "He much wants you to join the party."

She wasn't persuading me, though. I didn't know whether to chance it and see what happened, when she seemed to think of something.

"Do come!" she said, and when she stopped her smile just in time to save the enamel, I was on to her.

André was keen about me in his own way, and he must have told her that. She was thinking it'd be grand to let him watch me show myself up, and let him see how I measured against this Corinne.

There was only one answer to that.

"I'll have to go home and change," I said.

"I'll come with you, and bring you back," he said eagerly.

Too eagerly, only I didn't notice that.

I KEPT the Rolls waiting in Brixton High Street while I changed. I didn't dare have the chauffeur come near the house; I hadn't heard from Charley for a month, but you can never tell with him.

André put a fur rug round me when I got back, and kept looking at me as if he couldn't believe I was real, if you know what I mean.

I'd put on a frock that I'd bought along Regent Street at a knock-out price. It was slinky, with stripes in the full skirt; when you swished, you got a rainbow effect. I'd got it for Charley; his taste ran that way, and it was just right for a gay party.

So far, with me, it had always been Charley or nobody. He was always away, getting rich, only he tried too many ways in too many places. He'd driven lorries and sold vacuums, he'd been a headless man in one of those freak sideshows, and he generally worked as a waiter when his luck was out. His best time was collecting two quid a night at all-in wrestling; he weighs fourteen stone, and all he had to do was act rough and groan loud.

He'd go off for a while, then turn up with a wad of dough. He'd throw it about, showing me how rich was rich, and that's all I'd see of him until next time.

If I went with any one else while he was away, he beat the fellow up. It was like having a jinx on you. Boys get to know. But while the Rolls smoothed along I thought that, if it did come to anything with André, we could hire ex-policemen to keep Charley off.

André didn't talk any more than when we'd driven out. I thought perhaps he'd try to hold my hand, but he didn't, and there was something awfully innocent about him. I wanted to ask about this Corinne, but I knew better than that.

There were cars by the house and every window had lights. The chauffeur let us out and I sailed up the steps. André's sister was receiving in the hall. She had a "faiwy-pwincess" frock and a hair-do that must have cost a fiver. She went kind of pop-eyed when she saw me come in, and said "How-de-do!" as if it hurt.

André hurried me on. People were all over the place and still coming, and we danced practically straight away. The band was terrific, but André held me as if he was afraid I'd bite. I'm used to Charley's style, which is all movement and feels like he's just going to whip you into an aeroplane spin.

André moved around with a soft grin on his face. I wondered why until I noticed that everybody was giving us plenty of

room and they were all looking. It seemed that I was some sort of sensation, and I got a feeling that everybody else knew something I didn't know.

After a couple of dances, he took me off the floor. Waiters were moving about with trays. I collected a cocktail, then André steered me to a chair in one of the side rooms, and I noticed a girl follow us in.

"Pardon me," he said, and went back to her.

There was no one in the room except us and the waiters who kept breezing through from the buffet. André and the girl started to talk, and I was tasting the cocktail when a waiter suddenly stopped.

"Stone me!" he said, surprised.

It was Charley, carrying a waiter's tray.

"I recognised the frock," he said. "Wait here! I'll be back," then he charged on into the ballroom.

I finished the cocktail in one. How Charley got to be there I didn't know, but there he was—and here was André bringing across the girl. She looked pretty good. Dark, with a lot of chic.

"Miss Corinne Legrand," he said.

"Miss Nagel."

"How-de-do," she said.

"I'm fine," and I stood up in case he wanted to make comparisons.

Only neither were paying attention to me. They were watching a door, and a woman came in as though she'd been snooping after this Corinne. She wore black, with a high neck to hide the hollows. She had old-fashioned jewellery and a lorgnette.

A man eased in from the opposite door; he was all dignity, with a ribbon across his shirt front and he had a little French beard. Like magic, another man showed up—thin, he was, and round in the chin, like André. In no time at all, about eight people were draped around the doorways like a gathering of the family, staring at me and André and the girl.

"They're all here," she whispered. "They've been at me day and night."

"And me," he told her, below his breath.

The people in the doorways weren't talking. It seemed they were waiting for something.

"André," she whispered, and I could only just hear her. "Harry and I can't elope until he's finished his picture. That won't be for another two weeks."

"I know," André answered.

After a moment, Corinne said: "I can't hold out. I've got to offer to make it up with you, André!"

He stepped away from her, then raised his voice as if he wanted them all to hear.

"I am sorry, Corinne," he said loudly, "but I am in love with Miss Nagel!"

He reached out, and I dropped the cocktail glass so he could hold my hand. The mob in the doorways all said something all together, then rushed at one another and started to talk.

"I'm terribly grateful, André," Corinne whispered.

He bowed stiffly, and she went out.

"Shall we dance?" he asked me coolly.

I took his arm. The relatives by the doors stopped talking. They stared as I went by. And I'd got it by that time.

They were French families, see? A marriage had been arranged. But Corinne wanted this Harry, and André wanted me.

Just then, Charley came back with an empty tray. He opened his mouth to say something, but I spoke first.

"Isn't the band divine, dear," I said, and I was talking to André, hanging on his arm.

Then we were dancing, with the relatives looking on and Charley bending the tray between his hands.

IT was Charley, and carrying a waiter's tray

No wonder André and me were a sensation on the floor, if everybody knew the kind of thing that was going on. I'd seen the way he was treated, and maybe he didn't look so much, but it seems he had a will of his own when it came to whom he'd marry.

He didn't talk and I didn't try to make him. There was no sense in rushing things; they were moving fast enough.

We ran into a second dance, and I was wondering whether to ease him off the floor, and make for somewhere so that he could loosen up a bit, when somebody tapped him on the shoulder and he let me go.

It was Charley cutting in, American style. He'd changed his black tie for a white one, and now you couldn't hardly tell him from a guest.

"What are you doin' here?" he wanted to know.

"Listen, you're a waiter," I started.

"Not now I ain't," he said. "I've just quit."

I wondered how I could duck him so he wouldn't start something. There was going to be a battle with Queen Jordain presently, and I needed a little time with André before I went into that.

Charley was telling me he'd been working at a beach-stand in Blackpool, but he'd started backing horses and lost what he'd made.

"I hitch-hiked back," he said. "I was making a few bob as extra waiter before I come round to see you."

"You're too late," I said. "I'm going to be married."

"Yeah, to me, when I've made a lot of money."

"No, to him," I said, meaning André. "He's got a lot of money."

He laughed, and I could feel him working towards that aeroplane spin when the band stopped and I broke loose.

"See you later," I said, just to hold him off, and make for where André was standing.

I got there just in time. The relatives were closing in before and behind, and he grabbed my arm thankfully.

"I want to show you my orchids," he said quickly.

I've heard about fellows who ask girls to come round and see their etchings. Orchids or etchings were all right with me, so long as we could be alone. We went up the stairs, and I saw Corinne in the hall, leaving.

Two old ladies were arguing with her, but they stopped and stared after André and me. Corinne took her chance and made for the street. We went on.

"Listen, dear," I said, "did you really mean what you said to Corinne, about me?"

"That's what I want to talk about," he said.

We were two flights up then, and he unlocked a door and we went in. He shut the door and I thought he'd kiss me, but he just said: "There are the orchids!" and went straight to the telephone and started to dial.

There was chemical stuff on a big table, and the orchids were in boxes, looking as if they'd been tipped in liquid cellophane, only it wasn't cellophane. Some were just blooms,

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

and some were whole plants, in a sort of preserved condition.

"That you, Binkie?" He was on the telephone. "Corinne's been here. I think they're going to make a lot of trouble." Then he said: "She's here with me now!" And I knew that meant me. "I shall, if there's no other way, Binkie! I hope she— Someone coming! I'll ring you later!" and he dropped the receiver as the door opened.

The man with the chin like André's came into the room. He left the door open, and I saw that the other relatives were with him, but they stayed by the doorway. They were a stiff-necked bunch, hopping mad but still dignified.

"André!" said his father.

"I refuse to discuss anything!" André came towards me. I went half-way to meet him and we stood side by side, facing them. "This is Miss Nagel," André said.

His father took no notice. He knew.

"I insist upon a reconciliation with Corinne!" he said.

The heads in the doorway nodded. André wetted his lips. He was scared sick of them, and his voice shook.

"I want to go with Binkie," he said.

"You will marry Corinne, as arranged!" his father told him.

"No!" André shouted, and the way he was standing up to them was great. "No!" he said again, and caught hold of my hand. "I shall marry Miss Nagel tomorrow!"

It shook them.

It shook me.

For the first time, I wondered if he might be slightly nuts.

THE relatives called his father away. They went into conference out in the corridor, and they left the door open.

"Tomorrow?" I said to André. "But I haven't a thing ready!"

"I've made up my mind," he said, then Charley came in.

"I want to know what's going on," he said, and that's the way he always began with another fellow.

"You stay out of this, Charley!" I warned him.

He looked at André, then pointed at me.

"That's my girl," he said.

Then André spoke.

"Miss Nagel and I are to be married tomorrow," he said loudly.

I saw Charley blink. Then he opened his hands and his face twisted like it does for his fake all-in wrestling, then he bent his head and rushed across the floor.

André picked up a vase full of orchids off the table and hit him on the head as he came in, (*Continued on page* 68)

"HAVE I really killed him?" André asked

How the old face has CHANGED

A man may keep his features intact throughout the years without any embellishments but a small moustache or a beard perhaps. Time and experience alone make changes.

But for a woman there is a fashion in faces. All her natural characteristics count as nothing against the force of a changing hair style, an insistence on more—or less—make-up, the altered contours of her clothes.

Twenty years ago my aunt had her photograph taken sitting uncomfortably on a small round table with her head bent sideways towards a bowl of roses. Her face was calm, her hair was dressed with a bun at the back of the head. You could just see that the contours of her frock reminded you of those of a penguin. She wore no make-up.

I knew my aunt as a person with a decisive personality.

The fashion in faces of twenty years ago show her as a gentle woman with hair about the ears and over the forehead, with soft eyes that held a little secret sorrow.

Hair was then worn well over the cheeks and usually curved over the forehead to complete an effect of "softness." But I think it was more a gesture of defeat by the hairdressers than any effort at styling, because even without that aid, faces then were "soft," with insistence on natural colouring and the general tendency towards small, rather babyish mouths.

In the enlightened forties, it is possible to think of a woman without her hat in and out of doors. In the sorrowful twenties, you couldn't budge beyond your front gate unless you wore the current style. Its shape—which, unlike our hats to-day, was practically standard—added to the general burden.

It came well down over the head, past the ears, and hid the hair. Lady Alexander, attending a garden party at St. James's Palace in the summer of 1920, must have created a furore with her brimmed hat tilted to the right. It was trimmed with osprey and actually displayed her hair.

About the middle of the year, Paris tried to handicap us further by introducing all enveloping veils—jazz veils they called them—to hide the face. They didn't take, I'm glad to say.

With the change from tub frocks to drooping skirts, long waists, no bosoms, our faces followed a slow progression towards the air of the *femme fatale*. This involved hair ringed round the ears, fringes over the forehead and bobs. From being sorrowful, our expressions became bright, but with an occasional lowering of eyelids.

The Tallulah Bankhead, Pola Negri, Lya de Putti school came into being and put the women who were deciding their line into a quandary. A *femme fatale* couldn't really be bright, except in the sense of being clever about strategy. The bright and brittle young thing was obviously *younger*. The result was practically a draw, with some notable failures who insisted on trying to make the most of both worlds.

The general line in hats was not bright, but a sinister one coming down just below the eye level. And the slimming craze started. Dresses were practically shapeless, with the waistlines anywhere and broad and low necks. Allure was concentrated in the features with the help of a generous application of eye-black.

How the hide-the-face hats did go on. . . . They lasted for about ten years. And hairdressers didn't show much imagination. Short side-pieces, the front hair either brought down right over the forehead or brushed straight back—at the time of the *femme fatale* it was parted in the middle or scraped back flat to the head as a variation—showed the height of their ingenuity.

Still the face changed. The use of more and more make-up, sometimes not very skilfully applied, helped the illusion.

The desperate fatal beauties gradually gave way to the fashion for serenity. The débutantes of 1928, for instance, like Cynthia Pakenham, Una MacLaren, Yvonne de Little, all wore simple bobs, though tightly waved, and their expressions were calm. Face contours were square or rounded. Hair was tending to get shorter and shorter and eventually in came the shingle and side bangs.

The word "make-up" was beginning to be used a little more in ordinary conversation—in print it was still given quotation marks. But its really involved technique wasn't universally appreciated as it is by practically every woman to-day and the influence of Hollywood was still to make itself felt.

I don't know who was originally responsible for the skull caps which came in about that time, but they certainly did their worst for women whose facial contours left much to be desired.

They were made to come right down to the nape of the neck and left no hair showing. Everything worth having that we had in our faces had to be accentuated if you wanted to wear them. Make-up was decidedly self-conscious.

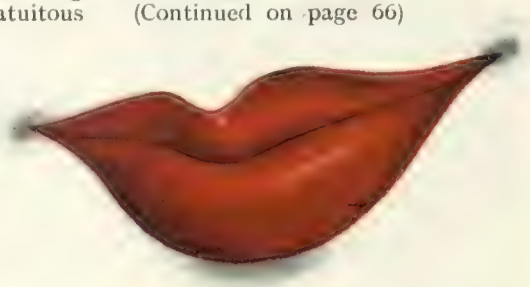
Even the most beautiful women began to use a little too much cosmetic. Lips became too full, eyes too dark and eyebrows too accentuated. Smiles became fashionable, but they threatened to become ingenuous. Imagine that combination for a moment.

There was a slogan which was used repeatedly about that time, "Be Moderate and You'll be Charming." Was it a comment?

Eton crops began to appear with nasty pieces combed under and round the ears. And yet that ugly hair style was the beginning of an advance towards piquancy. The change must surely have been out of sheer desperation.

Insidiously, but surprisingly quickly, women's faces began to alter for the better.

After all, it wasn't to be expected that women could look at glamorous film beauties, be offered gratuitous (Continued on page 66)



The delicate beauties of twenty years back had rounded faces, soulful eyes, small mouths. Natural colouring was much admired, adhered to. The desperate roaring twenties had not yet influenced women's looks.

Mary, Countess Howe

Lady Diana Duff Cooper

Gladys Cooper

Along came the *femme fatale* with her drooping eyelids, long cigarette holder. "Knowledge" of men. There were also those relentlessly bright young things and lots of girls strove after "It."

Pola Negri

Tallulah Bankhead

Irene Dinely

Serenity tried to make a come-back. Women stayed at home more. Winsomeness was featured. Contrarily, make-up, being still experimental, was too emphatic. Hair was boringly tightly waved, worn short.

Mrs. Charles Sweeny

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck

Billie Dove

Women's looks began to alter drastically. There was piquancy, light and shade, emphasised contours. The bone school arrived. Mouths became larger — by nature and make-up. Cheekbones higher. Facial expression was unsmiling.

Lady Marguerite Strickland

Katharine Hepburn

Vivien Leigh

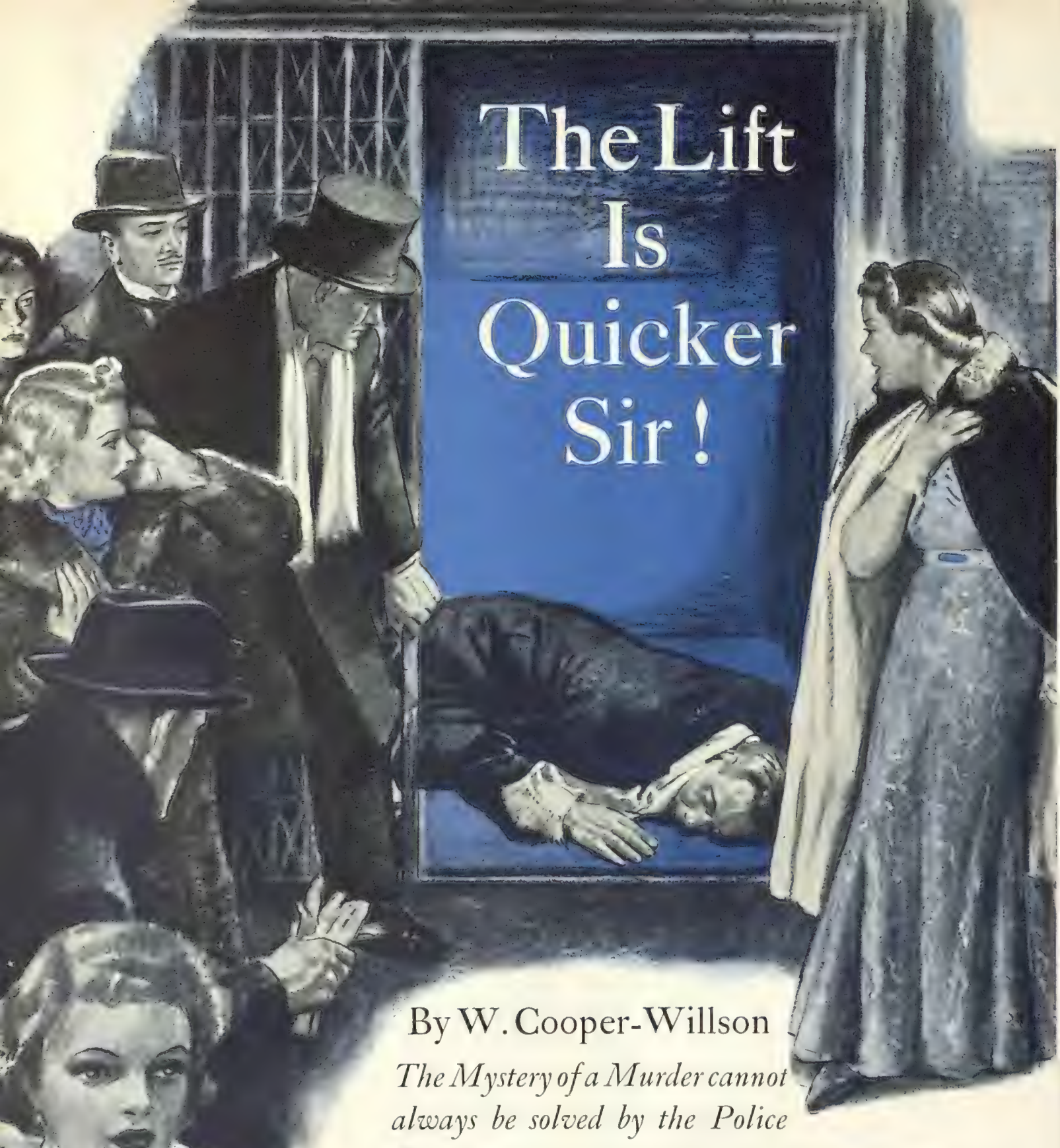
Now, again, faces get rounder. Women look *young*, healthy, feminine, happy. They grow hair to the shoulders. New film girls, Linda Darnell, Lana Turner, Olympe Bradna, are typical examples of the new phase of beauty.

Esmé Harmsworth

Brenda Frazier

Linda Darnell

The Lift Is Quicker Sir!



"GOD! He's dead. Will someone please get a policeman, quick?"

By W. Cooper-Willson

The Mystery of a Murder cannot always be solved by the Police

IT was after theatre time, and silk hats and trilbies, mink coats and squirrel, all crowded together in the paybox at Moxtey's garage and swarmed around the two little lifts.

They pressed the buttons and looked up the shafts, muttered curses and pressed again. Then number one lift came down, filled, and shot away. Number two clanked, somewhere aloft, and an impatient man kept his thumb on the button, so that the weights went up once more, and the thing started to descend.

It came down quickly enough then, and stopped, with a little jerk, behind the gates, and its bright, unshaded, light glared down on its burden, for all to see.

For a man in evening dress lay crumpled on the floor of the lift, and the back of his head was a horrid sight.

Some of the women screamed, and their menfolk hustled them away. The younger ones were more curious and craned forward. Someone got the gates open, and a man in front called:

"God! He's dead. Will someone please get a policeman, quick?"

Another shouted: "Where's the manager?"

And a third: "Is there a doctor here?"

There was great confusion for a while, with people shoving and pushing; some trying to get nearer and some as far away as possible. And then, out of nowhere,

appeared the majestic form of a policeman, crying: "Stand back, there! Move along, please!"

Almost before he had time to get his burly back square against the lift gates, George Black, the manager of Moxtey's, came down in the other lift, with a mechanic who had run to fetch him. Black was as big a man as the policeman. He wore a double-breasted suit and an R.A.F. tie, and he had a big, capable, sort of face, looking, somewhat naturally, rather harassed. It became thoroughly startled as he bent to look at the victim, and exclaimed:

"Lord, it's Mr. Moxtey. Good heavens, what a terrible thing. How did it happen? I was only speaking to him five minutes ago."

The inevitable doctor appeared, stooped and, as inevitably, announced that he could do nothing and proposed to go home; but he left his card. Three or four more policemen pushed their way through, and then pushed the crowd back, away from the lifts, telling them to use the ramp. And, all the while, cars came down the ramp outside, so that it seemed out of the question to compel every one in the building to remain where they were. The manager did make the suggestion:

"Any one who did it might be miles away by now. Not much good stopping people leaving, is it? I say, poor Mr. Moxtey. What a horrible business."

"Have to let them go," said the policeman. "Inspector'll be here in a minute."

In fact, it was less than ten minutes from the first alarm when a squad car drew up outside, and half a dozen men came tumbling out of it. Inspector Hodges, another big man, with a conspicuous wart on his nose, took charge. The gentleman in the silk hat who had so impatiently pressed the button was still there, and so, by some miracle, was a reporter from *Central News*. The inspector listened to the silk-hatted one's story and grunted. He looked at the body, at the distorted features and the greying red hair, matted with blood, of the dead man, and said, laconically:

"Photos all round. From above, too. And see if there are any 'prints on the push buttons."

"Looks as if he'd been hit by a spanner, sir," said the policeman, helpfully.

"Have you found it?" asked the inspector, savagely. "There's sure to be one about somewhere in the place."

THE policeman laughed, sheepishly, and the inspector touched Black on the arm and said: "Could we go somewhere quiet?"

"Come along to my office," said George Black, and led the way.

The inspector refused a cigarette, but took a chair. Black lit up, and puffed rather rapidly. He stood against the wall, with his legs crossed, and ventured:

"Sounds as if he'd been killed on the top floor, and then the—murderer," he seemed to have some difficulty with the word, "shut the gates. Of course, it would come down then, with all those people ringing for the lift."

"Probable," said the inspector. "But it's possible someone shut the gates, stuck a hand through and pressed the button and sent him up. Can't say. Try the buttons for prints. Sure to be some on them, but may not be any help. When did you see him last?" He jerked his head in the direction of the paybox.

"Not five minutes before," said Black. "He's the owner—was rather—I'm his manager. We were on the second floor. I want another turntable put in to help in the rush hour and I was explaining about it. There's one on the fourth floor just where it should be, and I asked him to go up and have a look. He went towards the lift, and that's the last I saw of him."

"Funny time of night to discuss alterations, wasn't it?"

"No. I wanted him to see just what things are like here after the theatre. He'd come on from the Temple Theatre himself, as a matter of fact. Lord, I can hardly realise he's dead. It's a bit of a shock."

The inspector looked up, under his shaggy brows, at Black.

"This is going to be a tough job, Mr. Black. It seems amazing, with all these people about, that no one saw it, but apparently no one did. Hundreds of people coming and going, with no means of tracing them, if you see what I mean? Finding the weapon is like looking for one particular pebble on a beach. The spanner or hammer's probably in someone's toolkit, at the other end of London by now. Of course there *may* be a useful fingerprint on one of the push buttons, but it's a thousand to one against. There's only one hopeful angle in a case like this."

"What's that?"

"Find out who had a grudge against him. There may be more than one. Find out his movements tonight—see? Narrow it down. We'll get him that way, ten to one. Now, how much do you know about Moxtey, yourself? He was your boss. Was he a friend, too?"

"He was a good friend to me," said Black, "got me the job here. Six months ago, I was out of work. I got a job on his yacht, looking after the engines. Then I happened to save his life when he fell overboard, and I suppose he was grateful. He bought this place soon after, and put me in as manager. Don't know what'll happen now, if someone else takes it over. Only wish I could buy it myself."

"Don't see that you need worry," said the inspector. "You've got the job pretty well taped. But look here: you see what I'm after—any one that owed him a grudge. That give you any ideas at all?"

"Not many," said Black. "Of course, he had a lot of business interests. Wealthy man—City, you know. Probably done various people down in his time, and they might have had it in for him. I'll have to think."

"Do," said the inspector. "I'll be about for a bit. Lots to check up on. Have to have your stores' list and go through every hammer and spanner in the place, to see it's accounted for, just for one thing. Meanwhile, have a good think. Remember any little thing—people on his yacht, people who blew in to see him—any one who looked ugly—see?"

"Right," said Black. "I'll have a drink and think it over, right from the start."

Six months previously, George Black sat in the sitting-room of his little house at Balham. His elbows were on his knees, and his chin in his hands.

"Well, Molly," he said, "it means the pawn shop, to-morrow, old girl. It's pretty tough, isn't it?"

She came and stood by him, as she always had stood by him, right through their married life. She was dark, as he was, but there the resemblance ceased, for she was as petite as he was huge; dainty, almost fragile. She took his head in both her hands and pressed it to her.

"I'd never have believed jobs would be so hard to get, George," she said. "Eight months of it. You poor old boy, but keep your heart up, do. Something's bound to turn up."

"You're telling me!"

"Yes, I am telling you. George, for Audrey's sake"—Audrey was six years old, auburn haired, and as happy as a sandboy—"for the kid's sake, don't let it get you down."

"All right," he said, sitting up and looking her in the eyes. "But what the hell can I do next? Engineers seem a drug on the market. Well, there's my watch, and my best suit. We ought to get enough on them to pay the rent that's owing. But dammit!" He struck his huge fist on the arm of the chair. "I want a job. Why can't I get a job? I'm fit. I know my work. I'm an ex-service man, if that goes for anything . . . but it's the same story everywhere. . . ."

"George," said Molly, quietly "do you remember Mr. Moxtey?"

"That fellow in the City you introduced me to one night? What about him? Didn't care much for the look of him."

"Why, what's wrong with his looks?"

"Oh, nothing! Perhaps it's sour grapes. Got all the money I want. Bit oily, I thought. Tell you the truth, I thought he looked at you too much. Jealous, I expect." He laughed, and she laughed, too, because, if their eight year struggle together had taught them anything, it had surely taught them there was no need for jealousy on either side.

"Silly boy," she said. "I used to know him quite well, before we got married—before he got so rich. They lived in the next street to us at Hampstead, and I went to school with his sister. George, I think he'd help us."

"I don't want charity," said George, writhing, uncomfortably.

"Can't you swallow your pride—for my sake, for Audrey's sake? It wouldn't be charity to ask him if he knows any one who could find you a job—and he might."

"All right," said George, "any port in a storm. No harm asking, anyhow; he can only refuse."

The extraordinary thing to George, hardened to disappointment, was that Moxtey did not refuse. He turned up in person, two days later, very smart and opulent, with a platinum wrist watch and his rebellious red hair oiled back from his forehead, his eyes rather protuberant, and his loose-lipped mouth. He was rather patronising:

"My dear fellow, I'm so sorry to see you like this. We shall have to see what we can do, for old times sake. Of course, engineering's not exactly my line, although I am thinking of buying a garage. Might be something going there, later on. But at the moment," he massaged his face with well-manicured hands, beamed on Molly and patted Audrey on the head, "at the moment, I don't really know—but wait, the very thing. How stupid of me. I believe you're the very man I've been looking for. Can you run a Diesel engine?"

"Can a duck swim," said George, "show it to me."

"She's lying off Tilbury," said Moxtey. "My yacht, I mean. D'you know anything about cruising? She's yawl rigged, with Diesel auxiliaries, a forty footer. Just commissioning her now, and I want a man to run the engines. Might suit, till something better turns up. Not big pay, of course. I could give you five pounds a week. But it might tide you over. What do you say?"

"I say thanks very much indeed," said George Black. And he meant every word of it. For the first night for months he slept dreamlessly.

A fortnight later, they took the *Bellerophon*, which was the yacht's rather resounding name, down the river. There were Captain Strong, George, and Bull, the hand, forward. In the afterguard were Moxtey and a city friend of his, called Fowlgate, and two girls. The girls were obviously taking a holiday from the chorus. Not that there was any reason they shouldn't, as Captain Strong remarked; and Bull said it was none of his business, but George, while glad of the job and grateful to his employer, could not help contrasting his own home life, pinched for money though it might be, with the female companionship that Moxtey seemed to prefer. George thanked heaven, once again, for Molly. If he hadn't met her, why he might have found that sort of thing amusing himself.

While the afterguard celebrated with champagne in the cabin, and George fondled his engines, the *Bellerophon* hustled down on the tide, through the

HE thrust the letter back in his pocket, then he pulled it out again, struck a match and burnt it

"GEORGE, for Audrey's sake—for the kid's sake—don't let it get you down"

Illustrations by Kenneth Inns

brown, swirling water of the Lower Hope and Jenkyn Swatch, leaving the barges behind as they passed the Nore, and Foreness loomed, large and white, on their starboard bow. The clean salt breeze came hurrying along behind them, and George shut off his engines and gave a lubberly hand to the other two at setting sail.

"Glass is steady enough," said Captain Strong, "and the rain's blown off. I reckon this 'll shift around to the nor-west in an hour or two and give us a good run down Channel."

"Nice boat this," ventured George, who wondered if he would disgrace himself by being seasick. As he had never been airsick, he thought probably he would be all right.

"She's a cow in a lumpy sea," said the captain, "but you gets to know her little ways. I will say she's tight, and that's more than you can say for a lot. Chromium fittin's in the cabin ain't much use if the deckhead lets the water through and you get a wet bunk."

"Galley's handy, too," said Bull, "I reckon Mr. Moxtey didn't skimp when he fitted her out."

"Shush!" said the captain, saluting. The afterguard came on deck, all four a little unsteady on their legs, the men with their arms round the girls' waists, and the girls giggling.

Moxtey lifted up an untuneful baritone and bawled at the Foreland :

(*Continued on page 71*)

Cutting down without

Food
House Maintenance
Fire & Lighting
Personal Expenses
Luxuries
Rent & Rates
Holidays
Insurance

Get ready. Here comes a blast on economy. You hate hearing about it. Don't we all; but things are at a stage now when something constructive must be done about cutting down expenses.

If it is any comfort to reflect that we all stand in the same shoes, by all means be comforted, but don't allow yourself to be persuaded that because the need for economy is a national necessity you can leave it to others. You cannot. Your personal contribution towards economic finance is a vital aid to victory, not to mention your own peace of mind.

At all events, with the cost of living rising daily, the whole question of adapting your budget to present conditions is urgent and vital. You must have a plan and work to it.

A woman told me recently that the weekly cost of her housekeeping has risen twenty-five shillings in the past three months. It has thrown her affairs into confusion. Already she is running up bills that she never permitted before and still she has no plan. She is drawing on savings, still indulging certain luxuries. "If we cut those out," she argued, "life simply won't be worth living."

It will be even less worth living if she doesn't relinquish them quickly and get down to realities. This is a time of stern sacrifice for every one of us. Not reckless, pessimistic sacrifice, but solid, constructive, well-organised economy.

In the home you can begin with food. That won't be so very difficult because rationing makes economy to some extent unavoidable, though it is still possible to be over-extravagant in the attempt to counteract the loss of rationed foods with a good lust on others.

Menus should be planned with the maximum of simplicity and nourishment. We shall be none the worse and possibly even better for subsisting on a plainer diet.

It would be a mistake drastically to cut down on the quality of food. A little less, a little simpler, perhaps, but of the best quality always because continued health and nerve force depend upon it.

Study vitamin values. Get a book on balanced diet and experiment. In this way you can make a smaller quantity of food yield the maximum amount of nourishment while scaling your budget at the same time.

Economising fuel, that is to say electricity or gas, can make an important contribution to your saving. Again you need a very carefully co-ordinated plan.

Wherever it is practicable arrange your menus for several days ahead. One bout of cooking can often be made to serve for two days by including dishes that only have to be reheated. Get out of the habit now of switching on the cooker for trifling needs. Don't boil a full kettle of water if a half will do. Remember that when you have brought a pot to the boil you can keep it at the same temperature indefinitely with the smallest flame. There is a vast wastage of gas and electric current attributable to thoughtless use of this kind.

Don't use the oven to bake a cake unless you utilise it

at the same time for cooking something else. These may seem elementary points, but they will have a rejuvenating effect upon your fuel bills at the end of the quarter if you are consistent in practising them.

It will take study and care to perfect your system of economy. Think out every detail and work to a strict routine. Never relax your vigilance or there will be leakages and one small leakage can wreck your schemes.

Make less use of the telephone. Without serious inconvenience you can probably cut your telephone account by half. It will take some drastic self-discipline to stop those casual conversations with your friends, to resist the temptation to save yourself a five minutes' walk up the street by calling up the greengrocer, but only a first-class effort of this kind will get your finances straight.

Entertaining must certainly be curtailed, however much you regret it. In these stern times, there is no room for ceremony, and as your friends are certainly facing the same problems as you they will be happy to co-operate.

The Dutch party is not a bad idea for these times. Throw your party, but ask your friends to make a contribution to the food and drink. If you can't bring yourself to do that, put your pride aside, and keep hospitality down to the most modest level, and don't have a moment's (Continued on page 74)

They Let

Clark Gable in one of his early films, "The Finger Points," with Richard Barthelmess. He had several small parts with Warner Bros. but they certainly did not think he was worth keeping

BOWLING along the smooth, straight boulevards and avenues of Hollywood, film magnates lean back in their luxurious cars, puffing at their expensive cigars. As they drive, their eyes light upon the names of many film stars, shouting at every passer-by from huge forty-eight sheet hoardings planted between the swaying palm trees. The magnates read the names simply because they cannot avoid seeing them. And as they read they turn pale green round the gills. They chew fiercely on their unoffending cigars; they kick the car rug; they grind their expensive teeth.

"Goshdarnit! There's his blankety-blank name again—and I let the such-and-such go!" they growl.

As the boulevards roll towards the sea the names repeat themselves half a hundred times. Each glance is like a rapier stab to the magnate in his car.

Deanna Durbin had a part with a large studio on the understanding that she would be invited to stay if she showed promise. She was not asked

Famous for his stage dancing, Fred Astaire was given a screen test, but he heard nothing more about it

Ronald Colman, after his first screen test, was ruled out because some one thought he did not photograph well

Tyrone Power had a good role with Universal Studios for eight weeks. Then waited, in vain, for months for another offer

(Left) Ann Sothern learned to hate Hollywood because all the chances she got there turned out the wrong ones for her

(Above) After playing several roles, Jean Arthur left Hollywood for Broadway, because Hollywood did not particularly want her to stay

(Right) Adolphe Menjou reckoned on a part but he did not get it. His next chance was bigger and better

Them Go . . .

Film Stars who were turned down only to turn up trumps later

By Margaret Chute

After two lapsed contracts Gary Cooper got a third chance. He was sacked, only to be recalled to stardom

W. C. Fields faded out in the old silent days. He returned to favour with the advent of the talkie film

Universal Studios lost Bette Davis because they thought she lacked sex-appeal and appearance; but George Arliss thought differently

A shot of Fred Astaire as he appeared in his first film role—a short dance-sequence with Joan Crawford, in "Dancing Lady." No contract followed the making of this film

Mr. Colman made a screen test in the dim days before anybody had heard of him. The marginal note gave an unfavourable report with the added sting: "Does not photograph well!" So Mr. Colman was out, for all *that* studio cared.

There is the other instance of Gary Cooper. On no less than three separate occasions Mr. Cooper was turned down by the town that has now made him one of the richest men in the acting profession. First turn-down came as long back as 1925, when Gary was ready to mount his lanky six-feet-four of manhood on any steed, for a miserable five dollars a day, and gallop like hell in any direction indicated by a director. He would throw in a fall with gusto, and no extra charge, if so desired.

Then along came somebody who produced films in that section of Hollywood known as "Poverty Row." Very sudden those pictures were; they started and finished before the whistle ceased to blow. Gary was engaged as the lead in a certain two-reel "horse-opera," and his salary, which staggered him, amounted to practically seven pounds a week! Bluntly frank, he told the producer that he could not act. "That's fine!" quoth the producer, not batting an eyelash. "That's exactly what I want you NOT to do! Be yourself, boy; be yourself."

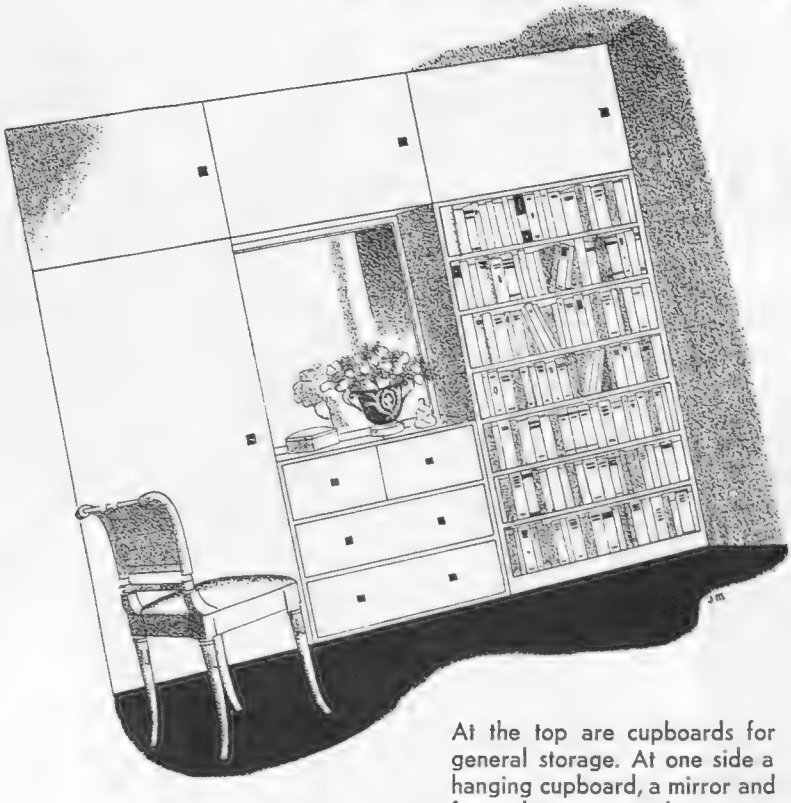
So Gary was himself; and the film was finished inside a week; and he never got a smell at another job for months. Nobody liked him, in other words.

Then along came *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn steering Ronald Colman (who photographed quite well by then) and Vilma Banky into yet another of their big hits. There was a small but important part in this film; Abe Lee. The actor who played it must be tall, and had to look as though he was more at home on the prairie than in a drawing-room.

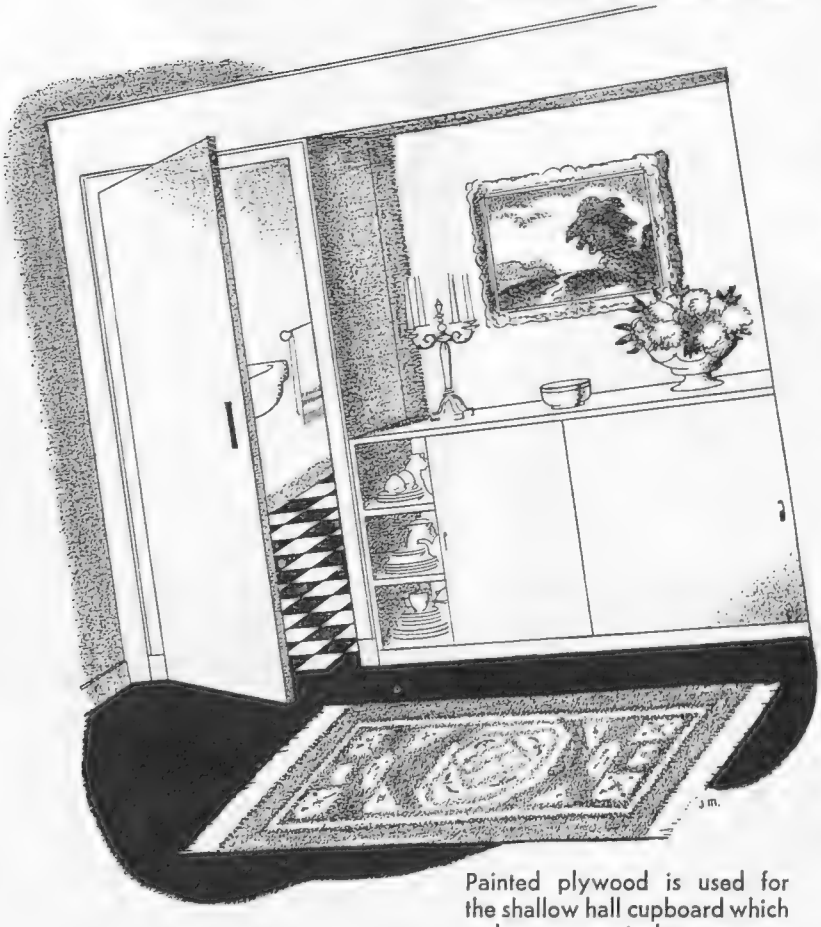
Among those who lined up for this part was Gary Cooper. He won it. He played it, very well indeed. He was given grand notices; critics liked him; audiences liked him; he looked all set to step up the ladder. But Mr. Goldwyn could not seem to fit that lanky figure, with the cowboy walk, into any of his other films, around that time. There was nothing for Gary with the Goldwyn outfit; so he was OUT. One of Hollywood's most comical twists found Samuel Goldwyn and Paramount engaged in a law case, not so very long ago, over the services of the same Mr. Gary Cooper!

Anyhow, for (Continued on page 76)

One room and



At the top are cupboards for general storage. At one side a hanging cupboard, a mirror and four drawers in the centre and bookshelves flanking them



Painted plywood is used for the shallow hall cupboard which makes a practical store cupboard. The cupboard has sliding doors and matches wall paint

Alice in Wonderland probably never found herself in circumstances more changeable, more unexpected than the average woman finds herself in to-day. Poor Alice, she was bewildered enough, but at least she woke and found it all a dream, which was a stroke of luck for which we can scarcely hope. So, as there is no chance of such a reprieve we have to adapt ourselves as rapidly and as efficiently as we can.

The question of where to live has become one of the most urgent for women whose husbands and families are serving and who find themselves, often for the first time, alone. In a great many cases the family house has inevitably been closed, the twin problems of expense and companionship demanding it.

Heaps of women in this situation have chosen the one room flat as a solution. It is cheap and convenient, more especially for those engaged in a career or in some kind of war service.

You can furnish a one-room flat very cheaply. The responsibilities attendant upon it are few and the conveniences it affords are many.

The best of these flats are so well equipped that a few items of furniture, apart from curtains and floor coverings, will complete a comfortable little home.

Take the flat we have illustrated as an example. It is very small (the sitting-room measures approximately thirteen feet square) but it is adequate for the needs of one person if the furnishing and equipment of it is done intelligently.

In the choice of a one-room flat there are a few guiding principles to keep in mind. The first is, naturally, cost. This will vary according to size, locality and the extent of supplementary services.

Next consider the situation. Lightness is a very important factor in such small quarters. Quietness is another and both are elusive in the type of flat referred to, which is usually located in a large block.

Higher floors are generally more costly, but it is worth while to pay a little more rent and to live on an upper floor where sun and air have a better chance of slanting through adjacent buildings into your windows and where street noises are left far below.

Take special note of cupboard space when you are inspecting your one-room flat. This is all important, since you will be eating, living and sleeping in one room, where the paraphernalia for all of it must be stored without muddle.

A built-in cupboard in the hall is vital. Another in the living-room saves the need for a wardrobe. Another piece of furniture, perhaps a tallboy or a three- or four-drawer chest, will give sufficient drawer space for one person's needs.

If you are bringing furniture out of your own home to equip the temporary residence, resist the temptation to bring along all your favourite bits and pieces. If your one room and a bath are to serve their purpose you must not at all costs overcrowd. A feeling of spaciousness can only be achieved by the maintenance of absolute simplicity and ruthless elimination of superfluous detail.

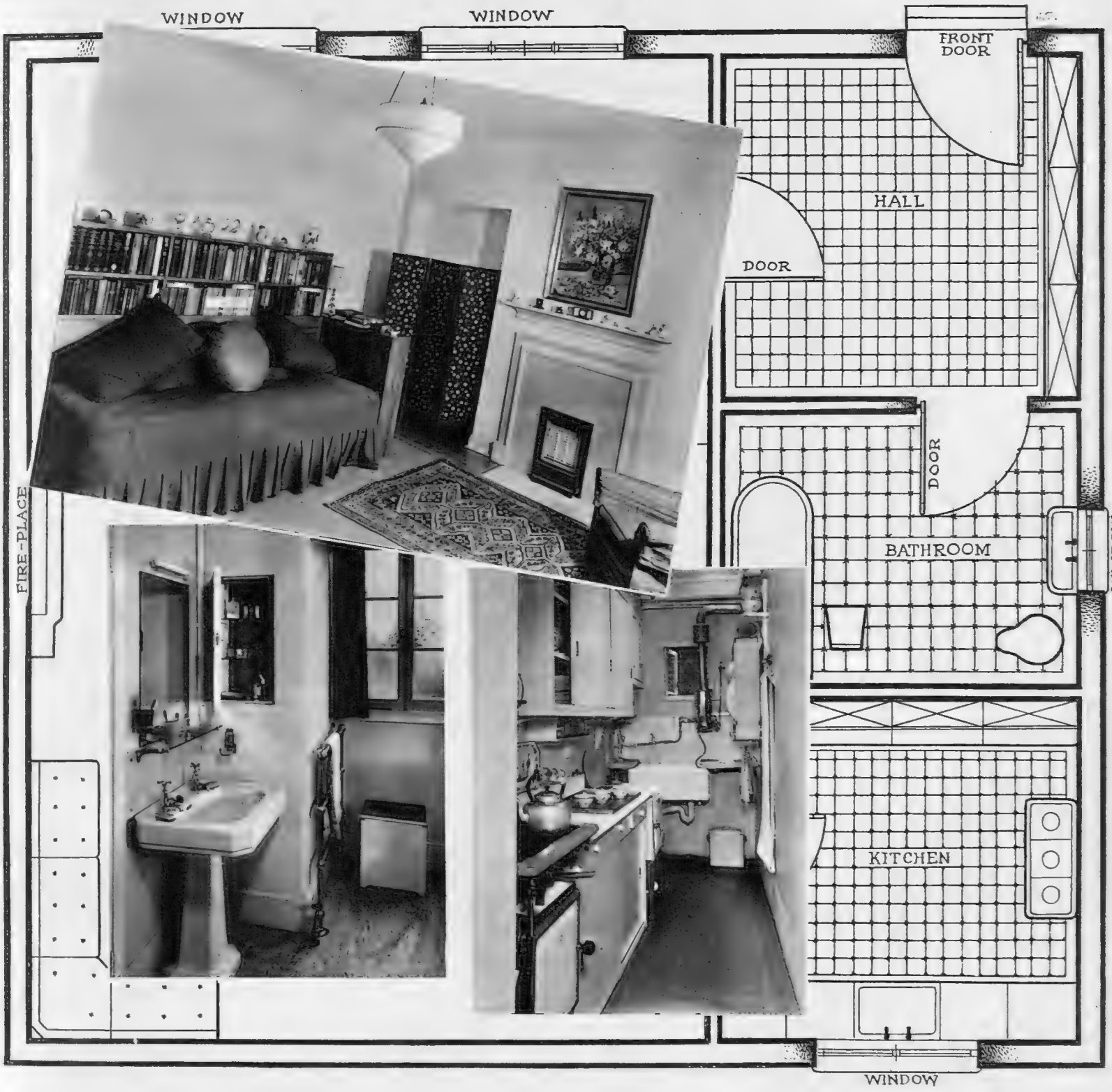
Take only as much china and glass as you will need for yourself and some simple entertaining. Leave the silver you inherited from Aunty Mary behind. There just isn't room for it. It won't look impressive and will give the flat the appearance of a pawn shop.

Make up your mind right at the start that the size of your home will forbid much entertaining. One or two extra persons at a time will be all you can handle without discomfort and confusion. This being so you can safely keep equipment down to six of everything.

A divan bed or a convertible (Continued on page 80)

a Bath

By Winifred Lewis



At the top is a corner of the sitting-room which is also bedroom and living-room. The decoration is necessarily simple but the use of bright colours against a pastel ground is very effective. The bookshelves make a setting for the divan and are extended at the ends to form a bedhead. The screen in the corner conceals a small dressing-table and make-up mirror. (Left) is the small bathroom which has walls coloured duck-egg green, accessories in a darker shade, and a built-in mirrored cupboard. The kitchenette on the right is tiny but complete in every detail. Cupboards give ample storage space for food and equipment and there is a small refrigerator.

(Above)
A Blackburn "Shark" of the Fleet Air Arm keeps watch over a flotilla of destroyers

(On left)
A Baffin aeroplane of the Fleet Air Arm returning to its parent-ship, H.M.S. "Eagle"

Wings Over The Navy

The Fleet Air Arm and their Ceaseless work of Patrol over the British Navy.

By Stanley Jackson.

LORD HAW-HAW, the egregious broadcaster from Hamburg, enlivened the first dreary months of the war by constantly asking the British Admiralty to inform him of the whereabouts of the *Ark Royal*. Laying down a heavy barrage of sarcasm and innuendo, he crowed over the destruction of our largest aircraft-carrier. Without waiting for confirmation of their great "victory," the Nazi High Command distributed Iron Crosses among the various gentlemen who claimed to have successfully bombed this floating aerodrome.

While the Nazis were prematurely celebrating her demise, the *Ark Royal* was quietly carrying on with her long and arduous patrol of the Atlantic. Her winged passengers had covered some 5,000,000 square miles of sea before she sailed proudly into harbour in the spring.

The Nazis' anxiety to proclaim this victory was quite understandable. The continued existence of the Fleet Air Arm is Hitler's worst nightmare. The tide of battle may ebb and flow; now and then he may come within a hair's-breadth of triumph on the field; but his hopes of smashing the Allies must remain unrealised until he can drive our food ships and troop transports from the seas.

Standing in his path is the strongest Fleet Air Arm in the world. Whatever dreams the Nazis may have entertained of winning the war by a "Blitzkrieg" with U-boat and bomber have been frustrated by the wings which convoy our merchant ships and maintain a ceaseless vigil for enemy raiders.

This clockwork co-operation between our air and sea forces is made possible by the courage and skill of the Fleet Air Arm and the Coastal Command. The former is a branch of the Navy; the Coastal Command, on the other hand, comes under the control of the R.A.F. Many experts, including Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, the hero of the famous Zeebrugge raid, maintain that the Coastal Command should at once be placed under Naval control. I should not be surprised if unity of control were achieved in the next few months; meanwhile, both forces continue with their vital activities. What is the job of these flying giants whose wings patrol the skies and seas? An expert has vividly likened their rôle to that of sheep-dogs to harassed merchant ships, with the Navy acting as shepherds. In former days our cruisers were the "eyes of the Fleet." The menace of enemy bombers has changed all that. To-day, our flying patrols act as binoculars for the cruiser escorts.

Britain's gallant sailors of the air perform many varied tasks, each of vital importance to the conduct of the war. Their first task is to keep a sharp look-out for U-boats and mine-layers. This reconnaissance work from the air is, however, something more than an anti-submarine patrol. Often in wretched weather, flying night and day, the Fleet Air Arm and the Coastal Command are scouring the seas for glimpses of the enemy fleet or for innocent-looking neutral vessels which may be running the blockade or even disguising their identity as armed enemy raiders. All this, I would point out, in addition to valuable photographic work and the most detailed reporting on meteorological conditions.

The flying patrols have been hard at work since the very first day of the war. Often, for days on end, there is nothing to break the bleak monotony of sea and sky. But the captain and crew do not relax for an instant; they have a 2000-mile patrol to make, and at any moment death may strike from either side. The captain has his chart before him, giving complete details of U-boats which may be lurking within his area. In the wireless cabin sits the lad with the headphones, ready to take a code message or to send one out to group headquarters.

If they are looking for a convoy, the funnel-glow on the clouds helps to guide them. The navigator steers the 26-ton boat with miraculous ease, aided by complicated instruments that tell him everything about wind direction and strength, tides and so on. At last they spot the convoy, which, from that height, looks like a bobbing necklace of small corks clumsily strung together.

Signals are flashed, but not by wireless, which might be picked up by an enemy receiver and give the Nazi U-boats some welcome information. (Contd. on p. 80)

Old Tales Re-told

A Saracen Heroine

Caulah preserves her Honour and that of her fellow captives by her Daring and Fiery Temper

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

Derar at last managed to regain his own side unscathed, despite a parting hail of stones . . .

THE episode that I am going to relate is chiefly concerned with a group of warlike and heroic women. Their exploits are not so spectacular as those of the rebellious Greek Amazons of legend; but they are none the less remarkable for the fact that the protagonists were Orientals, usually languid and dreamy by nature; subdued by law, religious custom, and the seclusion of the harem.

The time of our story, and the theatre of events, could hardly be more picturesque, for they lie in the period that followed the death of Mahomet in 632 A.D., when his followers were fighting the Holy War against all who had not embraced the religion of the new Prophet.

Mahomet had been unfortunate in not having an heir to succeed him; and when he died, he did not nominate anyone as his successor to the Caliphate. After much controversy the lot fell to Abubeker. Great as was this man's heritage, it was by no means free from troubles, for the Mahomedans were still only a minority as compared with the masses of dissenting Arabs. The principles for which Mahomet had striven were as stern as they were ambitious. He had inspired his followers with the dictum that "Whoso is not for me is against me." This would not have mattered if his creed had been spread by preaching and persuasion; but Islamism was imposed by force alone. Those who fought against it and were overcome, were given two alternatives: to embrace the faith, or become the slaves of the Believers.

The Roman Emperors had been Christian for some time; but they were decadent and indolent and had lost all

claim to greatness. Their empire was as weak as it was vast, and in all its struggles against Islam it emerged ever more torn and bruised.

It had been an old and cherished ambition of the Mahomedans to invade Syria, a rich country inhabited by prosperous people, mostly Christians and Jews. When Abubeker, the new Caliph, thought the moment ripe for striking, he gathered together a force of 4500 men and entrusted the command to a man whose valour as a leader placed him on a level with the legendary heroes of the Trojan war. His name was Caled, but he was known far and wide as "Sword of God." Extremely popular with his soldiers, he had a genius for extricating himself from tight corners; was very stern, and implacable towards those who betrayed the cause to which they had sworn allegiance.

With a general like Caled and an army emboldened by a sequence of victories, Abubeker could dictate terms to anyone. To serve his God he could slaughter the unbelievers like sheep. Syria was the promised land and Damascus was the glittering jewel that lay in the midst of it, beautiful and tempting. He went rapidly ahead with his plans, increasing his army to 44,000 strong and 1500 horses.

The first town to be surrounded by the Saracens was Bostra.

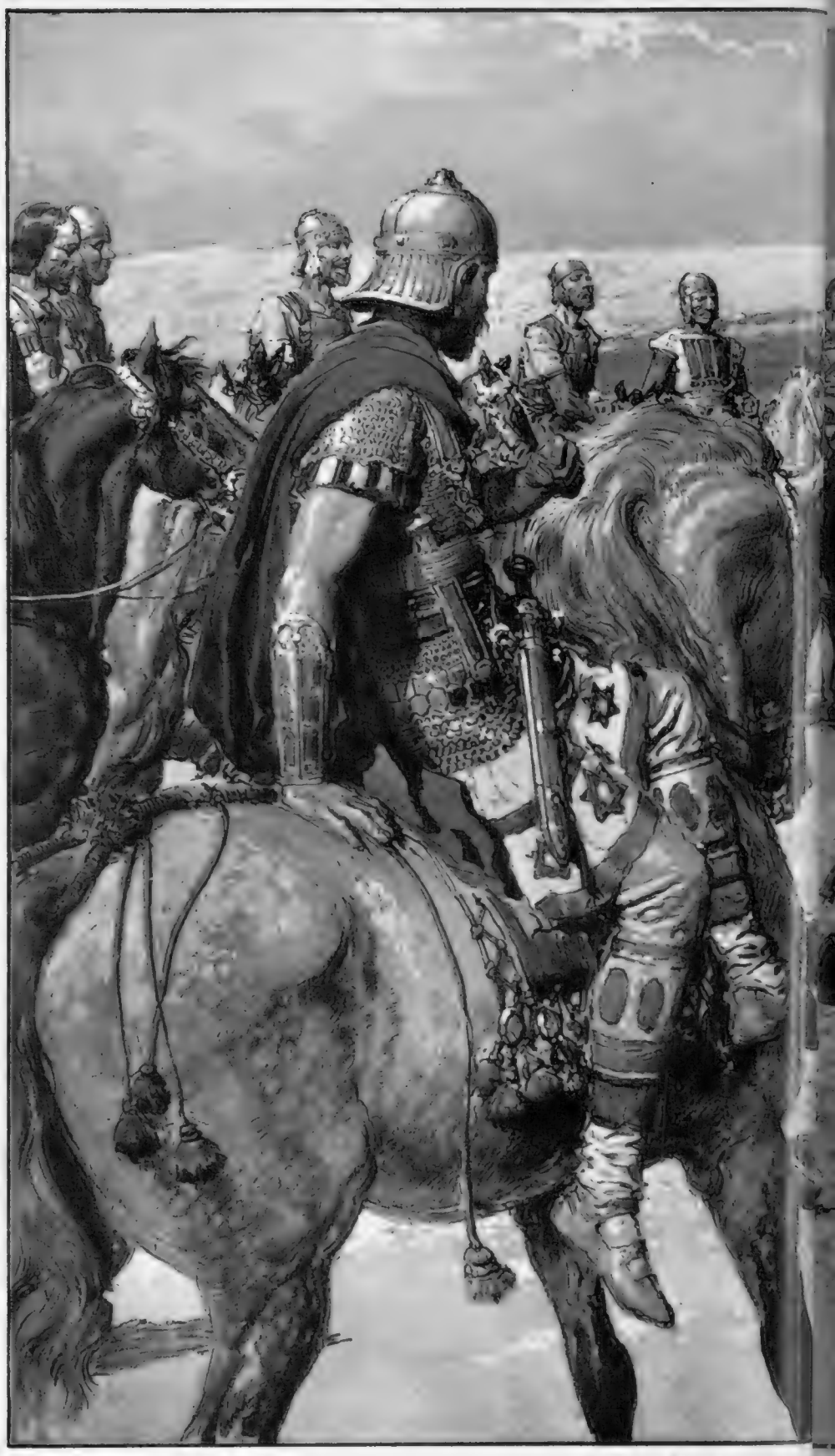
A certain Romanus, the head of the defence force of Bostra, was challenged by Caled to come out and fight him in single combat. It was not to be a real duel, but a display of fencing which took place in full view of the opposing armies and which should have been the means of deciding the issue of the day without further bloodshed; but Romanus, finding himself mastered by Caled, complained that the latter was hitting too hard for a mock encounter. Intimidated by his defeat, he re-entered Bostra, and urged the people to surrender and lay down their arms. The only result was the rousing of a tremendous wave of popular indignation. He managed to escape with his life, but was confined thereafter to his house.

Now this house was built up against one of the walls of the town. He bored a hole in the wall, through which he introduced a number of Saracens dressed in Christian costume. He led them to the castle of the governor of the town, and murdered him. Subsequently they attacked the guards and opened the gates to the invaders. Wholesale slaughter took place and silence fell on the unfortunate town only when the streets were piled with dead. Four hundred mounted Saracens remained to hold the town, while the rest of the army continued towards Damascus.

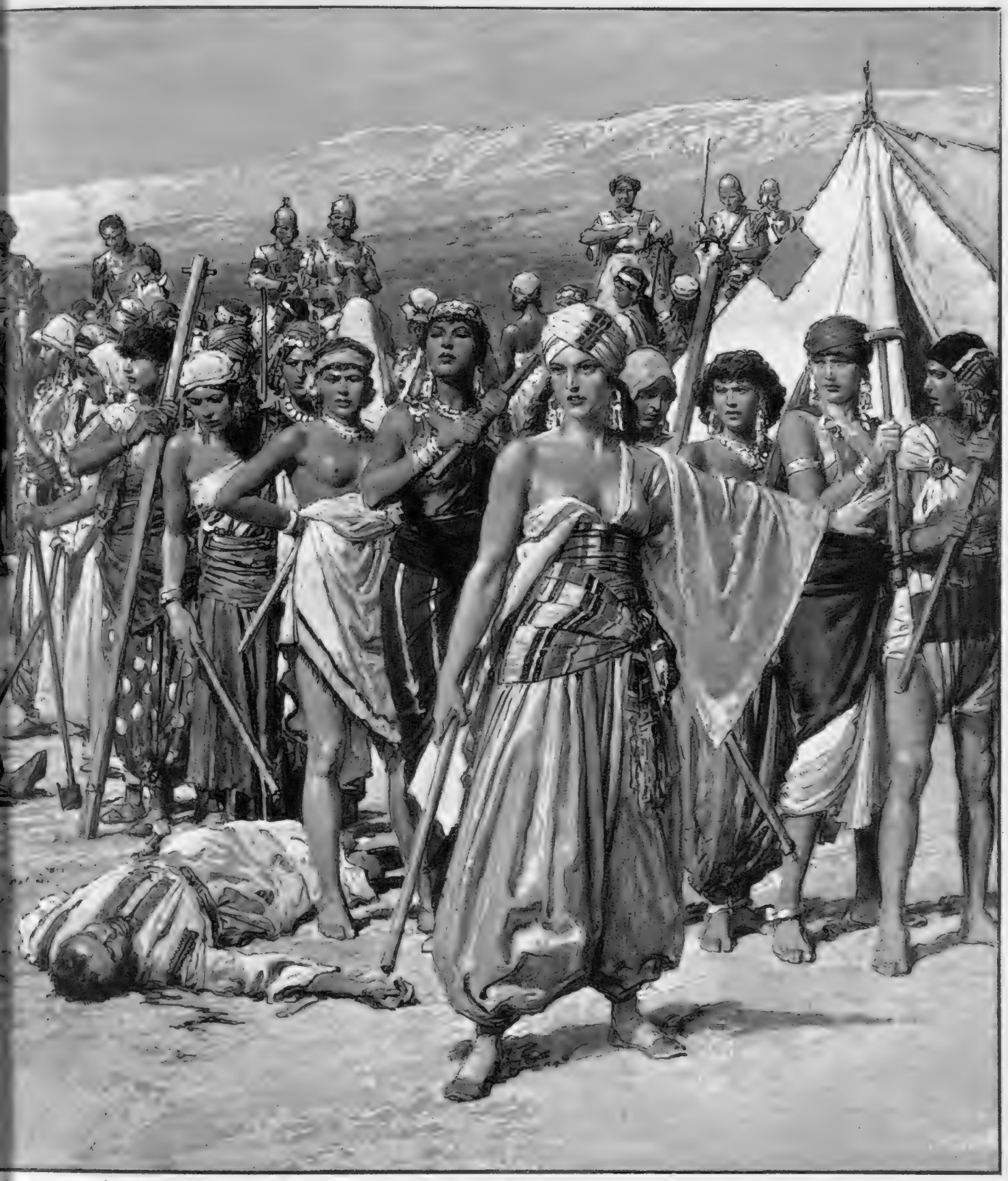
They found this city well prepared for attack. A Christian army in perfect battle array was drawn up to meet them. The opposing forces paused just outside arrow-range of each other. They were in no hurry. On the contrary, they took their time while observing each other's strength and disposition of units and arms. Then they tried to probe each other's intentions by means of parleying, after which there was an interim of inaction during which opportunity was given for a champion from either side to offer himself for single combat.

The beautiful city of Damascus gleamed in the sunshine, its white walls rising from the sunbaked ramparts. Before it the massed Christian army, in its bright armour and brilliant battle array, seemed more prepared for a military pageant than a sanguinary encounter. As Caled was issuing his final orders and reviewing his troops, he halted before a young warrior mounted on a beautiful mare. To him he said: "Thou art Derar Ebno'l Azwar. Thy father and other glorious warriors among thy kinsmen have fought bravely for the cause of God. Be worthy of them. God will preserve thee."

Derar was what we should call a dare-devil—always ready to exceed the bounds of his task, so that he had to be kept in constant check by his superiors. Endowed with the agility of a panther and the strength of a lion, he was never happy unless there was a fight in prospect. To be singled out by the commander-in-chief before the whole army inflamed his ardent spirit to such an extent that as soon as Caled had finished addressing him he spurred forward, bending low over his horse's neck, in a headlong gallop towards the enemy. His impact was made on the mounted units. There was a scuffle, blades flashed in



Her eyes flashing with rage, hearts? Come closer.



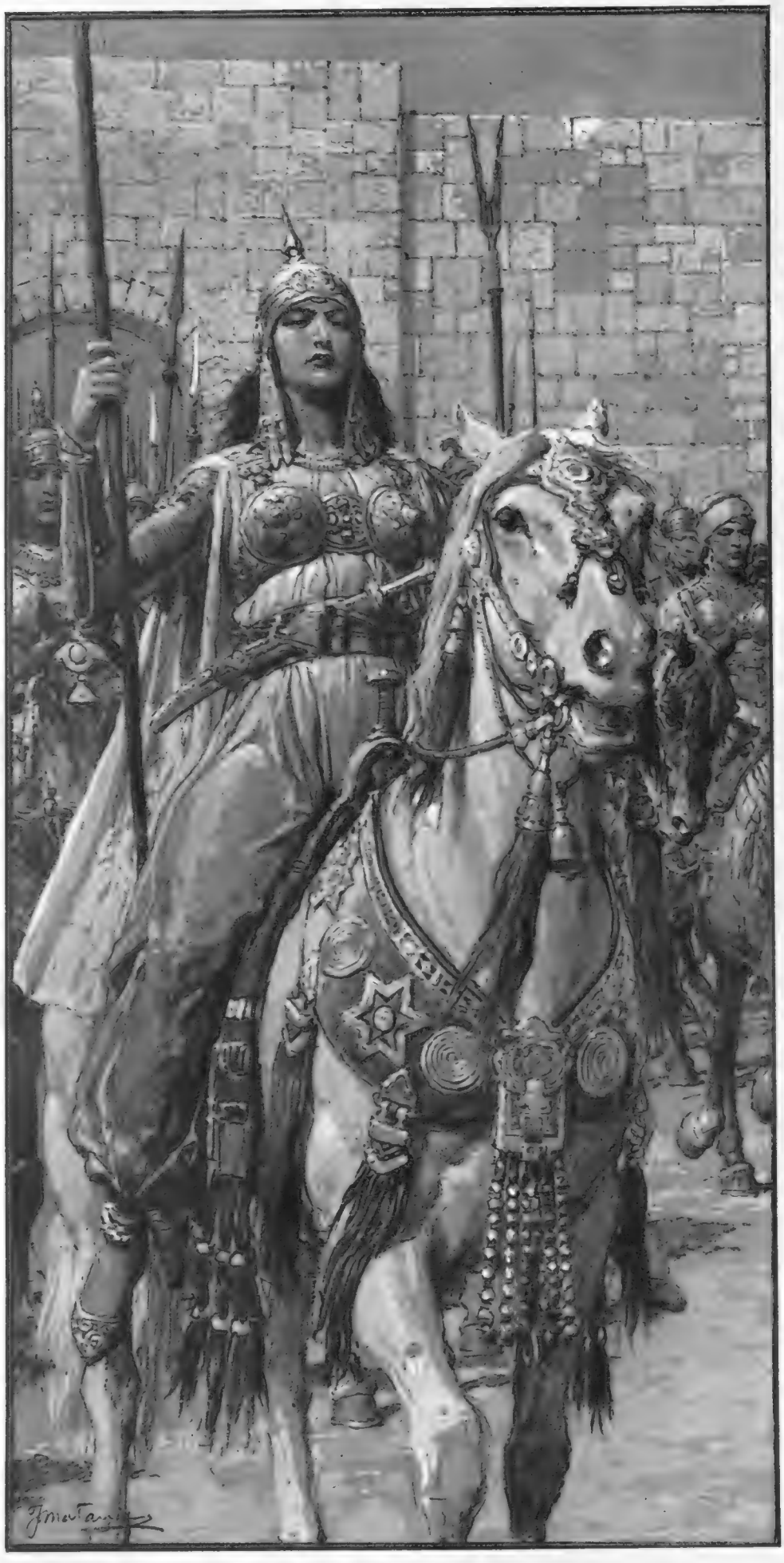
Caulah shouted: "Well, why do you not approach your sweet-and perhaps you will receive your rewards at their hands"

the sun, and shortly afterwards he wheeled his horse, leaving four troopers lifeless on the ground. Then he turned on the foot soldiers. They lowered their lances, but before they could stop him, six fell mortally wounded. It was only when hundreds surged around him that he abandoned his onslaught, thrusting right and left with his lance to open a way for himself, and at last managed to regain his own side unscathed, despite a parting hail of stones.

This incident serves to show what kind of a fighter Derar was. He had one notable characteristic which still further enhanced his reputation for complete fearlessness. He could not bear to feel any restriction of his limbs by armour, or wearing apparel that hampered his movements. The protection of his body meant nothing to him. It was a common sight to behold him charging in full armour and gradually casting off the various parts of it until he emerged from the mêlée practically naked except for his shield and sword. At such times he looked like some sculptured image of a mythological hero.

After this episode several battles were fought in front of the walls of Damascus. The Christians could not gain any decisive advantage, so they decided to entrench themselves inside the city and send a messenger to the Emperor Heraclius at Antioch for help. Under cover of darkness they lowered their volunteer from the walls. He succeeded in crossing the camp of the enemy and reaching his destination in record time. Heraclius, alive to the danger of losing Damascus, determined to stamp out this invading swarm and dispatched

an army of 100,000 men. This was the first real Crusade to be fought. All the cream of the nobility took part in it. They were some time, however, in arriving on the scene, and the besieged city was beginning to feel the pinch of hunger. The inhabitants had made an offer in gold to Caled; but Caled knew that surrender was inevitable, and he refused the offer. Days passed by, however, and there was no further sign of surrender. Meanwhile Heraclius's huge army was marching slowly but steadily towards Damascus. When Caled received news of its approach, he sent a detachment of horse to engage them and delay their progress. As leader of this expedition he chose Derar. The young warrior was relieved to be free from the trying inertia of the siege. He selected his men, and was so impatient to be off that it was all he could do to stand still while receiving his instructions from his general before departure. Caled, always calm and wise, reminded him that God would expect no man to throw himself away in rash and foolish action, and adjured him to return if he found himself in grave difficulty or danger.



The detachment started in a northerly direction. Following hilly country and making long marches without rest, they soon came in sight of the approaching forces. These were creeping along in endless columns. Their numbers seemed so colossal that Derar was advised by his followers to retire. Whatever the worth of the enemy as a fighting force, any attack would be warded off by sheer weight of numbers. But Derar was indomitable. He argued that the huge monster sprawled over miles of ground, but that if he struck at its head he would weaken the whole organism. Besides, he wished to kill Werdan, the leader of the Christians. This man, he knew, would be found where the greater number of standards were gathered. Straight at this target, therefore, he led a handful of men at full gallop. Plunging in the midst of the standards he succeeded in killing many men; but before he could reach his objective, he was overpowered and taken prisoner. His followers attempted to rescue him, but without avail. He had been taken away in custody.

Securely bound on a horse and escorted by a hundred horsemen, he was despatched to Antioch as a present to the Emperor Heraclius. The little cavalcade was proceeding slowly under the scorching sun when suddenly a body of horsemen appeared as if from nowhere and surrounded them. These were Saracens, making a surprise attempt at rescuing Derar, which succeeded by virtue of its swiftness. Those who remained alive of the Christians crept away amongst the shrubs and bushes. This rescue party had been sent by Caled, after he had attacked and repulsed the main body of the enemy.

Caled had intended to return to Damascus after the battle, but realising that the siege could not be continued in face of this new development, he ordered the retreat of his troops. His forces were divided into three columns. First came Caled with the main body; next Abu Obeidah with the reserve and rear-guard, and finally the baggage train and caravan of women. Their departure was watched with great relief by the garrison of Damascus. The tail of the long columns of Saracens was still in sight when the gates were flung open and supplies were rushed into the starved city. The joyous shouts and pealing of bells could be heard for miles around.

Meanwhile two Christian generals, brothers named Peter and Paul, reassembled an army (*Continued on p.* 87)

Riding proudly at the head of her Hamyarites, Caulah entered the fallen city of Damascus

BOOKS: Reviewed by Trevor Allen

NOVELISTS may hate this war, which destroys literary detachment, slashes royalties, and cuts paper supplies, but they cannot escape it. The Fiction Front widens. Three novels in this batch concern the present eruption, although one, refusing to be intimidated, merely has the laugh on it.

I refer—with chuckles—to *Envoy on Excursion* (Michael Joseph ; 8s.), by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, of *A Bullet in the Ballet* and *Casino for Sale* notoriety.

Auguste Sardinko, delegate from the small neutral State of Insomnia, somewhere between Germany and Russia, comes to London for the purpose of signing a trade treaty which will give us control of 80 per cent. of the world's supply of gardenium, a win-the-war mineral residing in a lake in Insomnia. Sardinko, alas! is found dead in the swivel-chair of Sir Humphrey Spratt of the Ministry of Elimination. . . .

'Tis a wonderful Ministry, even for wartime, where Sir Humphrey plays darts, his private secretary, Joe—"who could be relied on to bustle in briskly and completely misunderstand what was wanted of him"—puts rubber ones in his chief's stack, and efficient Miss Peacock talks Hungarian to Rumanians. As for its functions in the interests of neutral pressmen :

"They had set aside a special room for them, furnished lavishly with telephones, each connected to a censor who could cut them off if necessary, or even forget to switch them on. They had provided them with a squash court, which they seemed curiously reluctant to use, and they had put an interpreter, Miss Peacock, at their disposal. And still they grumbled . . ."

Well, Detective Adam Quill of the Yard, who sleuthed that Bullet in the Ballet, is called in from his evacuated H.Q. in a Kent oast-house so sandbagged that no cow can get near it. He manages to find his way into the Ministry, though that, too, is sandbagged up to the eyes : "A small part of the roof was still visible, but they were working on that now." He has a nice corpse to work on, and an equally nice dart-board.

Not a bad start for a skit on wartime diplomacy which involves a delicate British mission to Insomnia, a race against Herr von Papen for the gardenium, intrigue, kidnapping, bumping-off attempts, and Ruritanian idiocy. This is about the funniest product of the war so far—always excepting, of course, that garrulous Mrs. Fusspottle, whose Home Front Letters to a woman's weekly have given us, this time, a female Old Bill.

CHILDREN evacuees can be angels and blessings or just little devils, according to your luck and point of view. In the next two novels we have a choice. The young scamp of Mr. Joyce Cary's *Charley is My Darling* (Michael Joseph ; 9s.) is a sometimes lovable demon of the Dead End Kids breed. As soft-hearted Miss Lina says : "It really doesn't matter about his features ; it 's his expression that gets you. You can't help seeing that he 's a perfect dear."

So perfect that he leads a gang which thinks nothing of stealing a woman's handbag or a car for a joy-ride, breaking into a house, getting drunk, and pitching the empties at the pictures. He is a vain, primitive young savage, product of a slum upbringing.

Charley's trouble is that his violent instincts must have thrills, excitement, outside the law if not in it ; and the fact that his teachers love him doesn't make him stop to think. Mr. Cary

(Continued on page 90)

The Book of the Month

"Technique for Beauty." By Jane Gordon. (Faber ; 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a book to make mere man gasp : 100,000 words, 460 pages, the product of a year's research into no fewer than eighty-eight text-books by world-famous specialists, and all so that every day in every way woman may grow lovelier and lovelier. . . .

Scientific, classified advice about every kind of beauty treatment, inner and outer, and how and where it can be obtained ; physiology, physical culture ; even a special chapter on beauty tips in wartime ; devout heart-to-heart talks with the vested interests such as "There is a tremendous scope for beauty parlour assistants to help the client by imparting useful knowledge entirely unconnected with immediate financial gain," the ethic of which is : "Service given free in this way would certainly benefit both client and beauty parlour ; for a beauty parlour, like any other business, depends on its reputation, and there is nothing like a little extra service to increase the firm's reputation."

There must be something in this cult of womanly perfection, which was already old when Cleopatra vamped Antony. An ex-prison wardress once told me of her charges : "The doctor gave them tooth powder ; they used it as face powder, so we had to mix soot with it. They would scrape whitewash from the wall for powder. At church parade they used to tear the red backs off the hymn-books and smear the colour on their cheeks. The books were changed to black. They still took the covers and smeared them for eye-black."

I am perturbed, however, by Miss Gordon's comment on the enforcement of the U.S. law that cosmetics shall conform honestly with their labels : "I can assure you that a great deal of re-labelling was in process, and many well-known beauty-aids had already disappeared."

Woman Lovely Woman, I 'm sure, has hungered for such a book so painstaking in detail, encyclopædic in range. Absolutely nothing has been left out. . . .

Treat 'em Rough

American women have gone mad over rough-house beauty treatments. Fifth Avenue beauties are being stood on their elegant coiffures, for standing on the head is said to clear the complexion and smooth out wrinkles. They are being slapped with coarse hair mitts to make the skin fine, and pummelled until the tears start to their eyes, to pep up sluggish circulations. Then they are sent home with instructions not to pamper their faces. This is inspiring news to us just now, when few women have the time or inclination to cosset themselves.

Here, in a modified form, is an all-over rough-house beauty treatment to be done at home. It needn't cost you an extra penny.

Scalp and Hair. Hair-tugging is grand for sluggish glands. When you go to bed at night, before rising, or when you are just settin' and thinkin', have a real tug-o'-war with your hair. Grasp strands of hair near the scalp, and tug.

No time for brushing? Then, at any odd moment, practise scalp drill. It will halve your brushing time. Dig the fingers deep down into the roots of the hair, and work scalp round and round with small rotary movements: first to the right, then to the left. Repeat all over the head.

When you do brush, give your hair a real rough house. Toss the hair over the face and brush upwards from the nape of the neck until the hair stands up like a golliwog's.

Face and Neck. A rough and tumble with your face once a week will stimulate circulation, tighten slackening muscles, help get rid of blackheads, blemishes, threatening expression-lines, and send new blood coursing through your veins.

For a normal or greasy skin cleanse in the usual way. Lather face freely with a good facial soap and warm water. Brush vigorously with a medium hard nail-brush.

Rinse off, first in warm, then in cold water, with a dash of eau de Cologne added. Slap the water on with the hands until the skin tingles. Dry off with a rough towel. A little skin food or almond oil may be massaged in after.

For a dry skin, cleanse by your usual method. Mix some almond oil with skin food. Apply lavishly to the face and neck. Use a rubber brush to work the mixture into the pores. Rinse off with tepid water (if water is hard, it should be boiled up beforehand), and finish with cold, patting the cold water on briskly with the finger-tips. When dry, rub in a little almond oil.

When applying creams, put a punch and a pinch into it. Deep pinching is good for stimulating the blood-flow to face and neck. Apply cream thickly, then, with the finger and thumb, pinch the skin firmly.

Arms and Legs. The texture of the skin of the arms and legs, as well as their shape, can be improved by treating it rough. Gooseflesh, prevalent in these parts, will give place to velvet smoothness, if the skin is treated to a daily scrub with body-brush, tape-glove or hair-mitt, and soap and water. Difficult cases need an oil treatment once or twice a week. While in the bath, apply warm olive oil and brush well in with a stiff nail-brush. Finish with a lather of soap and water, rinse, dry thoroughly and massage in some hand emollient.

Hands. Deep kneading of knuckles and backs of hands with skin food, whenever you cream your face, will keep the hands young and (Continued on page 86.)

SAVING YOUR Good PRESENCE

By Olive Randall

Most men look their best in uniform, many women look their worst. It seems to have a sadly de-vitalising effect on the majority of them, for they are all too inclined to sink not only their own personality but their pride in themselves.

The wearing of slacks has encouraged a crop of ungainly attitudes that will grow beyond correction if they are not soon disciplined. Routine jobs do frequently engender routine minds, but there is no reason why, in these times when every woman has an unavoidable duty to her fellows, she should let a what-does-it-matter attitude affect her physical well-being as well as her mental outlook.

A slovenly body and an untidy mind are usually the reflection of each other. When you say a woman has a good presence, you really mean that her movements are so perfectly controlled and her posture so assured that you are aware of her balanced personality even before she says a word.

The slender and lovely bodies that all American girls seem to have is due to no special dispensation of providence, but simply to the fact that from their earliest childhood American girls are made figure conscious.

They are taught to stand well and walk well, and they go in for correctional exercises as regularly and as unquestioningly as they brush their teeth. It is purely a matter of routine, and the result is that while they are still very young their muscle control has become instinctive.

The trouble about having to learn these things later in life is that for a great part of the day you go on indulging in bad habits that completely undo all the good of your early morning exercise.

It is only when you first discover, with horror, that your chin is multiplying, that you decide to do something about it. The great thing is to hold the head high on the strong column of the neck, without thrusting out the chin. If you do *that* you will avoid a double chin certainly, but you will encourage the sort of scragginess that develops from the first fine stretched tendons to a sort of turkey's wattle.

Equally, a dowager's hump is the certain aftermath of sitting with your shoulders hunched and your head sunk well between them, chin thrust out and up.

To clean up your contours, and to clear your head when you are tired, let it fall forward on to your chest and then, absolutely relaxed, roll it round in a complete circle. Do it six times one way and six times the other, and you will both look and feel better. The two things always go together.

Once you have mastered the control of your diaphragm muscles you will not only never need to fear the slightest bulge above your waist. You will be able, at will, to control your nerves. Stop just for one minute and draw back the walls of your diaphragm until they nearly touch your spine. Take a deep breath at the same time, and as you exhale, let your muscles relax.

Try it again, three times, four times, six times. Feel steadier now? It is the best way to meet and overcome a moment of panic, and, simply for the benefit of your figure you can do it any time, wherever you are. Nobody will notice, providing you can remember to wipe that fixed expression off your face.

You can keep your tail in bounds at the same time by contracting and releasing your buttock muscles and always consciously making yourself as narrow as possible. Even if you are wearing slacks most of the time, never sit with your legs wide apart. You will thicken your thighs and widen your back view, just as you will if you persist in perching on a cocktail stool with your feet twisted around its legs.

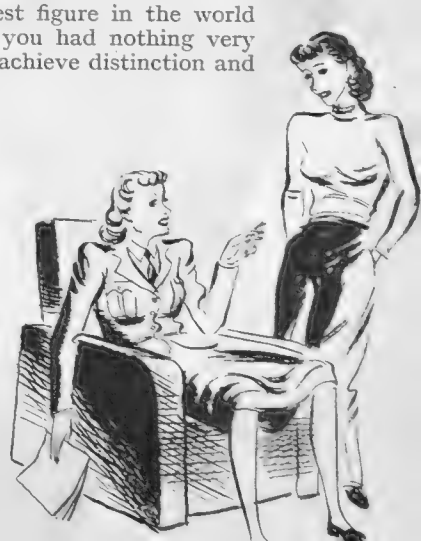
You can use all those minutes that you spend waiting for a bus to most excellent effect if you deliberately lift your chest and bosom and draw your shoulders back and down, at the same time tucking in your tail and your diaphragm. As soon as this becomes just a matter of habit—and it is surprising how soon it does—practise rotating the whole of your stomach in a modified rhumba movement.

It is not easy to do this without moving your hips, but the fact that you have got to keep them still if you are standing in the street is the best guarantee of the effectiveness of the exercise.

Watching women walk into a restaurant the other day a famous film director remarked that most women do not know even the first and most simple rule that ensures a graceful carriage. "They walk with their legs and feet parallel," he said, "whereas it is impossible to move rhythmically unless the feet are placed one in front of the other in a straight line."

If you started with the loveliest figure in the world bad habits will ruin it. And if you had nothing very much to begin with you can still achieve distinction and elegance if you carry yourself proudly.

First concentrate on your posture, then walk to the music in your mind. Other people will instinctively respond to it, and you will lend a new enchantment to your clothes and personality.



Crash into

Life streams from the sun. Draw upon it rightly and you will bank such reserves of health as will grant you immunity from winter chills: wrongly and you will only know depletion. But great riches are here at your disposal if you are wise and know how to

As a life-giver the sun does all manner of rather contrary things. It hardens, stimulates, removes flabbiness and slims. But in overdoses, the opposite occurs.

Take the English sun alone: how many people do you see sun-burnished as against those who are sun-burned at the end of a day on the beach? Sun-burnish strengthens, sun-burn causes discomfort and is exhausting: all because the victim has been too eager to rush into the sun, and, consequently, had too much of it.

Yet the sun-cure is the finest there is. Impregnate your system with the sun-vitamin and not only will you insure it against common colds, but you will have a substitute for the vitamins found in dairy and other fats.

In children, sun-vitamin prevents rickets.

Little by little will do the trick. The approach should be gradual. Remember how careful doctors are with sun-ray treatment lamps in clinics, and how short the exposures are to begin with. It is all the same thing, except that the sun is stronger than any sun-lamp.

Try to have a sun-bathe every day that the sun is out; paddle in the sun first. Let it strike up your legs before you stretch in it full-length and it blazes down your back. A sun-bathe should always be approached from the shade into which you will draw back at the end of the bathe. That is if you wish to be *energised* by it.

It goes without saying that those who do their half-dozen exercises in the morning always choose an open window in the sun. They are the people who become so sun and air-filled that they pass from strength to strength during the week-ends. Others are apt to return to the office on Mondays somewhat dazed after an open-air week-end, super-oxygenated.

Supposing an early office train prevents your early morning sun-bathe, try to fit it in when you get home. Even if you have only a town flat which you reach at 6.30 p.m., seize any portion of floor that is sun-struck, relax and sun-bathe. Six-thirty is five-thirty according to the sun, an ideal time.

Ten minutes is all you need. Remove your shoes and stockings and let the sun play up your hips. That's all for the first few days. Except that it is as well to bend and stretch your legs in the sun and twist your feet round at the ankles, just to break down any acid secretions that may be called up by the rays.

On a warm day slip into a bathing suit, but even then start by first paddling your hips, before you roll in the sun. Next loosen up all (Continued on page 96)

Nothing is quite so young looking as a good tan. Lines vanish, contours firm down, and the expression either brightens or softens in a unity of deeper skin tone. This hides blemishes.

Meanwhile the burning question is whether to tan or not to tan. It is no question at all if you happen to turn a beautiful brown naturally. But there are the unfortunates who blister and do not tan at all, the Titians who freckle unbecomingly, and other exceptions to the rule, the women who should remain pink and white.

Again, it all depends on the colour of your hair. If this inclines to turn a definite yellow or copper in the sun —and there are ways to encourage it—you will gravitate to the same colour tan, honey gold or copper creole. But if your hair happens to be red, cloudy, or grey, keep to a fair skin.

You do need added skin care, if you intend to do yourself justice. Whether you mean to tan or not, use a skin-clearing cream before you go on holiday, as an out-door life tends to draw up blemishes. Empty the pores. Keep emptying them.

Also apply an extra nourishing skin food on every part that is to be sun-exposed, on backs of arms, hands, neck, shoulders and chest, for summer suns are drying. By day use a good lubricating cream as a foundation on face and neck, base of neck especially, for the same reason.

Nails need attention. Cuticle oil, please, and a touch of white iodine at the base of the nail will help it not to crack and withstand salt water ravages.

A strong lemon rinse—juice squeezed from the fruit—or a brushing with di-oxygen, over hair tossed, fuzzy-wuzzy wise and dried in the sun, will bring up your headlights. A little castor oil at the base of your lashes will prevent dust from entering the eye and grow them as well; you should acquire this summer practice.

An even tan will be best achieved by following an easy but systematic sunning—see opposite page—generously applying a herbal oil, cream or lotion to keep the skin moist, to filter out the burning rays and keep a check against too rapid browning. The slower the tan, the riper and more glowing the blooming.

There are powders, eye-shadows and rouges to place the right emphasis on a growing tan; lotions and creams to deepen your skin to any shade before it has yet deepened.

If you don't want to tan, sweep a skin-emptying cream nightly over face and neck, arms and any other *upper* part that may have been exposed. Be lavish with it. It will clear any pigmentation precipitated by the sun, certainly prevent blistering and burn. By day use, a protective cream or lotion. Cream is preferable as being much more emollient than lotion.

the Sun

By Chrysis

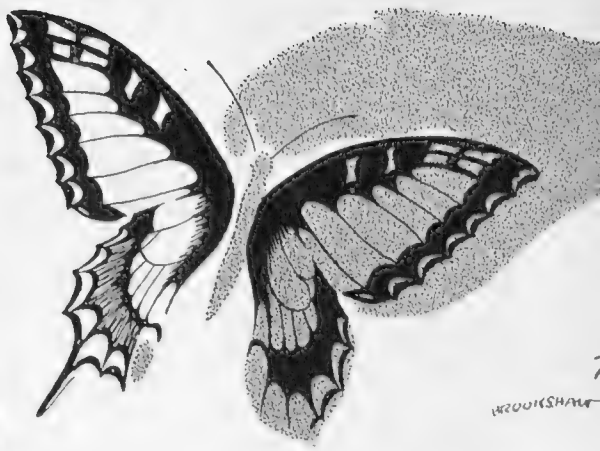
WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on these pages, write to me at 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

You can obtain either in any tint you wish, and assume the perfect tan without tanning. A wash in cucumber juice—press it yourself—is a further aid for those who freckle or who wish to keep a snow-driven whiteness. And don't forget your hands will also need adequate protection.

There's a balm to cure sun-burn that can be slapped over all make-up and before half an hour has passed will have dissipated the most angry flash of sunburn. It pulls out the burn and thus prevents discoloration. It was discovered by a man who thought that to have to clean a burn before treating it, was to increase the damage. This balm disinfects.

Or there is an eight-hour salve which heals the most violent weals of sunburn. When it is removed, no trace of burn is left.

Witch-hazel soothes. Calamine lotion is effective, but a little too drying. Cotton or linen pads soaked in butter milk and applied to the burn, is an old-fashioned idea but works miracles. If you have nothing else and have been badly caught, baking powder piled in ridges will draw out the heat and lessen irritation.



Take Summer

You have learned a lot of things lately. At least these last few months have been educative in their way. Among other things you are pretty certain to have learned that your ability to keep going and to face things depends to a great extent upon your physical fitness.

These are times in which we need all our strength, all our vitality and powers of resistance must be keenly poised. They can only be so if one is mentally and physically in vigorous form.

Perhaps the whole subject of physical fitness, of health and personal welfare seem irrelevant to you just now. With such great issues at stake one is tempted to ask oneself "what is the use or of what importance are my personal needs?" But this is a mistake. Everything depends, for you and for others, upon the ability of the individual to keep going, to keep fit and strong and be ready for what comes.

Summer opens with the threat of great trials, but don't focus your attention on these alone. It is better that we should look forward to summer as a source of replenishment and renewed vigour, as a helpmeet in the tasks that are ahead.

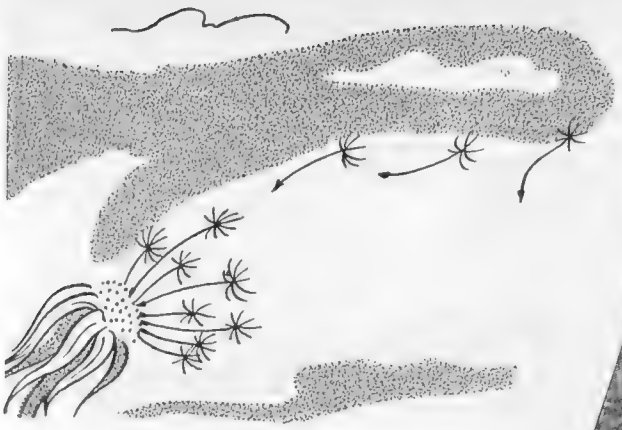
Make up your mind to form a partnership with summer, to extract from it every possible ounce of benefit, both physical and mental, to use it as you have never used it before.

Circumstances may not be what they were. You may at times be up against difficulties, but you can't let the beneficent gifts of summer pass you by. You need them more than you have ever done before.

How can you use the days ahead to build up your physical and nervous resistance, more than that, to replenish and revitalise yourself mentally? Only, of course, by carrying on your normal summer activities with dogged determination and unflagging zeal.

Outdoor exercise, outdoor enjoyment you can and must have. Moping indoors if you are at home is a positive crime in these times, and only accelerates the decline of vitality already heavily depleted by too much winter and too much worry.

Get out into the open. Take the children. Picnic with them, eat in the garden as you have done before, follow out your normal summer activities with the children and try to forget. If you are in the country so much the better, the whole set-up is there waiting for you.



Into Partnership

Summer is only too ready to give its co-operation.

If you are busy on war work, or working in an office, the need is even greater. Mental and physical relaxation are the only things that will enable you to carry on.

For town workers this business of sport and exercise is bound to become more complicated, but if you can't follow the old rules make some new ones. Have some guts, do your morning exercises if you can't do more. Do them in the garden if you have a garden. If you haven't, throw up the window and let the fresh air in while you are doing them.

Exercises may seem too tiring if you are working hard, but their ultimate value is incalculable. Tired nerves go with a sluggish circulation, and a sluggish circulation is the beginning of incalculable harm. Whip it up. Get the blood coursing freely through your veins and nourishing those overstrained nerves.

How about sleeping out? If you live out of the city it can be done. Take your bed into the garden, or put it under an open window. Try to get to the country for the weekend if neither is practicable.

Get in some sport if it is humanly possible. However disinclined you feel goad yourself on. Get others to join you. Form a party of people determined to make a gesture of confidence and strength by enjoying life, by squeezing the last ounce of health and happiness out of the difficulties that beset us.

If you feel that sport is superfluous at such a time, remember this, your brain *must* rest, and a set of tennis, a round of golf or a good gallop across country is one good way of resting it.

Get out into the country somehow. If you have never known it before you will appreciate now the inexpressible solace of Nature.

There will be work of national importance in the country this summer. Farmers stand in a position of trust to wring every fragment from the earth. They need help urgently. Much of it must, of course, be skilled assistance, but there is room for willing hands in the country.

You could make this your holiday. In any case make your holiday a time of outdoor activity, even if you forego the things you have been accustomed to doing. Swim, ride, walk, and take every advantage of the healing sun and air.

Remenber that the more complicated the demand upon us, the more we should strive for simplicity, in the essential things of life. Summer offers you the chance to live healthily, naturally. Take what it offers, for it is upon the ability of each one of us to keep calm and fit and stand firmly before the forces of fear and destruction, that we owe our hopes for all the years to come.

Picnic technique

Even the sort of person who considers it wicked to have any fun when the situation is so serious will allow us to go for an occasional picnic. For a day in the open does us a power of good as well as giving us plenty of innocent pleasure.

Hatred of picnics usually arises from the nasty food people take with them, in the belief, evidently, that the Surrey woods are in darkest Africa and that one must suffer discomforts accordingly. Also from dislike of insects. Also from the boredom that often ensues when a group of people, having eaten to repletion, gaze for hours upon a beauty spot, wondering what to say about it.

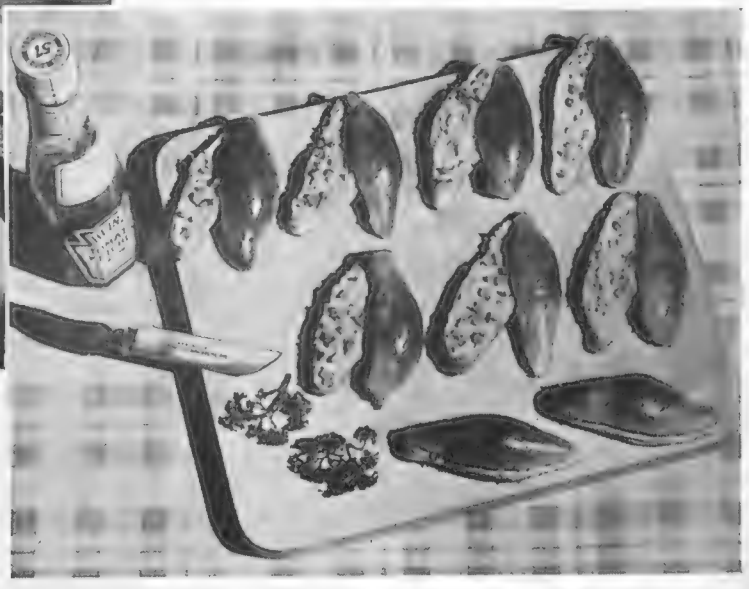
I have tried to deal with the food situation by suggesting picnic menus which are not just a haphazard collection of badly-made sandwiches.

Boredom can be mitigated slightly by shooting at the insects with a liquid spray, thus killing two objections at once.

And it is a good idea to take a lightweight portable radio with you. The £8 10s. " Alldry " is only about a foot long and weighs just eighteen and a half pounds. It is scratch proof, so there is no need to worry in case its expensive-looking exterior may get damaged.

Nothing is more satisfactory than the come-back of the old wicker picnic basket, with its modern equipment of unbreakable ware. Never mind if greaseproof paper is scarce, it was always much better to pack food in hygienic picnic boxes.

I always take a set of elastic-edged transparent covers, looking like the bathing caps of 1906, which are made for slipping over dishes in the refrigerator. They will keep wasps from any food you want to protect on the picnic table.



Mock crab biscuits (*top*), jellied raspberries in individual cartons (*above*), pink cheese rolls (*right*) are a breakaway from the traditional picnic food

By Harriet Muir

Tomato juice cocktail

—

Sausage rolls
Dandelion leaves salad with dressing

—

Fresh fruit *Curried biscuits*

The above menu was planned for hikers, bikers and people who hate carrying a lot of stuff around, and yet have ambitions beyond the classic sandwich-in-the-pocket. Take a small bottle of Heinz tomato juice, which can be drunk from your usual picnic drinking vessel. The salad you will find in a field. Wash it well, and dress it from the small bottle of Heinz salad cream you carry with you.

Rolled herring roe sandwiches

—

Lamb and mint sandwiches

—

French bean sandwiches

—

Date sandwiches on currant bread

—

Pink cheese rolls

The sandwich needn't be so dull, either. In the absence of greaseproof paper for wrapping, use damp butter muslin.

Cream of spinach soup

—

Liver sandwich

—

Jellied raspberries or cherries or strawberries

—

Milk *Bread and butter*

This picnic for children is just an attempt to get away from the usual indigestible mix-up which is apt to bring its unhappy retribution in the night watches. The soup, fresh or tinned, can be carried hot in the vacuum flask and drunk from the milk mugs. The packet jelly is dissolved in the usual way and has fresh fruit (stoned and halved, in the case of cherries) mixed in it. Set in individual cartons if you have them; otherwise the jelly can be carried to the picnic in its own metal mould.

Menus

Cold consommé

—

Rabbit and prune pie
Salad of lettuce, green peas and broad beans

—

Cherries or strawberries and cream

—

Mock crab biscuits

This is the sort of picnic you can plan if you have enough petrol to take the car for a brief jaunt; on foot or on a bicycle you just can't take it with you.

The cold consommé travels in a vacuum flask, to which it is transferred direct from the refrigerator. The rabbit pie is made in the usual way, but you add a few prunes to improve the flavour.

Make it the previous day, being sure to leave a hole for steam to escape. To jellify the pie, try this dodge after it is cooked—pour through a funnel placed in the hole in the crust one teacupful of Heinz chicken soup in which you have dissolved ¼ oz. powdered gelatine.

The peas and beans (cooked, left-over ones) are mixed with mayonnaise before being packed in a picnic container. The lettuce travels whole and is divided at the picnic.

Recipes

Curried Biscuits

Small, plain biscuits; curry powder; salt; margarine.

Spread the biscuits and scatter liberally with curry powder. Add salt. Make a little margarine hot, and fry biscuits curry side up, basting well. Turn over and fry on the other side. Take off fire, baste again, and allow to get cold.

Rolled Herring Roe Sandwiches

Small tin herring roes, or cooked fresh roes; mustard, salt, pepper; salad oil and vinegar; wholemeal bread.

For rolled sandwiches, break the rules and use new bread, cutting it with a knife dipped in hot water. You need no butter or margarine for this recipe.

Drain the roes, and pound them in a small basin, with a seasoning of mustard, salt, pepper, a little salad oil and vinegar. Spread the bread, from which you have removed crusts, fairly thickly. Roll up each slice.

If you can, make them a few hours in advance and leave in a cool place or in a refrigerator so that filling stiffens and holds sandwiches together.

Lamb and Mint Sandwiches

Left-over lamb; salt and pepper; chopped fresh mint; mayonnaise; bread; margarine.

Cut the lamb into small pieces, or mince it, and see that the mint is chopped very finely. A little sugar added to the mint makes chopping easier—don't ask me why. Mix the meat with mayonnaise, sprinkle with the mint. Spread slices of bread with margarine and this mixture.

French Bean Sandwiches

Left-over french beans (cooked); one tablespoonful oil; half tablespoonful vinegar; salt and pepper; bread; margarine.

Cut beans small. Make french dressing with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper. Moisten beans with this and spread.

Date Sandwiches

Dates; orange juice; currant or sultana bread; margarine.

Stone and chop dates; moisten with orange juice. Spread on prepared slices of currant bread.

Pink Cheese Rolls

Cream cheese; tomato ketchup; chopped nuts (optional); bridge rolls; margarine.

Beat into the cream cheese enough tomato ketchup to make it a pleasing pink colour. Spread on the margarined rolls, and scatter with chopped nuts before putting on the lid.

Liver Sandwiches

½ lb. cooked liver; ¾ teacupful grated raw carrot; a little shredded lettuce; salad cream; wholemeal bread and margarine.

Put liver through mincer. Add the grated carrot, mix well and moisten with a little salad cream. Spread on the bread and scatter with lettuce before covering with a second slice.

Mock Crab Biscuits

Cheddar cheese; margarine; oil and vinegar; mustard; salt; Worcester sauce; water biscuits.

Grate cheese and if necessary melt the margarine so that all can be beaten to a smooth paste. Spread biscuits with the mixture and put others on top, sandwichwise.

Light Waistcoat—Dark Shirt

MATERIALS

Shirt : 9 oz. Viyella Super 4-ply, shade V.S.42 (nigger) ; 4 buttons. **Waistcoat :** 6 oz. of same wool in shade V.S.31 (stone) ; 7 buttons ; No. 10 and No. 11 needles ; 1 press stud.

MEASUREMENTS

Shirt : Bust, 33 ins.; length, 18½ ins.; sleeve seam, 5 ins.; tension, 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. **Waistcoat :** Bust, 34 ins.; length, 17 ins.; tension, 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

SHIRT—THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 98 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row, until there are 118 sts. Work a few rows to make side seam 12 ins. including rib. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 36 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are reached, then cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now dec. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Now divide for neck by working 45 sts. Continue straight, leaving other 45 until later, until armhole is 6 ins. round curve. K. 2 tog. at neck edge until there are 27 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Return to other side and work to correspond.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work straight for 1 in. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 84 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 28 sts. Now work on first 7 sts. only and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left. Do the (Continued on page 84)

ABBREVIATIONS

Ins. = inches ; k. = knit ; p. = purl ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; st. st. = stocking stitch ; p.s.s.o. = pass s. st. over ; inc. = increase ; dec. = decrease ; pat. = pattern ; rep. = repeat ; wl. fwd. = wool forward.

Yellow with Blue Stripes

MATERIALS

4 oz. Nursery Viyella, in yellow ; 2 oz. the same wool in blue ; No. 8 and No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 17 ins.; sleeve seam, 5 ins.; tension, in the stripes 5 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on at side seam with No. 8 needles and yellow wool, and 32 sts. Work all k. for 4 rows. Leave yellow hanging, join in blue and push right needle into st. as if to k., wind blue wool round both points of needles once, then once round one needle as usual. Sl. off both sts. as finishing an ordinary k. st. Work all the sts. in this manner.

6th row.—Blue, p. Cast on 2 sts. with yellow wool and work 2 rows in yellow, all k. on these 34 sts. Cast on another 2 in yellow and work 2 rows, all k. in yellow on these 36 sts. Now work the 2 blue rows as before. Rep. the cast-on 2 sts. on yellow rows, making 40 sts. Work blue rows again. Rep. the casting-on on yellow rows, making 44 sts. Continue straight, working the stripes until there are 15 bars from beg. Now cast off 2 sts. on same edge as you cast them on at beg. of every other yellow row until there are 32 sts. Cast off.

THE BACK YOKE

Cast on 52 sts. with No. 10 needles and yellow wool. Work moss st. for 4½ ins. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every other row 4 times, leaving 20 sts. Cast off. Work another piece the same.

FRONT YOKE

Cast on 104 sts. with yellow and No. 10 needles. Work moss st. for 3 ins. Work 42 sts. (Continued on page 84)

Lavender and New Lacy Design

ABBREVIATIONS

K = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; st. st. = stocking stitch; p.s.s.o. = pass s. st. over; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; pat. = pattern.

Materials.—5 oz. 2-ply wool; 7 buttons; No. 8 and No. 13 pins; elastic.

Measurements.—Length from shoulder, 17 in. Across back underarms, 17½ in. Across fronts, 10 in. Sleeve from shoulder, 10½ in. Tension, 6 sts. to 1 inch.

BACK

With No. 13 pins, cast on 115 sts. Work 1 in. st. st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Change to No. 8 pins and the following pat.

1st row—k.

2nd row—p.

3rd row—k. 1, *k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, repeat from *, ending k. 2.

4th row—k. 1, p. 2, *m. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, repeat from *, ending p. 3.

5th row—k. 4, *m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5, repeat from *, ending k. 4.

6th row—p. 3, *p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 3, repeat from *, ending p. 3.

7th row—k. 1, *k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., repeat from *, ending k.2.

8th row—p. 1, p. 2 tog., *m. 1, p. 5, m. 1, p. 3 tog., repeat from *, ending m. 1, p. 5, m. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

9th row—k.

10th row—p.

11th row—k. 1, *m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

12th row—p. 1, *p. 2 tog., m. 1, repeat from *, ending p. 2.

These 12 rows form pat. Continue in pat. until work measures 11 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 7 in. on the remaining 83 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 13 pins, cast on 67 sts. Work as for the back, until 11 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next, and every alternate row until 51 sts. remain. Work 5½ in. on these sts.

SHAPE NECK (right side facing)

Cast off 16 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Work 1½ in. on the remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (wrong side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, work back to armhole, cast off 11 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front until 11 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (right side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of next and every alternate row, until 51 sts. remain. Work 5½ in. on these 51 sts.

SHAPE NECK (wrong side facing)

Cast off 16 sts. at the beg. of the next row, work 1½ in. on the remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (right side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, work back, cast off 11.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 13 pins, cast on 91 sts. Work 1½ in. in pat. Rib 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 8 pins, and with wrong side of work facing (to allow the turning back for cuff), work 5 in. in pat. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 13 pins, cast on 115 sts. Work 1½ in. in pat. Cast off loosely.

FRONT STRIPS (2)

With No. 13 pins, cast on 8 sts., work 4 rows plain knitting. Make a buttonhole. (Continued on page 85)

By Jane Gordon

On Duty —and Off

PACKED away in our hospital storeroom there is a good deal of stock that was handed over to us by the Red Cross at the end of the last war. This stock was intended for war casualties and now, of course, it is being brought out again and made ready for immediate use.

The peaceful dust of twenty-two years has to be washed out of bandages and slings, and a few days ago, while I was washing a batch of "many-tail" bandages, I noticed that each was marked with a small red label. The label was stamped in scarlet letters "Canadian Red Cross. Province of Alberta." As I pounded away in the soapsuds I wondered about the women who had stitched those bandages together in 1918. Probably they had husbands, brothers and sons fighting with us at the time. Now, maybe, these same women have sons or grandsons here with us. That particular batch of "many tails" intrigued me so much that I showed them to the Sister in Charge. As she looked at the label a curious little smile lit up her face and she said "I do wish someone could thank those women for us and tell them how grateful we are now for the work they did then."

I will bet that there are women in the Province of Alberta who are sewing for us to-day. At any rate, it is comforting to think that women thousands of miles away may be working for us.

LET me tell you about three things which every woman should have by her in this war. They are barley sugar, chewing-gum, and smelling salts: barley sugar for energy, chewing-gum for nerves and smelling salts for pale faces. A friend of mine was on a very nasty little Continental expedition the other day. For thirty-six hours his battalion was bombed practically to hell on sea and land and for ten days he got an average of three-and-a-half hours' sleep a night. Fortunately, I had given him a whole bag of barley sugar lumps before he left. The next time I saw him he told me that they had worked wonders in providing him with energy during much-needed moments.

THERE is something very soothing about chewing-gum to quieten the "tummy" that finds itself feeling a little sick with fright and give faint hearts plenty of courage, no matter how unpleasant the surroundings may be. As for smelling salts, I have had a small bottle in my uniform pocket ever since the war started and nothing would persuade me to be without it. As a first-aid treatment for pale faces and beads of perspiration on the forehead it cannot be bettered.

ALL women in uniform need to pay extra attention to the problem of personal freshness during hot summer days. Uniform is much more apt to become stuffy than ordinary clothes and most women have not sufficient uniform to enable them to send it away to the cleaners as frequently as they do their everyday clothes. When it comes to a question of personal freshness clean undies and stockings each day are every bit as important as the daily bath. A woman may be tubbed clean, but if she wears the same undies or shirt which she has already worn when working hard, other people will find her rather stuffy. If you have to choose between fresh undies and a bath, choose the clean undies every time, and rely on a friction for skin cleanliness. Dampen a wash flannel or good rough square of Turkish towelling or a loofah with eau de Cologne, lavender water, or a mixture of spirit and water, and give your body a good rub all over.

A DAILY under-arm deodorant is no luxury with uniform. It is an absolute necessity. My favourite is a cream called "Arrid" which does the double duty of keeping the under-arms dry and also acting as a deodorant. There is a new (Continued on page 84)

THE gayest things I have seen lately are two handkerchiefs which were brought back to me from Paris. One is in chiffon and the other in fine linen lawn. Both have white centres on which is printed "Decret-loi Semaine 1940," and brightly-coloured sections of violet, lavender, cyclamen and buttercup yellow, one for each day of the week, give you the restrictions for that day. Monday says "Pas de Viande mais de l'Amour," Tuesday "Pas de Viande. L'amour quand-même," Wednesday, "Pas de Viande, de l'amour toujours," Thursday, "Pas d'Alcools mais l'ivresse de l'Amour," Friday, "Pas de Gateaux mais la Douceur de l'Amour," Saturday, "Regime restreint. Amour complet," Sunday, "Tout est permis. L'Amour aussi." As you have probably guessed already, they came from Schiaparelli.

THE tougher life becomes for men—in fact, the tougher life becomes for us all—the more important it is for women to remain peacefully good-looking. I have two suggestions to make. First, don't listen to the wireless news bulletin more often than twice a day if you can help it, and secondly, go out and look at the new Mary Chess luxuries. They include scented lacquers, which are used for scenting cupboards, shelves, chests of drawers, and dressing-tables. You paint the lacquer on and it dries in about twenty minutes. It can be washed off with warm water when you wish to use another scent. Don't Tell is the name of the lacquer which I have chosen. Other scents include Tapestry, Woodscent, Pine, Lily of the Valley, Leather, Rose, Sandal, Carnation, Gardenia, Heliotrope.

YOU can get scented flannel in pink or blue, small sizes for handkerchiefs or gloves, medium sizes for suitcases and chests of drawers, in Tapestry, Gardenia, Heliotrope or White Lilac, sachets in peach, ivory or blue satin in most of the scents, and delicious herbal bath mitts in various coloured terry cloths filled with castile soap and these herbal products. They slip over the hand, soften the skin and leave it faintly perfumed.

THERE are friction lotions to use after the bath. These scented alcohol rubs come in the entire range of scents. There are scented oils to put in the bath, as well as dusting powder, toilet water and soap. You can get bath gift sets in gold, silver, ivory or green boxes, holding various combinations of toilet water with atomiser, friction lotion, Roman bath dusting powder, soap, sachets (Continued on page 90)

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

The word holidays may sound ironical. But it is a tonic to your spirits, and to the spirits of those around you, to dress up in holiday clothes sometimes. Wear them in the garden, for the snatched trip out of town, of course, even just about the house.

Play-suits are specially attractive this year. Dungarees, more useful than slacks, go over shorts or sweater, and are good, solo, for sunning. A nice idea is very short, bright trunks, worn with contrast shirt and a wide, pleated skirt.

Although Ireland is reserving its linen supplies for export, linen continues to be starred.

When it is not pure, it has a twist of artificial silk. One of the nicest is a linen with a wool twist, loosely woven, but crease-resisting and extremely hard-wearing.

Of course, most of the linens now are almost 100% crease-resisting, including one called coolie linen, an artificial rayon silk fabric turned out by the linen factories, a cotton with a linen weave and the superlatively good tested quality linen type fabrics made with Courtauld's rayon.

Rayon silk jersey, fine wool jersey advance in popularity for dressier frocks in pastels, scarlet, yellow, blue, potter's red. Slim, straight skirts are as rare as a film gangster who isn't called Joe. Full skirts stand, and rightly, for, with proper fitting, they don't widen the figure, but they let you move fast and they make you look younger.

Fullness is variously disposed of, bunched at the front and back, put into gores, into all types of pleats. A good many dresses have skirts made of wide, vertical, different coloured bands, sometimes with a plain, fitting bodice in one of the shades, or with the bodice taking in the stripes. Imagine how slimming this can be if the darker bands are placed over hips and beneath arms.

The shirt dress is bursting with numerous anti-monotony improvisations—pocket-placing, yokes, seaming detail.

Drapery on bosom and hips, flat torso, unpressed front pleats are the basic ideas of an exquisite afternoon frock in regency rose Celanese grain crepe

Characterised by the youthful simplicity of to-day's summer clothes, this Laura Lee model is in Tested Quality linen type fabric made with Courtauld's Rayon

Tailored, but feminine dress and jacket in a fleur de lys print, white on red. The short-sleeved dress has white buttons, a white collar. *Matita*

White linen shirt dress buttoning fr throat to hem, dramatised by a n strip, collar, pocket tabs. Obse the twin-buckled belt. *Spectator* M

TAILORED SPOTS

1. This can be skirt and jacket with a blouse beneath, or jumper suit. Either way it has one hundred per cent. chic. The wine-red gored skirt, the white, scroll printed jacket with its red collar are Moygashel linen. *Charles Kuperstein.*

2. A go-on-for-ever dress and jacket in pastel crepe, darkly accented with a narrow belt, a handkerchief (to be repeated in shoes and gloves). The yoke-to-hem dress pleats, front and back, are stitched down the torso. *Susan Small.*

3. Pink and white candy stripes cleverly exploited in a dress and jacket suit. Across the dress bodice the stripes are horizontal, on the skirt they show only in movement. The belted jacket has a striped collar, the linen is Moygashel. *Charles Kuperstein.*

4. Polka dotted pastel crepe makes a crisp summer outfit. Beneath the cute jacket, with its pointed fronts, loop edges of self material, the dress fits tightly, has a white collar, a large bow. *Susan Small.*

Women are beginning to look for labels on their clothes. Not for Paris names, nor for other ritzy fashion names, but for those which tell that this dress, this outfit, was made by British designers and manufacturers, who miraculously manage to combine top class styling and workmanship with reasonable pricing. Examples of these branded clothes are sketched on these pages and can be obtained in good shops all over the country

6 7

5

5. Crepe dress neatly printed in muted pinks, mauves and grey, neatly set off with a narrow black belt, a little black throat bow. The yoke is draped, the sleeves full, then tightened by gauging, the apron front hangs free from the skirt. *Koupy model.*

6. Sky-blue Macclesfield crepe, whose broad stitched front panel hides a fly front fastening down to the hem. Fulness springing from the shoulder yoke, slims the waist and diaphragm. One large hip pocket gives dash. *Nicoll Clothes.*

7. Novelty woollen (in many pastels) with interesting bodice detail. The squared shoulders, the shaping of the two large hip pockets cleverly stress the smallness of the waist. *Nicoll Clothes.*

SIMPLICITY

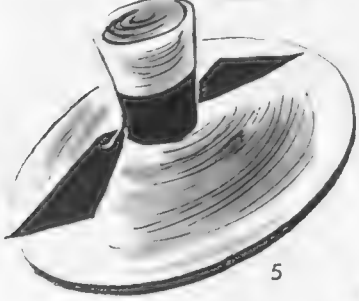
IF YOU HAVE A HOLIDAY

1

2

3

4



5

6

7

8

9

10

1. Cotton sunbather or swim suit, lined wool stockinette in saxe/white, navy/white, wine/white. 15/-. *Lillywhites, Haymarket.*

2. Ballerina wool jersey bathing suit in many colours. Tight pants beneath. £3.3.0. *Jaeger, Regent Street.*

3. Two-piece sun suit in printed silk milanese. 45/-. *Lillywhites.*

4. Rope-soled sandals in green, rust, blue. 18/9. *Simpson's, Piccadilly.*

5. Stove-pipe sun hat, natural with a navy trim. 21/-. *Simpson's.*

6. Satin lastex swim suit, with a glove fit. Gaugin pink, with white stars. 17/6. *Simpson's.*

7. Whipcord cuffed shorts, crimson, green, natural, navy, royal, white. 35/9. *Jaeger.*

8. Whipcord dungarees, scarlet, royal, wine, black. 45/6. *Jaeger.*

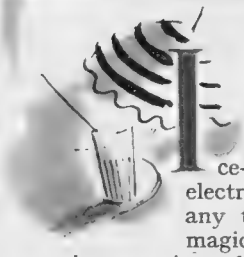
9. Cotton braces skirt in various colour combinations. 12/6. *Harrods.*

10. Cotton play suit, comprising a brassière jacket, brief shorts, a tie-on skirt. Colours: navy/white, wine/white, flower border on skirt. Brassière and shorts, 6/11. Skirt, 6/11. *Galeries Lafayette.*

Mary Young's

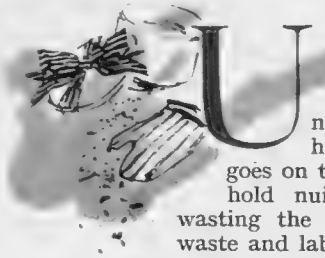
FINDINGS For Your KEEPINGS

A shampoo, a conditioner, a tint; just as deep or just as slight as you wish; this three-in-one treatment is the latest contribution to hair beauty. The shampoo tint contains oils to nourish the scalp, so that all fear of the hair looking dead or dyed after treatment is eliminated. Actually, the hair seems to take on a new lustre. Natural lights and shades, dormant maybe for years, are revived; as to those tell-tale grey hairs which, usually, are the first cause of a woman deciding to take the plunge and have her hair touched-up, they will have completely disappeared. If possible, it is a good idea to have a salon treatment in the first instance. But the shampoo can quite well be given at home, just like an ordinary shampoo. Minute directions are sent with the shampoo, the price of which is 3/6.



Ice-cold drinks without a refrigerator or electricity or ice, can now be had anywhere, any time. And the outfit that works this magic is small enough to be carried about in a man's pocket and takes up little room in the suit-case or picnic hamper. There is nothing complicated about it. It is just a simple matter of chemistry. Two types of crystal are put into a metal tube, water is added, and the tube is then slipped into a shaker. The mixture is shaken up just like a cocktail, and the freezer is then ready for use. Remove metal tube from the shaker and place in jug or tumbler. Swizzle round a few times, and in a moment you will have a delicious icy-cold drink for yourself and your guests. The cost of the outfit is modest. It is 7/6. And this first cost is your last, for the freezer will go on for ever. Cartons of crystals are obtainable for a few pence.

The Government advises everyone to save coal now. The chances are that deliveries will be difficult in the coming winter, while prices, inevitably, will be high. In any case, economy in fuel must somehow be effected. I have recently been hearing a lot about a chemical for dressing coal which, it is claimed, not only saves fuel, but gives better and brighter fires. For instance, a hotel boiler burning five tons per shift, effected a saving of a ton over the same period, while domestic fires burn twice as long and leave no cinders behind. Coal in hand can be treated now, while every new delivery should be dressed on arrival. Cost is small; sixpennyworth is enough to treat two hundred-weight. It works just as well on coke.



Unluckily, a high percentage of that household necessity, talcum powder, goes on the floor, which turns it into household nuisance Number One, as well as wasting the powder. The new way to avoid waste and labour in cleaning up is to apply the powder with a powdering mitt. Simply empty the talc into the powder compartment, put the mitt on the hand, and pass the towelling side over the body. Just enough powder will be released to enable you to powder all over evenly and economically. Finish by turning the glove over, and using the chamois side. Husbands and babies will appreciate this method too. And you will like it for your face-powder, for it gives an even, matt finish, and, again, there is no waste. A point to be considered when using cosmetics in these expensive times. Price of glove is 2/6.

Women with busts around the 40 mark have a difficult problem to solve. It is this: How to make the bust look smaller, yet avoid that upholstered dowager look. When wearing sun-clothes, the silhouette is of first importance. The bust to be beautiful must have uplift, yet it must be separated. Any woman with a big bust knows how difficult this is to achieve with the ordinary brassière. A brassière designed to look after the needs of the larger woman has a triangular section in the centre, and by achieving separation, at the same time that it gives firm support, lends a new youthful grace to the heavier figure. The brassière is light and cool, with strap back and easy fastening. Prices range from 2/6½ to 4/6.

Quickly prepared, yet appetising, dishes are a wartime necessity. I have lately been testing an excellent little invention for cooking eggs out of their shells, and for making up delicious individual dishes from left-overs and bits and pieces. The boiler is made entirely of fireproof glass with a clip-on lid, and comes complete with glass plate and spoon made of the new unbreakable transparent composition. So here you have your cooking utensil and dainty set-out for the table in one; a notable saving in labour being effected, in this way. But apart from looks, eggs go further and taste better cooked out of the shell. All you need is a pan of boiling water. Put the boiler in and leave until contents are cooked. To serve cold, plunge in cold water. Three-piece outfit, 3/-. Boiler only, 2/6.

Let this be your text from now on. Keep it hung within range of your mental vision every minute of the day—waste not.

Waste, at any time, is mere laziness and lack of thought; but in wartime these two lesser evils can constitute a serious crime against your country and fellow-citizens. Everyone must put the same fight into their work and everyday activities that our men are putting into their struggle on the battlefield.

We have been instructed how to disperse our refuse in the most useful channels. We have been told how to be thrifty in the care of clothes—darning diligently, and brushing, pressing and laundering garments carefully in order to preserve them. But here we have tried to work out for you unusual ways in which you can utilise the waste in your home.

Scraps in the kitchen can perhaps make the whole family a meal. Odds and ends that seem useless as anything but dusters (and you have plenty of those) can be put into useful circulation again, almost immediately. Such things as piles of old silk stockings laddered beyond all hope; bags of over-darned men's socks that are beyond repair; faded cretonne curtains; old frocks, petticoats, jumpers; if these are not of immediate value to yourself, they can be valuable to some needy refugee or evacuee.

A couple of lettuce leaves are not much of an inspiration to cook, the coarse leaves of vegetables seem destined for the refuse-bin—but they can form the basis of a delicious medley soup. Bacon-rinds can add flavour. Sour milk will make excellent scones.

Fat is invaluable. Always cut surplus fat from your meat before cooking, and then grate it and use it as suet. Keep it as a pan-greaser for some future fry. When grilling, never let the fat which falls into the griller be wasted; if it is only a spoonful, keep it—have a stray-fat jar into which you put all your mixed fats, drop by drop, and then, when it is nearly full, put the fat in a saucepan with a little water and boil it for a short time, the pure fat will rise to the top.

Remember to bake the evening's potatoes in their jackets. If you don't like eating them skin and all with a little margarine, try frying the skins separately. They are delicious that way, and nutritive.

Scraps of soap should be melted down into soft soap, or used in one of those mesh soap-cages for frothing the washing-up water into lovely suds.

Silk stockings are the bane of any thrifty woman's life; they are so essential, yet so perishable. They mock you ceaselessly with their long ladders and subsequent uselessness. With a little ingenuity, you can easily get your own back on them.

Cut off the lisle or cotton tops, and make dusters with these, sewing several of them together. Then cut the legs horizontally into strips about three-quarters of an inch wide, and hook them through a canvas, just as you would the short lengths of wool for making a rug.

Alternatively, cut the entire leg of one stocking into one long, half-inch-wide thread, cutting it around and around from top down to heel (like peeling an apple, without breaking the peel, from top to bottom), and join this to the thread formed from another stocking, and another, until you have a ball of half-inch-wide silk-stocking thread.

With a large wooden crochet hook, you can make many useful things, a hearth-rug, table-mats, a pot-holder, tea-cosy, a shopping bag. Once crocheted, dye the article. You 'll never know it was once on your legs.

Men's woollen socks, with toes and heels out, can make cosy and comfortable children's slippers.

Go to the nearest large cheap store and buy a few pairs of inner soles (the sort that you can stitch through easily), and some bright thick wool.

The feet of the socks can be cut off at the ankles, rolled, and stitched into shoe-cleaning buffers. The legs of the socks should then be cut to the length of an inner sole and turned inside out. Then take one leg (now about six inches long), lay flat and stitch the top securely together, either by machine or over-stitching. This forms the back of the heel of the slipper.

Make a slit about 2½ to 3 inches long through the right fold from the top of the heel just sewn together, and turn this right fold up so that the slit becomes the foot-opening. The slipper is now half-formed. Hold the heel in an upright position. The toe end should be folded flat *horizontally* and stitched round into toe shape. Turn outside in. Place your inner sole inside and overstitch the sole edge on the outside with your red wool, making the stitched welt.

You can also overstitch the foot-opening with the wool, or make a wool chain, thread it through and tie it, ending the chain with little woollen tassels—this is better for younger children, who are inclined to lose their slippers easily.

It sounds rather complicated, but after you have made one pair, you will get in the way of making a pair in, at the very most, fifteen minutes.

Old frocks, especially summer ones, can be made into smart blouses with a little white ric-rac braid, buttons or bindings. Old chintz or cretonne curtains will make good aprons, household and gardening gloves, sun-bonnets for the garden, or shopping holdalls.

If they are still gay enough, they can make good cushion covers—while old, faded cushion covers can make good pot-holders and oven cloths. If you sew and have odd scraps of material around, try making yourself a pair of summer gloves—you can buy the paper pattern in any size for one and sixpence, and it will serve you for as many pairs as you care to make.

And, of course, all these things—old clothes, father's pants, and so on—can be easily machined up into children's clothes—with a little trimming to brighten them.

There is a way of using up everything that seems useless and worn out in your wardrobe. These are only a few suggestions on which your imagination and initiative can build up a habit of thrifty service to the nation.

* THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Summer

The days lengthen: Spring ripens into Summer: your skin itself takes on a warmer, softer glow . . . If tanning suits you and you tan healthily and naturally, Elizabeth Arden recommends her famous SUN TAN OIL in Honey or Café shades. If your skin is fair and you are inclined to burn, SUNPRUF CREAM will enable you, according to the amount you use, to regulate your tan to the exact shade you have decided is most becoming. If you wish to prevent tanning altogether, you need Elizabeth Arden's PROTECTA LOTION. Complete your Summer make-up with an Elizabeth Arden lipstick. For the untanned, there is her delicate Spring-like "Primula": for tanned beauties, "Burnt Sugar" or vivid "Chariot."

Sun Tan Oil 3/6 ★ *Sunpruf Cream 3/6* ★ *Protecta Lotion 6/6* ★ *Lipstick 6/6*

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

* THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Confidently Recommended

Whether you are slaving feverishly night and day in the pursuance of some important duty, or just carrying on grimly at your everyday tasks, there comes a time, holiday or no holiday, when you need a little change.

This is the time when some new semi-luxury—like Rubinstein's Apple Blossom bath preparations—becomes almost a necessity, because it can make all the difference to your frame of mind and war effort.

Rubinstein's Apple Blossom fragrance is the answer. Ten drops of the Apple Blossom Bath Essence transforms your bath into a few minutes of sheer bliss; Apple Blossom Skin Perfume (picture above) used as a skin friction after your bath will revive any lagging tissues as firmly as the Dusting Powder will rejuvenate your spirits. The complete threefold routine of bath essence, skin perfume and dusting powder costs 21s. 6d.

To carry on the good work, you might start your day with a complete new Apple Blossom make-up, a pastel gaiety that will add piquancy and crispness to your whole attitude.

There are three factors which influence most women in their choice of face powder—texture, shade and perfume. Goya Face Powder satisfies in all three.

You frequently hear women complaining that a powder is too fine for their skin, that it does not adhere. Goya powder is fine, almost silky, in its texture and yet it clings with determination.

The shades—nature, rachel, peach, vaguely sun-tinged, nectarine and basque—are essentially to increase the beauty of your own skin, and not to give it a new and foreign hue.

The perfume is based on Oil of Jasmin and pure Otto of Roses. It is light, fresh, with a faint aroma that becomes subtle and unassertive, blending with whatever perfume you may care to wear.

Unpleasant burning and the painful aftermath of sun-baking can be avoided if you have the care to spread yourself with Rayfilta before you take up your position in the sun. It is a sun-tanning jelly, non-greasy, and, true to its name, it filters, stopping all harmful scorching rays and allowing only the tanning healthy rays to penetrate. It is soothing too, not only for sunburn, but for wind and glare burn as well.

Spread the Rayfilta on all exposed parts without rubbing it in at all; make another application in about thirty minutes, and always re-apply after sea-bathing. If you have made a real welter of your sun-baking, use Rayfilta generously before going to bed.

Women should use it as a powder base also; it is very beneficial to the skin. Then, no matter how unexpectedly they find themselves in the sun, faces will only show a slow, even tan and an improved, healthy looking skin. It is obtainable from most good chemists, price 2s. 6d.

It is as unwise for any mother to allow progressive ideas and personal fads entirely to govern the up-bringing of a baby than to allow instinct and sentiment to rule the baby's life. What most mothers need is commonsense guidance, plus a little sentimentality and a little experiment.

"The Toddler," a booklet written by the Matron of Cow and Gate, is just such a guide. It is sane, practical, yet slightly sentimental, with a very definite and experienced understanding of the baby as a person. It gives advice on nearly every baby subject, the best habits to form in a baby and how to form them; how to wean; how to remedy bed-wetting; the most suitable clothes, feeding, exercises and individual diets.

The postage on this booklet is 3½d. If you send that amount to Cow and Gate, Guildford, Surrey, the booklet will be sent to you by return post.

The fly might well be called the household fifth columnist. It makes its home in your midst and, just buzzing around, seems to be more of an annoyance than a real danger until you find suddenly that you or one of your family have caught some prevalent infection. The fly is a germ-carrying danger and, as such, should be diligently wiped out.

Your best defence is Flit. In fact, Flit is a defence from so many unpleasant things that crowd around the lights at nights—moths, mosquitoes and all undesirable winged creatures—that no home should be without it and still hope for comfort in the summer.

If you are shutting up house, wisdom says that every room should be carefully "Flitted" before you leave.

On picnics, and out of doors, Flit sprayed around will keep down the host of unwelcome winged busybodies who seem intent on spoiling your relaxation and enjoyment.

That Britain is a beer, rather than a wine producing and drinking country is an accident of climate rather than an inclination (Continued on page 93)

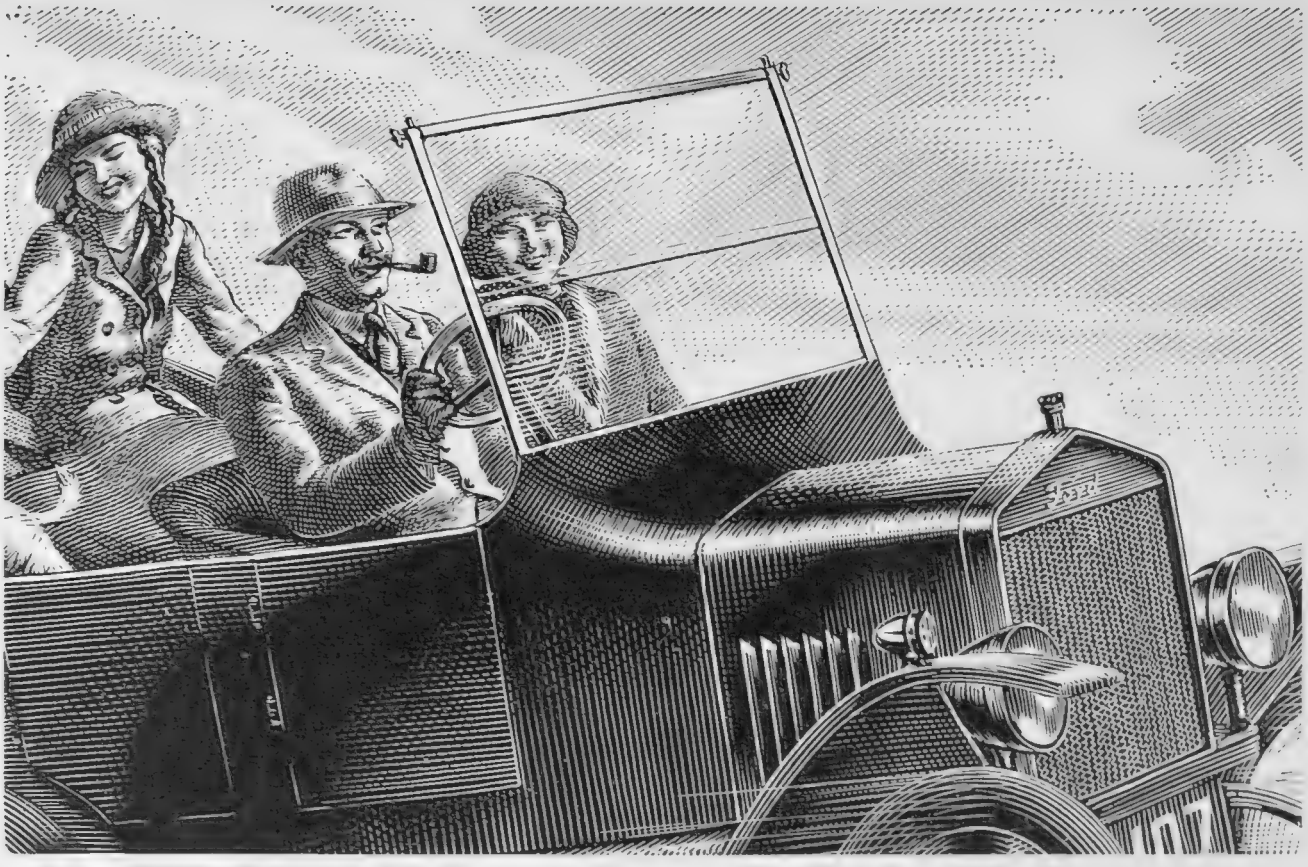
We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised products

"Dutifully yours . . ."

One might be misled by the sheer, silken wispfulness of Bear Brand into believing that they suffered from a rather delicate constitution.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their bewitching beauty is blended with a hardiness that gives them a most tenacious lease of life—and which gives a little welcome relief to your budget.

Bear Brand
Silk Luxury Stockings
3/11 · 4/11 · 5/11 · 6/11 · 7/11



THE PIONEER

We have to step back to the beginning of the century to see what life is like without the blessing of the motor-car, to see the wonder of the miracle.

The narrow lanes. The horse-drawn trap. The isolation, often the loneliness, of life in the country . . .

Then the internal combustion engine is developed. The motor-car becomes the costly toy of the wealthy man . . .

And a genius is awakened. Why not a car for the million? The "universal" car? Tough. Sturdy. Dogged. Patient. Lasting. And within the means of all . . .

The vision was there. The greatest motor-car firm in the world arose. And from that, the "universal car"—the model 'T' Ford.

It went where tracks there were none. It opened the world's roads. It served heroically during the last war. Overloaded—it kept on going. It was joked about—and beloved.

The model 'T' passed, at last, away. But what made it—remains. The genius that first devised the removable cylinder head, first made cylinder block and crank case in one, that gave a wealth of sound ideas to all motoring—is alive today.

It is a far cry from the modest model 'T' to the impressive "V-8," "Prefect" and "Anglia" of today.

But the tradition holds!

SO . . . FORD MARCHES ON . . .

Power Alternatives

Using Petrol Substitutes

By A. Percy Bradley

IN these days when petrol restrictions are necessarily severe all of us are wondering what is going to happen if the meagre monthly ration is further curtailed. Owing to war conditions these notes of mine have to be written a long time before they actually appear in print and so it is quite possible that when my readers learn what I have to say the restrictions on petrol may be even more stringent. The question then arises what is the best substitute for petrol. Those of us who motored in the last war find ourselves thinking of gas. During those hostilities we saw motor cars and lorries going about with unsightly gas bags on the roof and even at the time of writing, I have seen a few so decorated and I expect many car owners are wondering now if they should convert their engines to run on ordinary household gas.

The gas companies, judging by their activities in setting up filling standards in the various towns which they serve, hope to supply motorists in goodly numbers in the near future. The ordinary motor car engine will definitely run on gas provided the necessary alterations are made to the induction system. Using town gas has certain advantages, such as easier starting, but users will find that the power available from the engine has been somewhat diminished. The chief snag, however, is that the amount of gas that can be carried conveniently on the average car will not permit the vehicle to travel more than approximately twenty miles.

In towns this drawback may not be so devastating, particularly in the case of commercial users, but for the average private owner this maximum range of travel just makes the proposition entirely useless.

IF we had standpipes arranged by the gas companies every few miles, the limited range of travel might not be such a barrier; but it must be remembered that the gas bag on top of a car, such as we know it, takes from fifteen to twenty minutes to refill. One's average speed, therefore, even assuming that filling facilities were available, would be reduced to a point where pedal cycling would almost be quicker. Another point to remember with the orthodox gas bag on the roof is that the ordinary garage attached to a suburban house is not high enough to accommodate the car plus the additional weight of the bag, and so the car would have to remain out of doors during the day and the night.

With all these disadvantages, one's thoughts immediately create a desire for the gas to be compressed and contained in a cylinder. It would be comparatively simple to exchange an empty cylinder, the contents of which would obviously take a car a farther distance than the fabricated bag on the roof, for a full cylinder. Unfortunately, the exigencies of war make it quite impossible to divert any portion of the supply of steel available in the country to such purposes and so we find ourselves once again confronted with the cumbersome, unsightly gas bag on the roof. Owing to these practical difficulties, I cannot see that household gas as a fuel for motor cars is going to make much headway.

In peace time at fairly regular though distant intervals, selfstyled inventors were accustomed to appear from nowhere and tell us that they could produce petrol from water. In the present circumstances, any one who could perform such a miracle would be a rich man in twenty-four hours; but I fancy now that their golden opportunity has arrived they will not appear.

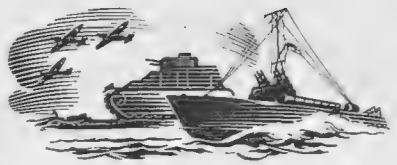
WRITING of water reminds me that many attempts have been made and, I believe, are still being made to split up water into its constituents, hydrogen and oxygen, and to use the former in conjunction with petrol so as to economise fuel consumption. As there is plenty of water available, any successful attempt which did not introduce alarming complications so far as equipment is concerned would meet with almost an irresistible demand at the present moment.

I think that the only feasible alternative to petrol is electricity. Most of us are accustomed to use batteries on our cars, and although the continued use of electricity as a motive power for a road vehicle means a new car, it has greater advantages than household or town gas. There should not be any great practical difficulty in providing stations on the road where new fully-charged batteries could be exchanged for the used ones. Not every garage could be expected to refill gas bags, but the replacement of electric batteries is a service which they could definitely undertake.

Again, even in peace time, electricity has been used by certain commercial concerns and so a number of people must have had practical experience of their use.

IN the hunt for alternative power, I wonder no one has come forward with a gigantic clockwork motor. It would certainly be very exciting, though perhaps somewhat tiresome to have to wind up your engine before you were able to get a move on; but those unfortunate car owners who are the possessors of engines that started none too readily in winter time and had to use the handle after exhausting their starting batteries would probably relish the idea of being certain that when they turned the handle, say a thousand times, they would derive direct benefit as the result of their exertion !

Coal gas is a useful alternative to petrol though there is a certain falling off of power and a restriction of range. The gas bag is neatly stowed away in an expanding container which also acts as a compressor



Helping to use Britain's petrol to the best advantage in the Air, on Sea & Land...

LODGE

PLUGS

Let a new set of Lodge plugs help you too, to get the utmost performance and m.p.g. from your petrol. They are obtainable everywhere from 5/- each and are made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

NATURE'S WAY

with all GASTRIC and DIGESTIVE troubles

"Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous Slippery Elm Bark (Ulmus Fulva) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. Try this *natural* way to health today. ½ lb. 1/1, at Health Stores, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, etc. In case of difficulty—test sample 6d. post free from :

SUNTONA LTD., 77 Exchange Walk, Nottingham

Strictly According to Plan

(*Continued from page 9*)

them." Bradshaw said. "Now we'll play our part by steaming steadily ahead. We shan't even zig-zag. If things go awry, we shall disperse like a frightened flock of sheep. Every skipper has his orders, and knows exactly what to do."

He thrust his hands deep in the pockets of his reefer jacket, and searched the sky. "Good," he said. "There she is—the M.T.B. guide. She'll pilot them to the best position. The heavy brigade won't be far behind."

I saw a black speck mirrored aloft—a Spitfire fighter. The line of foam, rapidly diminishing in size, curved slightly to the southward.

Suddenly a hail from the look-out set my heart pounding. "Hostile craft on the port bow, sir!"

Bradshaw swung up his binoculars. "Ay, ay." He slipped the strap over his head and passed them to me. "Can you see them? Steaming in line abreast. Thirty or forty. Now watch our fellows." He laughed like a schoolboy. "Sorry I'm giving you the dud glasses; but you'll appreciate I want the best ones myself."

The next few minutes seemed interminable; but I realised Bradshaw had found the other pair of binoculars and was standing by my side, speaking in a rapid undertone. "Look, our craft have started to swing south. Beautifully timed. They're putting up a smoke screen. The greyish white curtain's spreading rapidly— No; it's not poison gas. We're not starting that game— Now they're turning in succession. They'll be steaming north in a brace of shakes. They *are* steaming north. Can you follow——?"

"Yes," I said, every nerve tense and taut.

"Over they go!" he exclaimed. "The special nets are going overboard. A mile, two, three miles of them, dead behind the smoke screen. We're working up to the climax."

Suddenly I saw light. "By heavens! The Germans will hit them at full speed and foul their propellers."

"Quite right. And then we'll settle with them in our own sweet time."

He glanced at the compass, at the lines of ships steaming steadily ahead, at the escorts still in station on bow and quarter. "The convoy maintains its course and speed," he murmured. Straightening, he stood very still, his features set and resolute. For him, for all of us, the next few minutes were momentous, and I experienced a deepening feeling of awe and expectation. "What a lovely summer's day," he said suddenly. "Who would believe vials of wrath are winging through sea and sky?"

I could find no answer; but I saw our M.T.B.s making towards us in full retreat; I heard far away a droning whirr that swelled rapidly to a full-throated roar. The planes —Blenheim bombers—swooped over our mastheads, making for the long grey barrier of smoke suspended, like a sinister miasma, over the distant sea.

"Excellent!" Bradshaw commented "They're flying low to avoid detection. They should be invisible to the German look-outs. We don't want to frighten our quarry."

Then the hostile craft broke through the smoke screen, like speeding black arrows. I began to count—ten, fifteen, thirty, travelling in line abreast at tremendous speed, fifteen thousand yards distant.

For a moment I felt our plan, despite its amazing precision, had failed, and I shuddered to think of the consequences.

Bradshaw pressed a button. I heard the action gongs sound through the ship. Men manned the four-inch gun aft, and two flags fluttered to our yard-arm. "Nothing to worry about," he announced. "I'm only sending the convoy to action stations. A necessary precaution; but it won't be needed."

I held my breath. The suspense became intolerable. Suddenly the advancing line wavered, broke, came to a dead halt, as though every engine had been disabled by esoteric magic.

"Snared!" Bradshaw exulted.

A minute later the bombers were over them. They had a sitting target. The dull roar of distant explosions resounded. Columns of water, pierced by yellow flashes of flame and smoke, rose and fell. Our M.T.B.s, turning, pressed home, ready to torpedo the helpless craft.

Bradshaw lowered his glasses. "Poor devils!" he said. "Not one will return to tell the tale. The German Admiralty will be kept guessing again; but I hope we'll find some survivors. It's a naval occasion, right enough—one that worked strictly according to plan."

END

Surprise, Surprise . . . !

(*Continued from page 11*)

New weapons are not in themselves dangerous. Given a little time, one can equip oneself with any the enemy evolves, and employs. But a whole new war method is menacing, for it reveals both an integrated machine, and a whole attitude of mind: and neither of those things can be secured overnight. Surprise new war methods have changed the course of history. They explain the astounding conquests of Alexander and Jengis Khan. They are the secret of the extraordinary military successes which took the Moslems east across Asia to the frontiers of China, and west over Africa to the Atlantic. They are the key to the riddle of Frederick's victories over the three most powerful military states of Europe.

Philip made his son's world conquests possible by building the first organised field army around a new war machine of his own invention, the phalanx. As a young hostage in Thebes, he studied the Theban military system, the best in the world of its day; and, back in Macedon, he improved on it. He eliminated the Greek armour, and lengthened the spear. The idea was simple. He needed to cultivate the spirit of the offensive, and yet protect his warriors. Armour encouraged a defensive psychology. But a man could defend himself equally well by striking the enemy first. This is not remote from the Nazi reliance on low-flying aircraft co-operating with infantry and tanks. Get out of an armoured defence line. Move forward against the enemy in mass. Reach out and hit, and so combine defence with attack.

The phalanx bristled with the twenty-foot spears of sixteen ranks. It moved with the massive power of a tank brigade. On its flanks operated light infantry and cavalry. Philip geared into this offensive war machine units of field engineers, and batteries of catapults and battering rams operated by regular companies of artillerymen. The machine, and the method, came as a terrible surprise to the Greek city armies, and subsequently to the Persian horde, and all who stood in the conquering path of Philip's son, the dynamic young Alexander, who, however, added to the military machine the supplementary war devices of deceitful diplomacy, bribery, terror, and promises made merely to deceive.

Later, the Romans organised a paid standing army, and perfected a new system of attack and defence around the legion. Their unit contained twelve hundred light and three thousand heavy troops, fighting in three lines, in open order. The enemies of Rome could not deal with the legion. First, the legion front ranks struck ahead, with javelins. If the enemy gave ground, the front ranks rushed in, stabbing with the *pilum*, the new short sword. If they stood, the javelin throwers retired through the ranks and let the third line come through to strike the shaken enemy with the sword. Cavalry units, 300 to a legion, attacked in flank.

The mobile, disciplined Roman legion had been winning victories for 200 years before it came up against the Macedonian phalanx. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, brought the phalanx over the Adriatic to Tarentum in 280 B.C., along with 500 elephants, and a large cavalry force. The legion could not cope with the phalanx and the elephant-tanks, either that time, or when next they met, a year later. But although the Romans were defeated, the balance between the two war machines was so nearly equal that Pyrrhus, congratulated on his second victory, remarked grimly that one more such win would completely undo him.

When legion and phalanx met again, at Beneventum, three years later, the element of surprise had gone from the phalanx and the elephant force: the Romans won, and the phalanx passed into history.

A psychological surprise cost Athens its sea empire. The Spartan, Lysander, sailed his fleet to the Hellespont. The larger Athenian fleet, 200 triremes and 3,000 sailors, offered battle. Lysander refused. After a time the Athenians took it for granted that Lysander was negligible. They grew contemptuous and careless, and took a day off duty. Lysander promptly sailed in and captured the whole fleet. The Athenian sailors rushed back, and were destroyed.

The land-fighting Romans sprang an equally effective surprise on the Carthaginians in the first phase of the First Punic War. The Carthaginians felt secure in their great sea fleet. The Romans had no fleet, but saw they must command the sea if they were to overcome their great rival across the Mediterranean. They built a fleet, using a Carthaginian ship as a model. But they incorporated a new device to swing the balance over from sea to land-type fighting.

The Carthaginians met the new Roman fleet off the north-east Sicilian coast in 260 B.C. They were complacent, sure of victory. But they received a rude shock. The Romans had been using their heads. They ran at the Carthaginians, or accepted attack without trying to manœuvre away. As the ships crashed together, a revolving drawbridge dropped from the prow of the Roman galley on to the Carthaginian's deck. Over it ran Roman legionaries, who turned the sea battle into a close-quarters fight between armed men on a solid deck. The Carthaginians were utterly routed, and Admiral Duilius became the Roman Nelson.

Jengis Khan was a master of surprise. He led his well-organised nomadic horse warriors from the Mongolian deserts to Pekin, and west and south to the Black Sea and the Red Sea. His mounted mass army struck slower, weaker foot-soldier forces, and destroyed them. The peoples he conquered could not organise in time to deal with such a war machine, which could go anywhere its horses could feed and its hard-living fighters find meat and room to pitch a skin tent.

His successor, Ogdai Khan, found gunpowder in the North China empire he conquered. He brought it west, and his little field guns, mule-hauled, banged at the allied Polish-German army which he smashed at Leignitz, in Silesia: (*Continued on page 64*)

Fresh vegetables and fruits dressed with Heinz Salad Cream give you a perfectly balanced meal, for to the mineral salts and vitamins of the salad you have added the protein and creamy fats you also need. It's Heinz wonderful dressing — containing the additional nourishment of new laid eggs and rich cream — that gives completeness to salad as a meal. Grow salads in plenty — and be generous with your dressing of Heinz. That's the sensible, economical way to keep in good health.

For those who prefer a cream to spoon on top of a salad instead of to mix with it — there is Heinz Thick Whip — made of exactly the same pure rich ingredients as Heinz famous Salad Cream.

Made in our London Kitchens
Other varieties: Mayonnaise, Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Spaghetti, etc.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

been treated that way before, but then things were about to happen of which she had never dreamed.

She gave a muffled scream as Gonzales detached a life-belt and flung it overboard. She stood there petrified, unable to believe that she really was seeing José climb on to the rails and dive headlong into the sea. There was a splash, a dark head appeared above the water, and it was evident that the handsome young Don Juan was swimming for his life.

"Stop the ship! Stop the ship," she yelled to Laurence. "He'll be drowned. You must save him."

Robert had left her side. He was scrambling up to the bridge deck, and, as he went, Sadie took just one brief second to find out that José's safety was worth very little compared to that of this strange, churlish but lovable young mining engineer. If Robert Laurence meant to dive into the sea also, he would find an athletic young woman clinging like an octopus round his neck. With that idea firmly fixed in her mind, Sadie followed him, shouting with a complete lack of maidenly reserve:

"I can't live without you. Don't risk your life for him."

Robert was in a tearing hurry but he just found time to look at her in a way that made Sadie want to sing at the top of her voice. He said with a grin:

"Glad to know you love me. Suppose you must. I love you. No intention of saving that swine."

He was on the bridge now with Sadie at his heels, but he had no intention of rushing to the rails as, even now, she expected him to do.

He made a dash to the port engine room telegraph, and, as he rang down: "Full speed astern!" he yelled to the quartermaster. "Hard aport!"

Before Captain Johnson could interfere, his ship had swung round on her heel and even as he yelled: "What the hell are you doing on my bridge?" The *Horatio* seemed to hesitate in her stride and then, with a striking of metal against metal, she passed on.

The captain's face was scarlet. He looked with murder in his eye at the young man who had given him the fright of his life.

"I could put you in irons for this," he said shakily. "What's the meaning of it all?"

"I'll tell you in a minute." There was an air of authority about the younger man that somehow seemed infinitely more natural than the shy diffidence that, in some miraculous way, he had shed together with his deafness. "Will you kindly put your ship on its course again and join me in the chartroom."

"With a man overboard?" spluttered the captain. "Mind your own business, and let me mind mine."

"Let him swim for it," said Robert brutally. "He was responsible for the submarine that we were lucky enough to ram. Take a look aft."

"My God!" breathed the captain, as he scrutinised the ocean and noted the ominous trail of oil in the ship's wake.

There was no sign of José.

Captain Johnson wiped from his brow the perspiration that had gathered there. He looked old and tired as he gasped out: "There are many things I don't understand . . . You are no longer deaf. . . ."

"We'd better go into the chartroom," said Laurence. "I'll explain everything. Come along, Sadie."

He signed to her to follow the captain who, after a moment's hesitation, led the way. For some inexplicable reason he was obeying this strangely knowledgeable creature, who a short time ago had seemed such a pitiful, afflicted specimen of humanity.

Now that individual stood briskly to attention in the chartroom and said:

"Robert Laurence Thornhill, Commander, R.N., at your service, sir."

The captain splashed out three pegs of whisky. He was completely inarticulate, and he scowled fiercely at the drips that shook from the bottle on to the table.

It was Sadie who gave the toast: "The *Horatio*," but her eyes looked into Robert's as she drank.

"Gonzales?" protested the captain, stubbornly.

"He'll have a long swim," said Robert. "He was an enemy agent in constant touch with the submarine we sunk. According to his plan we should have sunk to the bottom. He had arranged for the submarine to pick him up. But things didn't happen that way."

"Oh, the fiend," cried Sadie. "To think that we used to talk to him just as though he were one of ourselves."

"It was a devil of a job deciphering that code of his," said Robert. "I did it as a crossword puzzle to allay suspicion. I dared not spend too much time in my cabin, but, probably you noticed that whenever he went below, I became too tired to speak to any one, or else implied that I wished to read."

"Was he, by any chance, sending and receiving messages by that radio of his?" asked the captain.

"He was," answered Robert, "and I intercepted them by the aid of my 'bosom pal,' as I call this gadget."

He unhooked the instrument from his chest and adjusted it to the captain's ear. The old man burst out laughing, in spite of himself.

"What's it say?" Sadie asked.

"Well, I presume it's tuned in to London. I can hear: 'Hullo, children, everywhere.'"

"Five o'clock in London at any rate," said Robert. "With your permission I'll have to wireless the news of the submarine sinking to headquarters. Better take a look at these."

The captain gave a low whistle as he scanned the papers that the other man gave him.

"Secret Service, eh? And three of the crew naval ratings, sent out with you to keep an eye on the ship. Q.M. one of them. That's *why* he obeyed your astounding orders at the wheel."

Robert chortled.

"We had to keep an eye on that submarine, sir. But mind you, the passengers must know nothing of all this. The obvious explanation of the whole affair is that a man fell overboard and, in heaving to while trying to save him, the *Horatio* struck some wreckage."

"I can never thank you enough, my boy," said the captain, as he shook hands.

Robert answered: "You'll probably have another bit of ribbon, sir, to add to your collection."

"It's never been a habit of mine to steal another man's thunder, let me tell you," barked the older man, "and I don't intend to do so now."

"Sorry, sir," came apologetically, "I'm still a deaf mining engineer for the rest of the voyage. My job's not finished until the *Horatio* is safely docked at Tilbury."

The captain blew his nose with a loud, trumpeting sound. He was unable to speak at the moment, owing to the presence of a large lump in his throat.

Someone else blew her nose at the same moment to the accompaniment of a gentle but unmistakable sniffing. Sadie had been unusually quiet, but now she remarked in a subdued voice that she must have caught a cold.

Captain Johnson glared at her ferociously. "You should not be here, young woman. You have been a third party witness to a confidential disclosure of His Majesty's Secret Service. This is a very serious matter."

"Not at all," contradicted Robert briskly. "Sadie and I intend to get married directly we reach England. Don't we, darling?"

"Of course," answered Sadie, with shameless promptitude as she kissed her fiancé with equally shameless fervour. "Wives cannot give evidence against their husbands. I happen to be one of the few women who can keep a secret."

"I never like to take my ship home without an engaged couple," said the captain. "This little romance seems to take away the nasty taste left in my mouth by the thought that I had a spy aboard."

THAT evening at dinner the captain made a short speech to the passengers with reference to Gonzales's empty chair. He regretted that the young Argentine had suddenly jumped overboard while under the influence of some great mental strain. Although the *Horatio* had been unable to save him, there was no reason to take it for granted that the episode had ended fatally, as Gonzales was known to have been a very powerful swimmer.

"Quite clever," thought Robert, who, of course, heard every word perfectly. "He hints that Gonzales was mad with jealousy, but he doesn't want the passengers to think too badly of Sadie."

He squeezed Sadie's hand under the table, because he knew how tender was her heart. There was something grim about that empty chair and all that it signified. Sadie squeezed back understandingly, and though there were tears in her eyes, a little smile quivered at the corner of her mouth.

"They are wondering what on earth I see in Robert," she told herself. She wondered if she dared smile at the captain.

But Captain Johnson was in no mood for humour. He was deploring the fact that he was forced to show himself in the light of a hero, and take unto himself the honour due to that poor deaf young man.

END

How the Old Face Has Changed

(*Continued from page 22*)

advice by cosmetic firms, be trained for years in the art of "making the best of themselves" without it having some effect.

In came the bone school in earnest. All the tricks of Dietrich were emulated. Ingenuous smiles gave way to an almost sullen unsmiling expression, hair was brushed back to frame the face and rouge was taken high up on the cheeks. You could almost see girls sucking in their cheeks as they waited for buses and tubes or for the only young man in the world.

Then hair was scraped back to get that Crawford look, eyes were accentuated with eye-black but not too much eye-shadow. Mouths—in particular the bottom lip—added to by a cunning application of lipstick.

And there were Katharine Hepburn's high cheekbones, square to pointed chin and wide mouth. There was no scraping back of hair here, but you held up your chin and looked skywards, always towards some nebulous ideal. And then, in our immediate world, there was Lady Marguerite Strickland, Vivien Leigh.

Garbo's thrilling economic beauty, practically achieved without tricks, brooded over it all. Her influence made us long and straight and, we hoped, again graceful.

The bone school has had a lot of pupils.

But take a look round the streets now. See the new faces on the films and you will observe those pupils gradually tending towards a new phase. Their faces are becoming rounder, with the accent on youth, health, femininity.

Long hair to the shoulders is being worn, and in most cases it is brushed out to "soften" the face. And this time, unlike those dim distant days in the 'twenties, it does appear to soften the general contours. One reason is because it is longer and covers the neck, and another is that the texture, under years of efficient grooming, is finer.

With this youthful tendency you will see that we are not using such heavy make-up and that on the average slightly lighter powders are being used.

What will our faces do next? To answer that would be prophecy, and to-day I don't prophesy.

GRACE HERBERT.

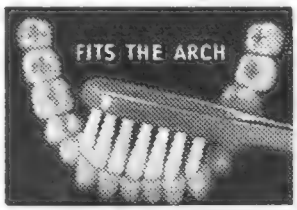
BRASSIÈRES
& GIRDLES
KESTOS
KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W. 1.

H.M.S. EXCELLENT
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MEDIUM
SOUND SECURITY
More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.
MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
10 for 8½d
20 for 1/4½d
Player's Please
PLAYER'S TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS
N.C.C. 524N

'TEETH INSURANCE' COSTS THIS YOUNG WOMAN JUST 4d. A MONTH

Would you give 4d. a month for teeth like hers? You would? Well this young woman reckons she uses 4 Tek toothbrushes a year, costing her 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. She thinks that is a very inexpensive guarantee for teeth that no money can replace, ever.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The Toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly — to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush but don't expect a TEK.

Tek 2/- SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON

THE BEST TEETH POLICY

MADE IN ENGLAND

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON *(Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave*

Bring up the beauty in your RED TILES

Don't let your Red Tile Paths and Floors lose that rich red colour which makes them so attractive. Renew it with Cardinal Polish. Instantly gives a beautiful and lasting finish.
Will not wash off in the rain.
Also in White, Buff, Cream, Green, Blue, Brown and Transparent.

CARDINAL POLISH
LARGE TINS: Of all Dealers

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

CP/DS/3

There's Always Something

(Continued from page 21)

and Charley went the way he did when "Gutsy" Goertz got annoyed with him and hit him a forearm smash. His head stayed where it was, and the rest of him slid forward on his heels. When he hit the floor, everything jumped up about a foot and then came down again.

"André, you're won-n-derful!" and I put my arms round his neck.

"Have I killed him?" he asked.

"No," I said without looking.

The relations rushed in. Charley was on his back on the floor.

"Is he dead?" asked André.

"I think so," said somebody.

André put what was left of the vase back on the table, and I stood holding his arm until his father turned on him.

"André!" He lifted his fists in the air and shook them. "What is this! You defy the family. You break Corinne's heart. Now you say you will marry this girl! But I say no!" He said it again: "No! Instead you can go with Binkie. Go at once—to-night!"

"If I've killed that man, I'll stay and face it," André said, and his face was very white.

"Don't worry! I've seen Charley hit with a milk bottle," I told him. "He won't even have a headache."

Then André's mother swept into the room. She'd been busy with guests, but I knew she was bound to turn up sooner or later. She ignored what was on the floor.

"André, your father and I have decided!" she said. "Anything rather than this," and she looked at me.

"You may leave with Binkie immediately," said his father.

"And you may have the yacht," said his mother.

"Oh, do we have our honeymoon on a yacht?" I asked him.

"They want to hunt orchids in South America," his mother threw at me.

"I'll tell Binkie," said André, and he started to the telephone, but I was holding his arm, thinking fast.

He didn't want to marry Corinne. All he wanted was to go orchid hunting with this Binkie. It seemed like he'd set me up, knowing the family would let him go rather than have him marry someone from outside. Well, what did he think I was?

"You can't treat me like this!" I said.

He looked at me.

"I said in front of every one that I would marry you," he told me. "Well, I will, if you think I should." And he meant it.

Everything in the room seemed to stop.

"I'm quite prepared to give up going with Binkie, and keep my word," he added.

"Good God," said Queen Jordain.

He was either so deep he knew I wouldn't take advantage, or he was really nuts, or he was very honourable. It was anybody's guess, but I remembered the way he'd helped out Corinne.

I think his mother went pale under the enamel while she waited for what I would say.

I took my hands off the Jordain millions.

"You go and hunt orchids," I said, and looked for Charley.

He was sitting up, drinking brandy.

"WHY did you pick on me?" I asked André, down in the hall.

"You said you'd do a lot for orchids," he answered, "and I hardly know any other girls."

I left it at that. Charley had a bump on his head, and he was grouchy on the bus.

"We're getting married," he said suddenly.

"On what?"

"On what you've got in the bank and what I can borrow," he told me. "I'm tired of having to knock strange blokes about every time I come back!"

Well, there are other things than orchids.

END

Along the Danube

(Continued from page 17)

you insist; yet, nevertheless, a union instead of a further disintegration or tension.

The much-maligned and underrated King Carol has been holding his kingdom together, checking the extremist aims of the Iron (Fascist) Guards, meeting the demands of the Peasant Party, welding his Fifth Column-riddled land into a national unit chiefly because, as a statesman, he has shown himself one of the best in Europe—a functioning king, incidentally, in these days when some kings are even forgotten behind their prime ministers or dictators.

Boris of Bulgaria, whose country believes itself to have two major grievances against the other two Balkan kingdoms, has sat tight, apparently not attempting to profit by the confusion to enlist outside aid to right them. He is rather cynical about the value of any war!

And progressive Turkey, once the old trouble maker, is now the foremost Balkan force in the effort to form a new political union of these Balkan countries (now that the Little Entente has died with Czecho-Slovakia), Turkey asks the Balkans to bind themselves by an agreement to stand as a unit for peace.

So much for the capitals, the statesmen, and the national aims of these countries. They present quite a different picture from the old "Cockpit of Europe" idea. The world should recognise, pay tribute, to this Balkan sanity.

It can be said that the people of no country to-day can have any say whether they go to war or not. If they did, of course, there would not be any wars. In Soviet Russia, where the man-in-the-street is supposed to have more say in his government than anywhere else in the world, they were sent like sheep against Finland; none of them knew why and most of that enlightened populace did not even know there was any war! So, if I am naïve enough to call attention to the instinctive friendliness of these Balkan people towards each other (forget Macedonia, that propagated murderer's nest!), you will say I am balmy—of course, all people like each other as individuals! We always knew that!

So it is. But the picture I have of the Balkans, since the first time I went down the Danube in 1924, is something like this. I see a great mass of peoples, like bees, working here, working there, improving their lives, adjusting themselves to new (and sometimes impossible!) frontiers. I see people working for progress—not war!

I see strings of Serbian villages, where, much to my surprise, I saw Balkan peasants living in better houses, having more genuine amenities in their lives than any of the wretched "share croppers" who raise eighty per cent of the cotton, corn and tobacco in the American ten big cotton states. It took some rubbing of my eyes to make me sure I was seeing that.

I look back upon hospitality such as I have not known anywhere else in Europe. It may have been the uniqueness of the appearance of me in my boat, but once I dropped anchor off a village it was only a question of minutes before the river police and the customs were on board—and this was immediately followed by an escorted trip to shore, where the leaders of the village led me directly to a still where they were preparing brandy from stewed plums, and gave me several drinks, hot in both ways, from the warm. Then Eve, my wife, was led to the most sumptuous house in the village, where she was made to sit on the bed (to show they had a spring bed) and, for convention's sake, made to eat plum jam, neat, with a spoon—and she hates plum jam.

This was inevitable all along the Danube—in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania. If we could be persuaded, lunch was provided by the village, usually a fat turkey cooked in prunes. We drank red and white, rough but virile, local wines. Then musicians appeared, with stringed instruments, or played strange piping little tunes on flutes. In Rumania, arriving at an isolated village Saturday night, the priest took charge of us; he gave us a breakfast of sterlet caviare the next morning, and at church, when we were leaning forward on hands and knees (as was the local custom), we heard our own names and *Flame*'s being mentioned in his prayer.

"To-day," he explained afterwards, "you are going down a rapids, and I have asked God to look after you."

It was above the notorious Iron Gates, and we thanked him. Ever since Kelheim, way up in Austria, we had been looking forward with dread to this dangerous passage. We went through like a bird.

In the Rumanian swamps, where we spent a week anchored about in the maze of waterways among the green rushes, food was scarce. We were given tea made from apple peels, pressed caviare instead of meat (and you can grow quite mad on a week's diet of that !), bits of sturgeon that the fishermen brought past the "Control"—hidden in their leather boots. And at our last village, in the frozen marsh before the Sulina mouth of the Danube, we were invited to a wedding feast.

A fisherman asked us into his thatched hut to have "some jam and cognac." And when we came out into the flaming sunset we heard the fishers singing as they swept past in their black skiffs to the tossing sea. The fiddlers were stamping time on shore behind a rush-plaited fence, a tom-tom player was giving queer shrieks as he thumped the skin heads, and we watched the bride and bridegroom, in all their national finery, swinging round and round in a wedding dance under the apple trees.

We had sailed actually from Rotterdam in Holland all the way across Europe to the Black Sea. And as we sat in our cabin that night, thinking of the countries that lay behind us—Holland, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania—we made an accounting of some of the notable things we had seen. But chiefly we were excited by the notable things we had *found out* . . . found along the Danube.

Here are some.

The peasant life of Austria. It was like some song—the beauty of those fair-haired men and women, cutting with sickles in the high wheat fields, with the glorious panorama of the snowy mountains behind. The sadness and sweet melancholy of Vienna, and the eager new life of its workers.

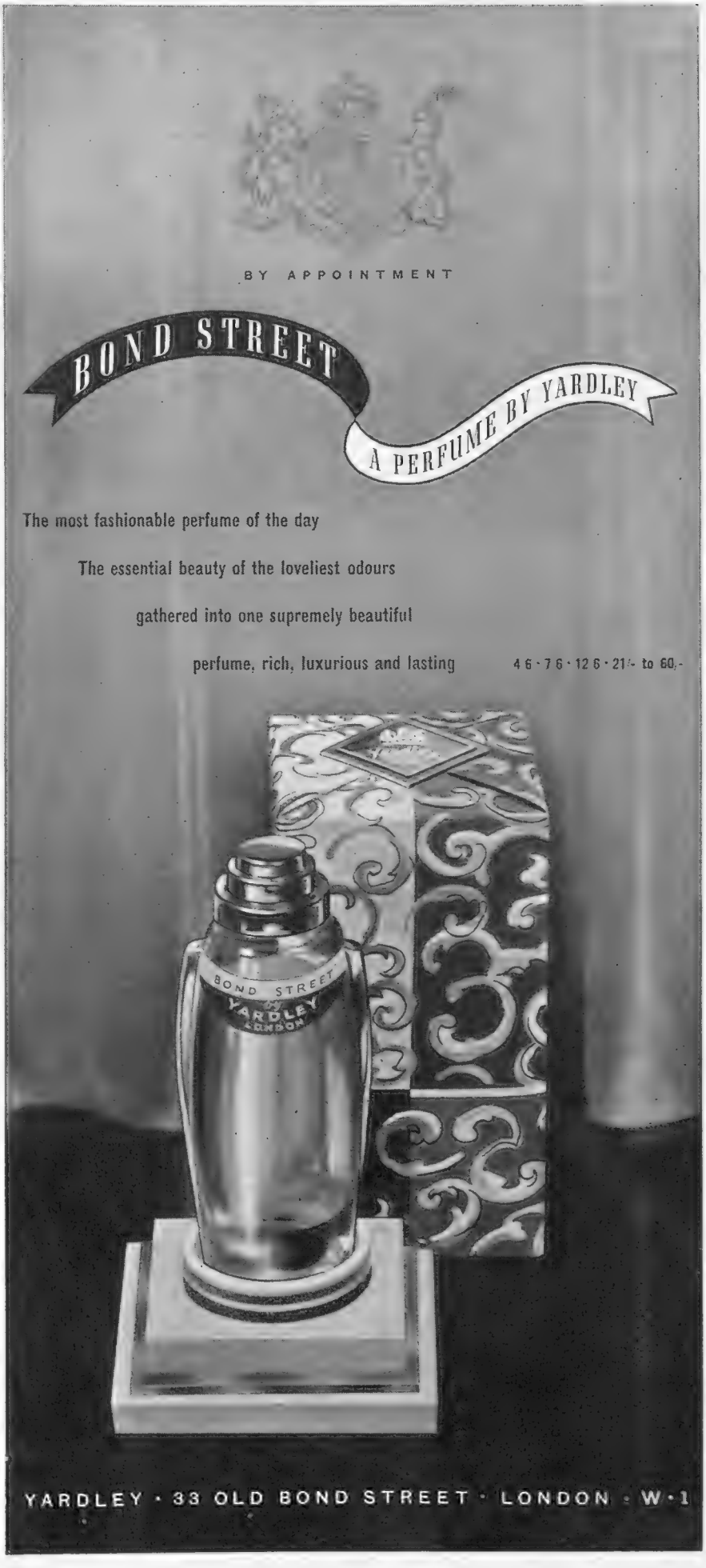
Feudal Hungary. I had been the guest of Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, at a partridge shoot at Godollo, the old hunting lodge of the Habsburgs. That day I shot with five admirals of the Austro-Hungarian Navy—not one of whom now had a ship. I got myself so covered with mud that I had to take a bath, while they dried my clothes, before I went into lunch in the little palace—and, as mine were so wet, I wore Istvan Horthy's stockings. (I see he has just married and flown his bride in his own honeymoon plane to Italy.)

"We never wanted to fight the English," said Horthy and his admirals to me, as we waited by the road for another "drive" that day. "We like the British. We think they are rather like us, or we like them, for we are both a sporting people."

Alas ! What bad combinations war will make—Hungary is already under the German influence.

And one of the things that we counted among our rewards of this trip, even in 1924, was the knowledge that while the feudal aristocracy of Hungary was glitteringly hospitable and picturesque, the peasants almost knelt in the road when a noble's farm carriage passed. They belonged to that strange class of helots that you will find only in Hungary, Spain, and among the share-croppers of the American southern states—peasants without land.

But the thing that gave us the most delight (I am speaking now (*Continued on page 70*)


BY APPOINTMENT
BOND STREET
A PERFUME BY YARDLEY
The most fashionable perfume of the day
The essential beauty of the loveliest odours
gathered into one supremely beautiful
perfume, rich, luxurious and lasting
4 6 · 7 6 · 12 6 · 21/- to 60/-
BOND STREET
YARDLEY
LONDON
YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W·1

WAR-TIME FINGER-TIPS

BY PEGGY SAGE

'Long WEAR — that is the important thing about your nail polish in war-time', says Peggy Sage. And that is why thousands of busy women are using Peggy Sage's polishes — simply because they wear like diamonds, chip, peel and flake-proof for days. Every Peggy Sage polish is composed of two fine films, closely welded together. One grips and nourishes the nail fibres, and enables the visible film of gleaming lustre to remain flawless for longer than you'd ever dreamed a polish could.

Peggy Sage has pale and colourless polishes for service wear; a range of lovely, creamy pastels for war-work — and glowing, mischievous, dramatic colours for 'off-duty' hours. See the new colours in Peggy Sage's Stop Press. *You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.*

FINGER-TIP STOP PRESS

Peggy Sage's latest colours are: WHIMSY, SPRING FEVER, HOT PINK

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(at corner of Grosvenor Street)
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

of discoveries, for they need not be all geographical) was the wealth of "material" we had found along the Danube. It meant something when a young aristocrat in the Hungarian Foreign Office took us to the popular operetta that was running in Budapest at that time—and wept when they sang about lost Transylvania. There were two of these young bloods of Budapest, both cynical men-about-town type, and they both dried their eyes. . . . The operetta was *The Singing Captain*, and the haunting, melancholic song was :—

"I have crossed the Kirielyholgo,
I have lost my Hussar shako.
My God in heaven, I swear that I shall find it,
I shall search it, I shall find it,
My dear old Hussar shako."

"Romantic people, aren't they, these Hungarians," said Eve afterwards, as we took a late, lonely walk along the Corso. "Being upset like that."

"Uuuum!" said I. "They're marvellous people—no one underrates their ability to fight or to *cry* for Transylvania!"

"Cynic," laughed Eve.

"No," I said, "but I've spent most of the morning in the Foreign Office, and one thing I can tell you—the Hungarians are the most romantic propagandists I have met, *and* they have the most legitimate grievance."

The City of Debreczen, making us its guests, sent us out to live with the Csikos, the Magyar cowboys on the great Hungarian plains. These men are the direct descendants of the Mongolians who swept over Europe. They are the last word in egoists. Here, by the camp fires, is one of their terrific songs (*Csikos* = cowboy; *gulyas* = swineherd) :—

"For I am a Csikos of the Puszta, and not a gulyas,
I will wind my lasso on my shoulder,
I will saddle my white-footed horse
And I will pull down the brilliant stars of heaven."

We liked the arrogance of that last line, "*I will pull down the brilliant stars of heaven.*" Hearing it sung on the Puszta, the Fata Morgana, straight as a line drawn against the sky, you fell in love with the life of Hungary, probably the most romantic country left in this world.

The Danube is one of the great highways of history—Romans, Huns, Goths, Longobords, Avars, Crusaders have swept down its yellow flood. Waves of savages and civilisations have been carried along by it. The Crusaders, for example, swept past Ratisbon in four hundred rowboats in the eleventh century. A stone bridge was built across that spot in 1300. It still stands. And it is just below this that navigation itself stops. The river is so swift here, in these three hundred miles above Vienna, that each town has a harbour that is like a pool, cut off from the river, so that you may anchor in calm water.

Steamers that come up here don't draw more than four feet of water and have to buck a grey current from the glaciers that, in some places, runs at ten miles an hour. With their huge side paddles grinding so that they throw waves four feet high away from them, they seem almost standing still—like the big Rhine tugs you see barely moving as they try to reach Strasbourg.

Then, down in the flat plains of the Alfold, the river flows almost as sluggishly as a flat lake. The great farms of Hungary stretch away in the blue mist of far horizons.

Then, in the Iron Gates, where the Danube breaks through the Carpaths, locomotives are used to haul heavy barge strings up the current. And a little lower, where you shoot through the Gorge of Kazan, your steering wheel is snatched out of your hands as your boat swirls in rapids, you face a canyon in which the highest rock (Sterbez) is 2,240 feet high. And there, cut in the gorge face, is the road cut by Trajan's legions, with Trajan's inscription still cut where all may read :—

IMP. CÆSAR DIVI. NERVÆ F. NERVA
TRAIANUS AUG. GERM. PONT. MAXIMUS
TRIBI.

And that is why the first thing they tell you in Bucharest is, "Oh, we are not Slavs (like the Serbs or the Bulgarians). We Rumanians are an island of Latins in a sea of Slavs. We are the descendants of Trajan!"

Along the Danube

That's why Bucharest calls itself the "Paris of the Balkans," which, in all truth, it is. At any rate, one of the finest restaurants in Europe is Capsa's of Bucharest, and its cellar is said to have been one of the chief reasons why the Germans occupied Bucharest during the last war.

The Rumanians and the Bulgars, facing each other for at least three hundred miles along the Danube, form perhaps the greatest contrast of peoples in Europe. It would be difficult to describe the quality of this oppositeness. But an American diplomat I had known in London for nine years was then sent to Sofia as Minister. I met him again when he had been transferred to Scandinavia.

"I heard you didn't like Sofia," I said.

"*What!*" Both he and his wife gasped with surprise. "Not—like—Sofia! Why, you're mad. We loved it!"

"So did I," I said. "But why?"

They looked at each other in astonishment. Remember, they were people used to all the glamour of London, and all the charming and glittering perquisites which come from being attached to the Court of St. James's. And Sofia is certainly *not* the most sophisticated capital in the Balkans.

"Why, I suppose," said he, "it's the gorgeous *freshness* of the place. Everything in the country around Sofia seems so unspoilt. It's such a *genuine* little place."

And there he had it. No matter which side Bulgaria is forced to take in this war, no matter whether you think her misguided or not (for she will certainly be on the side of the Italians and Germans), no one who has ever known them can doubt the sincerity of the Bulgars. And their primitive peasantry are among the most likeable people along the Danube.

Personally, I think that King Boris and the Bulgars will put up every obstacle they can before they let themselves be dragged into this war.

I think that this war, much more than the last, has shown the Balkan States their peril of becoming attached to any of the Big Power European blocs. And, if they manage to escape with their skins from this one, the "Cockpit of Europe" will refuse to accept any more of these punishing allegiances. *Their* futures will only be made safe by a federation which at least promises them their independence from this *dependence*.

The Big Powers themselves must, after Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, feel disillusioned with the usefulness of these old systems of alliances. You depend upon them in your foreign policy, and when the test comes either they let you down or you're forced to do it to them. And in neither case has the original conception been any good.

Now of these three Balkan States the one who has got the most out of, and has had the most internal trouble since the last war has unquestionably been Rumania. The result has been that King Carol is a monarch who daily has to solve more political problems than any ruler east of Berlin. In spite of this, Rumania has been a very go-ahead country, rapidly increasing industry, and one which has given some genuine land reforms to the peasant. And here is the notice that this Balkan country served on the rest of the world, May 8 :—

"Rumania does not intend to permit herself to be made a base of operations for any one," said the official spokesman in Bucharest to-night.

The spokesman said, "This is not a country with its door open for somebody to walk in. One should not make the mistake of thinking that Rumania is swayed by other people's interests. She is thinking of her own."—B.U.P.

There, in my opinion, is a truthful statement of what the three Balkan nations now want. They want neither allies nor enemies to get them into this war. The "Cockpit" wants neutrality. But it is not only your enemy who decides your neutrality for you—there are "friends."

Under which guise will Germany force the first of these countries to fire across its own frontier? And which country?

END

The Lift is Quicker, Sir!

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Oh! Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river (the girls joined in, shrilly);
I'll take her 'cross yon rolling water
And away—we're bound a—hic!"

Moxtey finished with a violent hiccough, at which they all three patted him on the back, and then sat down on deck, helpless with laughter.

"Looks like being a jolly cruise," whispered George Black to Bull.

"Wouldn't mind that one in the green thing myself." responded Bull, winking.

"Hold your trap," said the captain, "and keep your blinking eye on the course. East sou'-east, I gave you."

"East sou'-east it is, sir!" Bull let the spokes slip through his hands and attended to his business, while Black, having nothing to do at the moment, divided his attention between his employer's party, the mysteries of standing and running rigging, and the coast which they were rounding.

They ran into Newhaven harbour for the night; got away on the morning tide, and sailed on down Channel, with Bognor, Worthing, Littlehampton to starboard, and all the busy traffic of the narrow seas to port. They anchored by and by, because Moxtey and the girls wanted to fish and to bathe respectively. While Fowlgate and the ladies of the chorus dived over the side, clad exiguously, Bull helped Moxtey get out the float trot, for Moxtey liked to do things on a good scale. A simple hand-line was too tedious to his way of thinking. He was not bathing, because he could not swim.

So the many hooks were baited with sand eel, and the line and floats carefully got out without tangling, thanks to Bull, who tactfully prevented Moxtey from interfering too much.

They lay there most of the day, with intervals for eating, drinking and bathing. At the end, they had some whiting, a skate and a few miscellaneous fish which Moxtey declared inedible and threw back, though Bull said they would "fry lovely."

"Better run down to the Wight before it gets dark," said the captain.

"Right," said Moxtey, "but I don't want to anchor in Spithead. You'll have to carry on to the Solent, dark or not." He pushed the pile of fish away with his foot, and called: "Hey, Fowlgate!"

"Hallo!" said the other, who was sunbathing in the bows with the two girls.

"Better get some clothes on before you get pneumonia. It's turning chilly."

"I'm not cold!" said one of the girls.

"Nor am I," said the other. "I'm going in again."

"Then you'll have to swim after us," said Moxtey. "Come down to the cabin, Fowlgate. I want to talk over that merger."

"All right!"

The two men went below, amid protests from the girls who, still in their swim suits, "helped" to get up the anchor and set sail. At sunset, they too dived below, to reappear in trousers, sweaters and raincoats, sitting in the bows and singing songs, and trying to flirt with the captain, Bull, or Black, impartially.

At six bells in the first watch, a cold breeze from the east sent the two girls finally below. Bull had turned in, and Black, left alone on deck with the captain, took lessons in steering as they passed Ryde Pier.

"We'll run into Beaulieu River," said the captain. "Snug there."

They could hear the girls giggling to each other in their tiny cabin. Then they heard loud voices from the owner and Fowlgate. The saloon door opened, and the words came clearly enough:

"I'm not going to stay and be insulted on my own ship!"

"Insulted! Let me tell you, Moxtey, you couldn't be insulted. If I'd known you were behind that racket, I'd never have set foot on your rotten ship. Why——"

"Virtuous, all of (*Continued on page 72*)

THIS OUTDOOR SUMMER—A MEDICAL VIEW-POINT ON YOUR BEAUTY CULTURE

Complexions are back! It's the young woman with a lovely skin who wins admiration now. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, there are so many occasions when we don't want to use much make-up; and secondly, tired faces are rather a familiar sight now, and a fresh, glowing complexion is a real joy to look at.

So take this chance

Especially now that you'll be out in the open air as much as you can, take this chance of practising the new beauty culture. This consists of using a beauty preparation which concentrates on doing your skin good; which is so pure and of such recognized medical constituents that you might almost call it a doctor's beauty prescription. Lacto-Calamine is like that. It is of such benefit to the skin that it gives you nothing less than a 24-hour beauty treatment.

Beauty Calamine is *Lacto-Calamine*

Calamine is the safest and gentlest possible substance for use on the skin, as your own doctor would tell you. It is constantly prescribed by the medical profession for clearing up minor skin blemishes and generally purifying the complexion.
In Lacto-Calamine, the calamine particles have been reduced to a state of *ultra*-microscopic fineness which gives it a texture attained by few beauty preparations. Afterwards combined with nourishing, emollient milk of almonds and soothing witch hazel, Lacto-Calamine is delicately soft and creamy, in a skilfully blending skin tone. *Lacto-Calamine also contains the important skin Vitamin A.*

Twin-Purpose

Let Lacto-Calamine look after your skin beauty day and night. Use it as a powder base, clinging and absolutely non-greasy (some consider it unnecessary to powder over its lovely matt bloom). And last thing every night, smooth in its gentle milkiness.

SHORT BEAUTY TALK BY A DOCTOR . . .

'Most women have recently been undergoing an unusual amount of nervous strain. This almost always results, at the time, in unconscious tightening of the facial muscles, so that the skin becomes "fatigued". Minor skin blemishes are very apt to occur in this condition. The therapeutic action of Lacto-Calamine would be beneficial to every woman's complexion just now.'

Crookes' Lacto-Calamine

A Medical Beauty Culture

COMBINED POWDER BASE AND SKIN-FOOD—1/6

Prepared by Crookes, Makers of Famous Vitamin Products • You can get Lacto-Calamine at all good pharmacies.

Luxurious Lips

AND . . . .
AN EASY CONSCIENCE

Luxurious lips . . . lips that match each dress you wear . . . lips to suit the mood, the man, the moment . . . lips made lovely, lively, by GALA, Outdoor Girl's famous lipstick, brilliantly restyled in a chaste, fluted chromium case. GALA shades are many and gay, matched to the new dress colours. And the price of a GALA lipstick is so moderate that you can own one, two, three, four . . . and then more . . . and still have an easy conscience and a balanced war-time dress budget. And, of course, Outdoor Girl's *olive oil* lipstick base makes the rich GALA colours flow softly . . . creamily . . . and *indelibly*. Quick, make to-day a GALA DAY.

OUTDOOR GIRL Gala OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK

MATCHING GALA POWDER IN UNIQUE NON-SPILL BOX 1/3

the liveliest lipstick in Town!

a sudden, aren't you?" sneered Moxtey.

"I like to keep my hands clean, anyhow." Fowlgate roared.

"You—you dirty bucket-shop keeper. You miserable share-pusher——"

"Liar! Get out before I break your neck!"

Then they both came tumbling out, Fowlgate roaring, pursuing Moxtey, who kept turning, trying to ward off blows. In a second, they were at the side of the ship, there was a lurch and a yell, and Moxtey fell overboard. Fowlgate stood there, staring stupidly into the darkness.

"Christ!" he said, "he's gone. Serve the swine right!"

Black acted without thinking. Stripping off his coat, he plunged in. He had no idea where, in the darkness, to look for Moxtey, but he realised that Fowlgate did not propose to swim about in the dark, looking for him, and perhaps Fowlgate did not know that Moxtey could not swim.

There was nothing particularly heroic in what he was doing. He was an excellent swimmer, and the only risk was that of being run down by a passing vessel, caught in the propellors. The difficulty was to find Moxtey. And then, he caught a glimpse of Moxtey's head breaking the surface, of an arm thrown up before the head sank again. He dived and got a fistful of the oily red hair, dragged him to the surface, got behind him out of the way of his threshing arms, and towed him back to the yawl, which had turned and hove to.

It was all over in five minutes; with Fowlgate apologetic, the girls jumping round in their pyjamas, Moxtey wrapped in blankets and drinking hot rum, and Black rubbing himself down and hanging his clothes out in the galley to dry. Nothing, he thought, to make a fuss about, so that he was agreeably surprised, next morning, as they sailed on down the Solent, when Moxtey came up to him and said:

"Thanks for what you did last night, Black. I'd be glad if you kept it to yourself—about Fowlgate, I mean. You see, in my position, I have to entertain all sorts of people. He's not exactly a personal friend. I don't know that I have any personal friends. There are some people one has to try and keep sweet—follow me? But I don't want it to get about that I had a row with him."

"I shan't say anything," said Black.

"That's a good chap. Did I tell you I was thinking of buying a garage? Place in the West End. Not been doing too well. Going to modernise it and advertise it. Call it Moxtey's. I'll want a manager. Strikes me you might fill the job, if you'd like it."

"I'd like it very much," said Black, "and thanks."

"That's all right," said Moxtey. "As long as we understand each other."

Within a month, and after two more cruises in the *Bellerophon*, Black took over his new job, and put all his enthusiasm into making a success of it.

There had been no further alarming incidents on those cruises, but there had been a different guest on each occasion. There was a fat man called Porter, whom Black had found difficult to place. Definitely there was something shady about him but, recognising that he was being "sweetened" as Moxtey put it, Black had regarded it as none of his business. And there had been a little rat of a man called Oxley, who had snarled at every one and treated Black as if he and the Cap'n were a pair of galley slaves.

Then he had quitted the *Bellerophon* for good, and taken on problems of electric pumps, neon signs, garage hands, uniform overalls, up-to-date washing and polishing machinery, and the thousand and one details of a modern garage. With five hundred a year and the promise of a rise as soon as he showed profits, Black made Moxtey's, in a few short months, the correct place for cars to be left and looked after.

Moxtey himself turned up nearly every day to see how things were going, though he gave Black a free hand and unlimited choice of methods and materials.

He came down to Balham, too, on more than one occasion. He made great friends

The Lift is Quicker, Sir!

of young Audrey, giving her a great doll which could be dressed and undressed; calling Black, George, and Molly, too, by her christian name; so that Black soon repented of his uncharitable jealousy of Molly's old friend, regretted that he had ever described him as oily, and rejoiced that there were still people who could get on in the world and still be willing to help their acquaintances.

Looking back on his hopelessness of a few months before, he could hardly believe that he was the same man.

"I think it's been grand of Moxtey," he told his wife. "I tell you, I'd do anything for him. I'm going to make a pile of money for him, out of this garage, just to show how grateful I am."

"Well, dear, don't kill yourself over it," she would reply. "After all, you did save his life when he fell overboard; and he's making more out of you than he pays you, so there's no need——"

"Yes there is, every need. A chap gives me a good chance like this, and there's no half measures about what I'll do for him. You can't measure it in cash."

He was a good deal more enthusiastic than she was over Moxtey's goodness. It even irritated him a little that she should take Moxtey's generosity so much for granted. She was even a little cool to him, when he visited them, as if she did not want Moxtey to presume too much; to think that the role of fairy godfather gave him any right to order their lives. Indeed, it almost appeared that, whereas he had been jealous of the fellow, now it was Molly who was jealous of the amount of time Black spent working for him; for he was on the job sometimes fourteen hours a day.

On the whole, everything had gone swimmingly at the garage, except, there was that one occasion when a loud voiced man had barged into the office while Moxtey was there; and Moxtey had asked George to leave them together. A quarter of an hour later, Black had seen the man depart, shaking his fist. Yes, there was no doubt that, in some of his activities, Moxtey had got himself disliked.

And so it had gone on till that very afternoon, when Moxtey had looked into the office to see how things were.

"I'd like you to come in after the theatre, Mr. Moxtey," said George, "about that other turntable. I know we've been spending a lot on the place; but if you could just see what things are like between eleven and twelve, I think you'd agree we need it."

"Righto. Show me later on," said Moxtey. He fished in an inner pocket for some papers, and brought out a packet of them, which he shuffled through to find just what he wanted.

"Got a letter here," he said, "from a man I know in the city. Fellow called Champlain. Says he left his car to be washed, greased, and so on, and something wasn't done. Oh, here it is. You might look into it, and put it right for him. Whether he's in the wrong or not, got to keep 'em sweet, you know." He put the letter on Black's desk. "I'll be seeing you later then, about that turntable. I expect it's all right, if you say so. S'long!"

Black closed the door behind his employer, and, as he turned, saw a letter lying on the floor. It must have dropped from the bundle which Moxtey had taken from his pocket. Black stooped and picked it up. He was in the act of putting it on his desk, under a paperweight, to return it to its owner later, when he noticed the handwriting. He blinked. He smoothed the letter out. He read it, at first slowly and incredulously, then, with rising anger, turning it over to confirm the signature.

Then, he thrust it into his pocket and sat down, hard. His jaws were clenched, and his eyes dry and staring. He was horrified, incredulous. He took the letter out again, and re-read it:

"Dear Mr. Moxtey,

"I expect I am foolish to write to you—you notice I don't say Dear Fred—you're not dear Fred. I hate you. Do you understand?

I loathe you. I have done my best to make that plain to you, but you are so dense it doesn't seem to penetrate. So I am writing it. All I ask is that you will burn this letter when you have finished reading it. Are you man enough to do that for me? I hope so. There was a time when I thought I loved you. I was a fool—an utter fool. I didn't understand men of your type then—didn't understand just what beasts they can be. So—I suppose I am paying for my wickedness—I let you make love to me. I would never, never, have appealed to you for help as I did; but I was driven to distraction after George had been out of work all that time. I thought the least you could do was to help us. Help! You wouldn't help your own mother, if she begged you on her knees unless she had something you wanted. Oh, yes, you wanted something all right. Wanted to get me away from George; to break up our home, to break his heart. Sooner than that, I'd kill you. Do you understand? Kill you. I hate you, hate you, hate you! I may have sinned in the past. I did sin, grievously, against my husband. But I've learnt to know that he's the finest man in the world, and that you're an utter blackguard. So I give you fair warning, Mr. Moxtey, that if you ever hint to him, as you threaten, that Audrey is your child and not his, I'll come after you, wherever you are, and I'll kill you! I mean that. Now think it over. Give George the sack indeed! You just dare, and see what happens. Think it over! You've had your fun, and I've paid for it. But George and Audrey are not going to pay too. If they ever do, look out for yourself.

Molly Black."

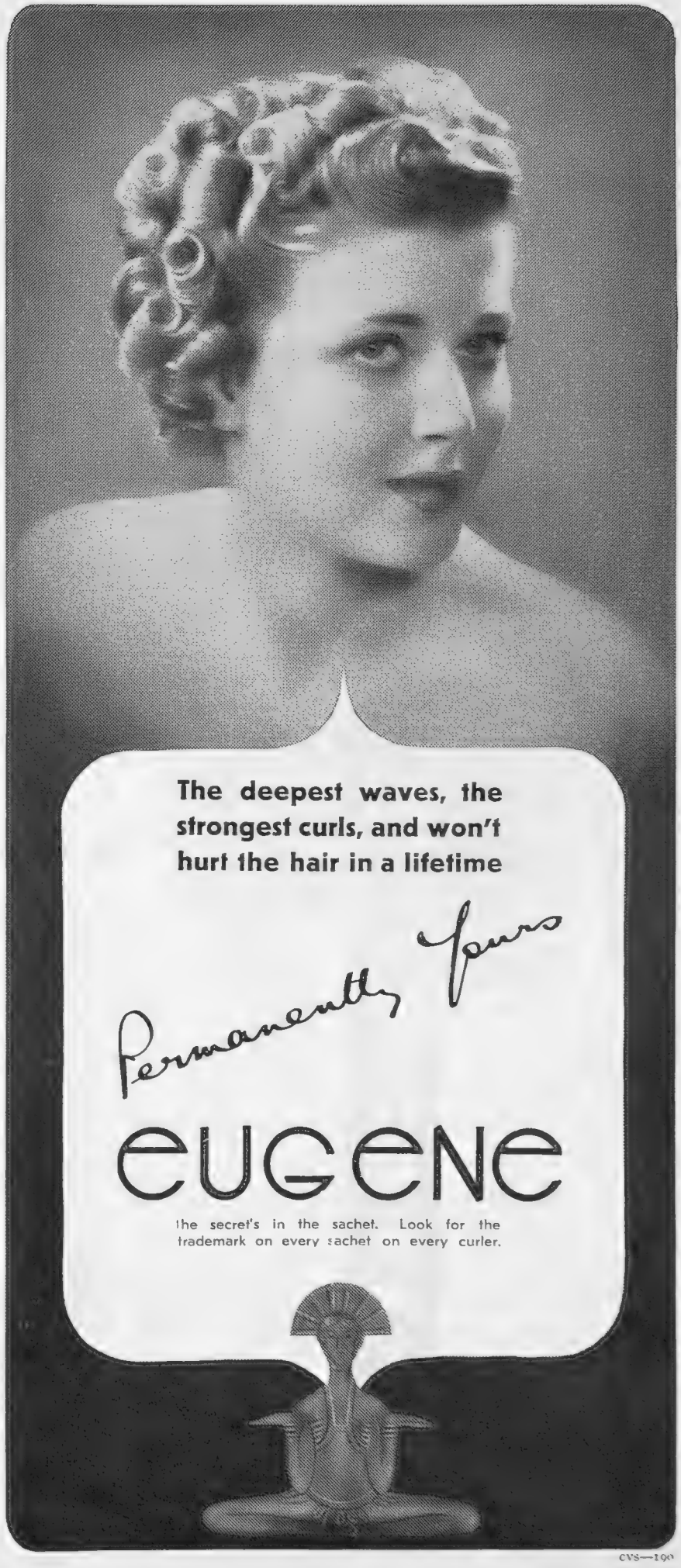
At first he was completely stunned. The thing was unbelievable. He thrust the letter back in his pocket. Then he pulled it out again, struck a match, and watched it burn—his only thought a feeling of dull anger that Moxtey had not had the decency to burn it himself. Black crushed the ashes to dust with his foot; then he just sat there, with his head in his hands, thinking.

Molly threatening to kill Moxtey—she meant it, too. But poor kid; the state of mind she must have been in; and he had never even suspected. Never given a thought to anything between Moxtey and his own wife. And Audrey—but, surely, that couldn't be true! Why it was ghastly. And yet—that auburn hair had been the subject of jest before now. "She certainly doesn't take after me," he had said, more than once. A mere joke, but how it must have cut Molly to the heart, each time he said it. And now—so that had been the game. No charity at all. Just a deliberate attempt to get back into Molly's favours, and to wreck their home. But why? He couldn't love Molly—certainly she did not seem to love Moxtey. Perhaps it was Audrey. Moxtey was a favourite there, all right; but then any man who gives big dolls is apt to become a favourite. No, sheer beastly piggery. Blackmail. Do what I want—or . . . Or I'll sack your husband; put him back in the gutter where I found him, and tell him just what you are; just who is the father of your child. And Molly was threatening to kill the brute for it. Well, that had to be prevented, anyhow.

Black sat there and thought. The more he thought, the more his hatred of Moxtey glowed in him, till he was possessed by it. Moxtey had lived long enough, but it was his job to kill him, not Molly's.

And to-night. No later. But where? Where, in this bustling garage was there enough privacy? Here, in the office, yes. But that would point straight at him, as the murderer. He did not want to be tried and convicted. Moxtey was not worth it; and it would only publicise all that Molly was trying to hide. Molly herself must not know. But where else could it be done? Ah! The little lobby outside the lifts on the second floor. The very place! Black began to scheme.

That lobby was shut off from the parking space by swing doors with muffled glass. It would be busy with people leaving the lifts and going to their cars; but not with people coming the other (*Continued on page 74*)


The deepest waves, the strongest curls, and won't hurt the hair in a lifetime
Permanently yours
EUGENE
The secret's in the sachet. Look for the trademark on every sachet on every curler.
CVS—100

NEVER before has there been a ready-made skirt with graduated knife-edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug-fitting hip line . . . that do not gape or come out however long the skirt is worn. Such a skirt demands a place in every smart woman's wardrobe . . . in YOUR wardrobe, for wear with whatever you will. Available in Worsteds, Tweeds, Checks, Authentic Tartans, Pure Irish Linen, All-wool Flannels at all good drapers and stores. Prices from 30/-

Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, 14-16a Shore Road, Hackney, E.9

"KONERAY" PATENT PENDING *Pleated Skirts*

way; so that, if one dropped the iron bar across it, it was unlikely that one would be interrupted.

And a sack of heavy spanners hung on the wall, right by the lift.

Moxtey came into the office again at a quarter past eleven. Black steeled himself to appear natural. He must give nothing away.

"I've dealt with that matter of your friend's car," he said. "Could you spare time now, to come up to the second floor and see where I want that turntable?"

"Sure," said Moxtey, and led the way to the lifts.

The second floor was busy with people getting their cars away. In batches, they came from the lifts and sought their own machines. Black held Moxtey in conversation, explaining about the turntable. After a while, he said:

"If you'd just come up to the fourth floor, the one there is just right. I could show you what a difference it makes."

"O.K.," said Moxtey, and went back into the lobby. Black had gauged the moment when a large number of people had come from the lifts, so that he could assume both were on their way higher up. He dropped the bar that held the swing doors. Moxtey had his back to him, and there were plenty of noises to hide the sound. He picked a heavy spanner off the wall, saying:

"The fire hydrant's dripping up there. I'll tighten it up."

Moxtey was pressing the button of lift number two. Casually, Black held the gates of number one. Both lifts started to come down. It was odds on they both were empty. If not, well the act was off, that was all. Black gave his gate a tug, broke the contact, and number one stopped, somewhere in the shaft. Number two appeared, empty. Moxtey opened the gates and stepped inside, and, at that moment, Black hit him, very hard, on the back of his skull. Moxtey slumped forward into the lift. Black shut the gates, but, before they quite closed, put

The Lift is Quicker, Sir!

a hand covered with his handkerchief, through the lattice and pressed the fourth floor button. He clicked the gates to, took his hand away, and the lift went up with its burden.

Then he clicked the gates of the other lift and let the impatient patrons down below have it. He had a few seconds to spare. He wiped the spanner, carefully, hung it in its place, went back through the swing doors and dropped the blood-stained rag he had used into a tin of dirty paraffin which one of the mechanics had been using.

No one, he was sure, had seen anything. No one even knew on which floor the murder had been committed. His story would be that he had seen Moxtey to the lift, and that Moxtey had gone up to the fourth floor by himself, which was all Black knew about it.

Then they came running to fetch him, and the police came, and the inspector asked for his help in tracing the murderer of his benefactor.

George Black smiled to himself. It was a job well done. He picked up the telephone and dialled his home number.

"Hullo, Molly. George here. Look, I shall be late home. Bit of trouble here. Fact is, Moxtey's dead—yes dead. Yes, it was a bit of a shock. Matter of fact, it looks as if someone's murdered him. What did you say? Yes, I knew you'd be sorry. I am, too. I can't quite realise it now. Someone's hit him over the head with a spanner. Well, you know what it's like here—impossible to say who did it. Hundreds of people and hundreds of spanners about. Yes, the police are here, but they don't seem very hopeful. Going to tackle it from the other end—see if any one had a grudge against him. M'mm, might, perhaps. Well, I'll be home sometime. Oh Molly—I only wanted to say how much I love you! Kiss Audrey for me—good night, my own darling."

END

Cutting Down without Tears

(*Continued from page 29*)

uneasiness about it because you are serving your country. Anyway there is a spirit of understanding and mutual sympathy abroad now, and it helps.

What about your personal luxuries? Some of these must go, others must be minimised. It is important to the welfare of the country that trade and industry should flourish, and it is only through our support that they can do so, but sound individual finance is the best basis for sound national finance, and it is vital that we should use discretion in the practice of economy measures.

It may not be necessary entirely to forgo your visits to the hairdresser, the manicurist, the theatre, but it is vital that you should regulate them to suit your pocket. For instance you can wash your hair at home and go to the shop for a set. Cut down your more expensive visits to, say, one a month.

If you favour a hair style that demands a lot of professional attention, change it. Adopt something simpler, easier to handle. I know it is grim, but economy just now is a grim problem.

About clothes. You will want to economise here without sacrificing too much of your appearance and your self-confidence. This can be done, too. It means very careful co-ordination and shrewd buying.

Dresses, hats and accessories should be interchangeable. Keep away from exotic and very colourful effects, because however alluring, they date. They are too forceful to last.

You will be wise to keep a much smaller wardrobe, but possibly a better one. This is no time for cheap clothes. Good grooming lengthens the life of clothes, so care for them religiously.

Think very well before you make a purchase. Ask yourself if the hat or the shoes or the dress you think of buying is really necessary and really adaptable to many occasions. The time has gone past for "special" dresses. Everything should link up, and fulfil quite a number of purposes.

In the past we have all been guilty of the complaint that our wardrobes are full of clothes and yet we have "nothing to wear." But this must be heard no more because it is sheer bad organisation and wanton waste.

Overhaul your old clothes. Cleaning, renovating and rebuilding may supplement your wardrobe very agreeably. In the old careless days gone past, you have certainly discarded clothes that can be made to do more service, and to do it handsomely. Don't throw a thing away. It may come in useful later.

Rent, taxes, insurance, school fees are items that can only be scaled in an extremity. The saving must be made in other directions. They can be made without too much discomfort if you are methodical and ruthless about luxuries.

Simplify your task by setting aside so much weekly or monthly for every item of the budget. Keep these figures before you and never in any circumstances exceed them. If you have allotted yourself ten shillings a week for clothes and five shillings for personal expenses, stick to those amounts and no cheating.

It isn't easy. It isn't even pleasant, but at least you can rest assured that you are performing a national service as well as keeping your finances out of a state of chaos.

END

Once, health had no 'war of nerves' to fight. Indeed, the human constitution is not fitted to stand the strain to which we are now subjected. The article below shows how science, in the shape of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, upholds nature in this unequal struggle.

What doctors say about *Nerves*

"Civilisation," says the doctor of to-day, "is responsible for many bodily disorders for which, in some cases, medical science finds it hard to suggest a remedy. Luckily this is not the case with one of the most typical disorders of this modern age—nervous exhaustion. Here we know definitely that sufferers lack two essential elements—organic phosphorus and protein—and that the administration of these elements *in chemical combination* is sure to put matters right again."

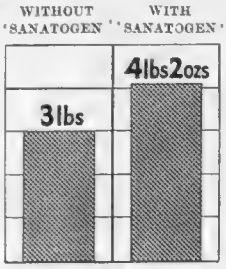
This is the whole secret of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It consists only of these two elements. It has no "filling" or "bulking" constituent. Moreover, in 'Sanatogen' alone can you find these two constituents *chemically combined.* That is why 'Sanatogen' is so readily absorbed into the system; why it so quickly revitalises exhausted nerves and builds up rich red blood; why it so surely gives you new energy, new vigour and increased resistance to illness.

Remember, too, that 'Sanatogen' is a *food,* not a mere pick-me-up. The good it does is permanent. Invalids, old people, children and even diabetics can take it easily and with great benefit.

Now you will understand why 26,721 Doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'; why a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons, during the 1914-18 war, that 'Sanatogen' is "*a national necessity for preserving good nerves*"; why you and your family should start a course to-day.

PROOF. How 'Sanatogen' builds bodies.

A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs." *A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.*



'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Woman in war-time dares not forgo the niceties of life, for the will to win of those who serve lies often in the remembrance of her loveliness. The fragrance of her presence is not the least exquisite of her charms. Created especially for daytime wear by the great parfumeur, Lenthéric, is Bouquet Lenthéric, the echo of a perfume, a light and delicate fragrance. There is a Bouquet recalling each of the glorious Lenthéric perfumes: Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, Lotus d'Or, Numéro 12, Gardenia de Tahiti, Jasmin, Carnation. Flacons (as illustrated) at 5/6, 9/6 and 16/6.

Bouquet Lenthéric
the daytime fragrance

17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

BE PREPARED

John said lunch? So while he was paying for the taxi I whipped out my Goya, dabbed on a spot of that famous perfume and sailed into the restaurant feeling the very spirit of wit and charm. Goya caters for emergencies by offering his two guinea perfumes in attractive handbag phials, so never be without your Goya. Three fragrances—romantic GARDENIA; intriguing STUDIO; haunting "NO. 5."

42/- 21/- 6/6

HANDBAG PHIALS 1/3

TRIPLE GIFTS 3/9

MADE IN ENGLAND BY

Goya

PICCADILLY, W·1

They Let Them Go . . .

(*Continued from page 31*)

the second time Gary Cooper was turned down. Later he was engaged by Paramount. All went well until talkies came bursting into the film racket, making things very unpleasant for a number of players, Gary among them. There arrived the production of a talkie called *Children of Divorce*. Clara Bow was in it; so was Gary; so, I think, was Clive Brook. When a love scene came along Gary broke up completely. Talking for a camera was something he could not tackle. He was scared stiff. So bad was his performance that after nearly three days spent on one scene the director, Frank Lloyd, had the heart-breaking task of telling Gary he was through, finished.

Gary Cooper went straight to his car. For three days he drove that car on and on, and finally back and back. He threw all his bitterness, his woe, his heartbreak in driving that car as hard and as fast as he knew how. He slept under the stars, in the desert; he told himself it was all so foolish, and that it did not matter. In the end, he swung the wheel round and headed back to Hollywood.

Starving, he marched through the swing doors of Henry's famous café on the boulevard for a sandwich. As he elbowed his way inside Frank Lloyd jumped up from a table near the door. "Where in hades have you been, Gary?" he yelled. "I've been trying to reach you for three days. The rushes of those scenes were not so bad, after all. You are to go on playing the part! Come back with me to the studio, at once!" Gary has been back ever since.

The story of Deanna Durbin shows that even the wisest judges sometimes make mistakes. A few years ago the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios out in Culver City were engaging young players for a "short" film, to be called *Every Sunday*. Among the girls in their early 'teens who came along for an audition were two good friends, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin, neither of them known to the big public at that time.

Both girls could sing; both were gay and full of fun. Arm in arm they swung along the studio streets, between the tall stages, laughing and having a swell time. Both of them were engaged to appear in *After Sunday*, with the option of remaining on at the studio if they seemed at all promising. The film was finished; but when it had been cut, assembled, viewed in private projection rooms and at sneak previews, it was Judy Garland who was invited to stick around and do some more work for the studio, while Deanna was allowed to go, minus a new contract.

Not so very long afterwards an astute producer named Joe Pasternak signed Deanna to make a film called *Three Smart Girls* at Universal City. Universal, at that time, was not exactly as prosperous as it might have been, and something outstanding was needed to put films marked "Universal" up among the big money again. Deanna Durbin turned out to be that "something outstanding," and with her first film started to gather in dollars by the sack for herself and the fortunate company holding her contract. The money she has brought Universal, wise enough to take a chance on her as an unknown quantity, runs into millions of dollars already. All of it might have flowed into the bank account of another studio had things been different.

Fred Astaire may take his work seriously, quite rightly, but there is one point linked with that work which will always hand him a big smile. It goes 'way back to the days when he was a Broadway musical comedy star, dancing and singing with his sister Adele—now Lady Charles Cavendish—in a long string of musical hits. Fred had never felt himself cut out to be a film artist. Dancing was his strong point; and in those faintly distant days cameras were not nearly as mobile as they are to-day. How, he wondered, could his dancing feet ever mean anything on the screen? And how could he hope to cut any ice in moving pictures unless he danced?

So Fred Astaire concentrated on his stage work, until the day arrived when Paramount Pictures insisted he should make a test for the screen. At their Long Island studios the test was duly made, and nothing more happened; much, I have a notion, to the secret relief of Mr. Astaire. The result of the test was noted on a card, and the card found its way to the usual card index file where all tests are listed for future reference. Not very long ago a friend of mine at Paramount's Hollywood studio came across the Astaire test card when hunting through the file for something quite different.

The wording on the card was so entertaining that he made a note of it and gave it to me for my Hollywood Notebook—at the same time wandering across to the next-door R.K.O. studios to tell Mr. Astaire what the card said about him and give him the laugh of his life. Here is the wording on the card:

"FRED ASTAIRE: thin, not good-looking. Not very good actor. *Incidentally*, he dances!" (italics and ! not on card).

Well, the brilliant actor-comedian who was so thin and not good-looking came to Hollywood eventually and gave himself another screen test by appearing in a dance sequence introduced into a Joan Crawford film called *Dancing Lady*. I was on the set when part of that sequence was being shot. The scene was a beer garden of some kind, I think. Fred wore a Bavarian hat with a shaving-brush stuck at the back, very short velvet shorts covered his legs, and a bolero-type jacket was worn over an open-necked shirt. Joan Crawford wore the corresponding kind of dress for a girl, and together, on a high platform, they did a wild and gay dance. But it did not seem to strike any one that in Mr. Fred Astaire filmland's most vivid and expressive dancer had arrived. No contract followed; and it was some time before Mr. Astaire came back to California to start his serious work on the screen at R.K.O. studios, where the long list of Astaire-Rogers films duly came to life.

Now it is 1940, and Fred is back at the very same studio where I watched him making his first appearance on the screen. Back, in a star bungalow, with a marvellous contract and his first starring film for M-G-M about to be released in the shape of *Broadway Melody of 1940*.

Universal, the studio that made Deanna Durbin world famous, lost Bette Davis a few years ago. Lost her because nobody thought she would ever amount to anything. Lost her because she was said to have no sex-appeal.

Bette Davis went to Hollywood against her own inclinations; she had set her heart on being a stage actress, and the screen made no real appeal to her. She was appearing on Broadway in a play called *Solid South*; the star was Richard Bennett, father of Constance, Barbara and Joan Bennett. During the run of that play Samuel Goldwyn's New York organisation made a test of Miss Davis, after many protests from herself. All that happened was some advice to have her teeth straightened before she attempted any screen work! But before the run of the play ended Universal Pictures had made another test, and offered Bette Davis a contract for three months.

She took it and journeyed to Hollywood with her mother. Bette was known as "The Little Brown Wren" to her fellow-workers at Universal, and although her contract was stretched out to cover twelve months she became more and more miserable, until in the end she was thankful when her year as a film actress ended and she was free to go back to New York.

Had any one shown the slightest willingness to ask for her signature on a new contract she would have signed it, joyfully; but nobody did. Her trunks were packed; tickets for New (*Continued on page 78*)

DECOLET BRASSIERE

THE NEWEST DISCOVERY OF PERMANENT FIRMNESS

IN OR OUT OF UNIFORM YOU MUST WEAR A BRASSIERE

If the delicate tissues of the breasts are destroyed by lack of support, or by wearing a brassiere which disregards the anatomical formation of the body, they can never be restored to their original perfection.

The Adlis Brassiere Company, the foremost authority on brassiere creation, realizing that all shapes cannot be fitted into one mould, have designed three distinctly varying models to suit different physiological formations.

1. The Decolet, the newest discovery of permanent firmness; positively offers new freedom in movement and comfort.

2. The Adlis with the triangular section.

3. The Threeway by Adlis—adaptable for all occasions.

During the strenuous days ahead, you will experience a sense of perfect relaxation in a brassiere made by Adlis.

Prices—2′6½, 3′6, 4′6 and 5′6.

Obtainable from all Drapery Stores.

THE ADLIS BRASSIERE CO. LTD.
ADLIS HOUSE LONDON, S.W.6

ADLIS WITH THE TRIANGULAR SECTION

3 WAY BRASSIERE

Stop that COLD with VAPEX

Mc CALL'S PAYSANDU OX-TONGUES

Famed for its excellence and quality throughout five reigns, McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue is still the choice of cultured palates everywhere. In large or small tins to suit all needs.

Perfect Coffee *instantly made!*

Nescafé is concentrated Coffee in powder form. It retains all the fragrance, flavour and stimulating qualities of finest Continental coffee. Equally good for making black or white coffee. A spoonful in a cup — hot water — with or without milk to taste — and you have a perfect cup of coffee!

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Leading Grocers. 1/3 *and* 2/- *Tins*

Copyright (9)

Summer Drinks have more POINT to them now!

Imagine adding wine—and really good wine, at that—to a fruit drink! It sounds extravagant but the truth is that fine quality wines are now quite inexpensive since Point Brand Wines arrived.

*

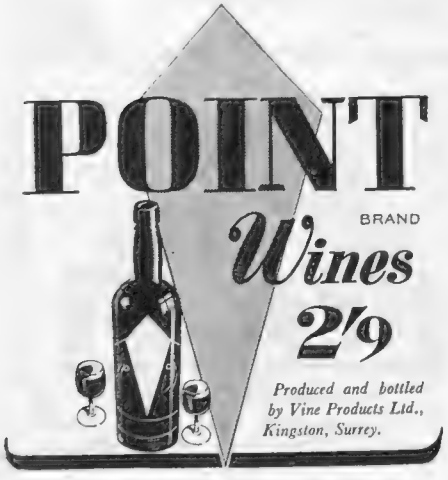
Just a spot of Point makes all the difference to a long drink: gives it kick as well as coolness; makes it lively as well as refreshing. Produced with finest imported grape juice, Point Wines are good mixers with any and every sort of fruit drink. Served with ice and a splash of soda, Point Wine cups are the season's favourite for parties and all warm weather occasions.

*

Try this, using grapes, peaches, oranges or pineapple as a fruit juice foundation. Remove peel and skin and dividing the fruit into thin sections allow it to soak thoroughly in Red Point or White Point Wine—you'll get a different and delightful character from each. Then add an equal amount of soda and serve in a large jug with ice. As an accompaniment to the drinks, or for light summer meals, make your sliced fruit, soaked in Point, into a fruit salad, chill and add more Wine to taste. Then serve in fruit salad glasses.

*

These are luxuries that cost little—thanks to the economy made possible by these British produced Point Wines. There are 3 of them—*Red Point* (rich ruby wine of Port character), *White Point* (white sweet wine of Port character) and *Amber Point* (finest British Sherry) all available from your wine merchant at 2/9d. a bottle. Each of these is a wine of real character and quality and every bottle provides enough good wine for a number of fruit cups and refreshers.



They Let Them Go . . .

York had been bought when George Arliss sent for Bette to interview him about the leading female role in *The Man Who Played God*. He had heard of her through a New York actor called Murray Kinnell who knew what a brilliant actress was hidden beneath the shy, schoolgirlish exterior of Bette Davis. She interviewed George Arliss, was given the part, and moved across from Universal to Warner Brothers' studios which almost share the same backyard. At Warners she has become one of the greatest personalities in moving pictures.

A good many years ago, as filmland rates things, the Fox studios made a film called *Handy Andy*, with dear, lovable Will Rogers as the star. In the film there was a small part—a boy in a grocer's shop—which called for a young man who was tall and good looking. A newcomer called Robert Taylor was engaged for this part. When the film was shown the studio thought so little of his personality and his ability that no effort was made to tie him up with the usual "long term contract." He was a student-player at M-G-M at the time, and his contract might easily have been switched. But he was not considered sufficiently promising. And so back he went to M-G-M, there to become a top-line star.

Tyrone Power took a long time to break his way into starring roles in Hollywood, in spite of the fact that his father was a famous actor, and his grandfather before that. "Ty" knew some very lean times when he was doing his best to crash into the big money. After occasional work as an extra, in 1932, Tyrone Power was told by his agent that he had been cast for a good part in *Tom Brown of Culver*, and that he was to leave for location inside two days. The company making the film was Universal—yes, once again, Universal; and the salary Tyrone was to get was no less than 150 dollars a week, which is about thirty pounds.

Eight weeks' work at that salary made him feel like a millionaire but once back in Hollywood he soon ceased to feel like anything at all except the proverbial flop. Not another hint of work came his way; for month after month he waited, and finally ran away, only to return to California and its studios via New York, and the footlights that shine so brightly along Broadway. Even so, he made such a sad impression in his first film for Twentieth Century-Fox (holders of his new contract) that he was told he need not show up for work again after the initial day's shooting on *Sing Baby, Sing*. Had it not been for Alice Faye, leading lady in the picture, who talked to Tyrone like the Dutch aunt of tradition, he would have left Hollywood for good. But Alice, who had taken a few knock-down blows herself, made him stay, convincing him that he had the right kind of personality to succeed, if he would be patient. It is with Twentieth Century-Fox that he has become one of to-day's biggest stars.

Once, Adolphe Menjou was told he was not wanted for a part he thought he had been promised, and on the strength of which he had ordered six new suits, for which his tailor was demanding quick payment. Mr. Menjou, then unknown in Hollywood, heard that *Foolish Wives* was to be filmed; was positive he would be right in the leading part; was told by his agent that he was all set for it; dashed out to get the six suits and so be completely equipped as to wardrobe. Two days later he was told he would *not* be right for the part and that it was to be played by Norman Kelly—which it was.

Despair seized Mr. Menjou. But things are never so bad that they might not be worse. Drinking a cup of coffee and swallowing a sandwich he heard somebody talking about the new film Charlie Chaplin was casting; a serious film, which the comedian would direct but in which he would not appear himself. The title of this work was *A Woman of Paris*. Adolphe Menjou, in his best-cut suit, took himself to the Chaplin studio and asked to see Mr. Chaplin. The

Get all the sun you can

War may upset your holidays—but it need not interfere with your sun-bathing. On the seashore or at home, make the most of the sun this year. Always use Rayfilta to bring you rapid, healthy suntan without danger.

A NON-GREASY JELLY!

Rayfilta is a non-greasy jelly containing an expensive ingredient which cuts out all the burning, blistering part of sunlight. It lets through only the healthy bronzing rays, and is invisible immediately it's applied to the skin. Spread evenly and thinly, and don't rub in.

GIVES YOU "BROWN-SATIN" SKIN

In the shortest possible time Rayfilta *gives you a skin like brown satin*. Won't spoil clothes, swim-suits or hair. Wonderful powder foundation. Harmless for young and old—splendid for the kiddies.

RAYFILTA FOR SAFE SUN TAN
non-greasy Sun-tan Jelly
Tubes 1/3 and 2/6 (Family size)

I took NURSE DREW'S ADVICE *why don't YOU?"*

Her free booklet contains helpful advice and a reassuring message dealing with those intimate problems of vital importance to every woman. It explains how easily and effectively Rendells Products provide that complete protection which inspires a happy self-assured personality. For over 50 years the name Rendell has set a standard of efficacy well-known and approved by the Medical Profession. Ask your chemist for a free copy to-day, or if you wish write direct to

NURSE DREW, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

RENDELLS
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
PRODUCTS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

end of this story is that he played the lead in *A Woman of Paris* and it was that part which brought him fame on the screen. When he thinks back and tells this tale of his earlier days, Adolphe Menjou always adds: "If I'd played the other part I might never have risen above fifty dollars a week. The switch-over made all the difference to my career; but what my tailor said about it at the time I hate to recall!"

There was a time when a girl called Jean Arthur played ingenue leads for Paramount when talkies had not quite settled into their stride. She was a medium-blonde; she was considered too plump; she was asked to diet. Which she did, so strenuously that she fainted on the set under my eyes one hot afternoon from sheer exhaustion while making one of those Dr. Fu Manchu pictures. When the time came for her contract option to be taken up nothing in the "taking-up" line occurred. So Jean Arthur vanished, nobody raising a finger to stop her.

Quietly, with no sort of song or dance, she left the haunts that had known her so well. People, months afterwards, began to say: "Whatever happened to that girl Jean Arthur? Clever little actress—haven't heard of her for months!" What had happened was that Jean had removed herself to New York, there to learn how to be a *real* actress. She came back to Hollywood, having turned herself into a Broadway star meantime; and made a thundering hit for Columbia in a film with Edward G. Robinson. She has worked for Paramount many times since her return, but instead of being just a little ingenue she has emerged as one of the big personalities of talking films.

Robert Montgomery was invited to visit Hollywood to appear with Vilma Banky in a silent film called *This is Heaven*. Samuel Goldwyn sent for Mr. Montgomery when the Ronald Colman–Vilma Banky partnership seemed to have run as far as it was wise for any such partnership to run. But because he did not feel he would ever cut any ice in a silent film Robert Montgomery did *not* become one of Samuel Goldwyn's high-salaried stars. Not so very long after, however, M-G-M put him under contract and he played in *So This is College*, followed by a long, long line of other films, many of them first-class. Those films made Bob Montgomery the big star he is now, and as a side note I would like to put on record that in his first M-G-M film he sang! The number was called "Go Home and Tell Your Mother," and strode straight into the best-seller class.

Ray Milland went to Hollywood and back three times before he made the grade. Charles Chaplin told Richard Ernest Brimmer, a good many years ago, that he would never make an actor. But Mr. Brimmer changed his name to Richard Dix and proceeded to become one of the best and richest actors who has ever faced a camera. Mae West was snubbed, hard, by three studios before she won her contract with Paramount and cleaned up a fortune for herself and the studio. W. C. Fields starred in silents for Paramount, but his contract was allowed to lapse. With talkies back he came to the studio.

A young cartoonist, Walt Disney by name, put his heart and his entire capital into a film cartoon in which he and his loyal associates believed. To sell it he took the film to New York himself. But exhibitors did not see eye to eye with him and refused to handle the film—thus losing a fortune that has since found its way into the Walt Disney Corporation. For Walt knew he would win, one day, and went on until at last the corner was turned. I often wonder what the people who let him slip through their fingers must feel when they watch a Disney film to-day.

This is the way it goes. One studio's mistake proves another studio's gold mine. While actors walk around in a daze, not knowing whether to believe they are as rotten as some people say, or if there might be a dim chance for them somewhere in the distant future.

END

"Heavens, what miles...!"

"My dear, I should have called it a nice short walk before lunch!... But *I* was just like you before I took to wearing Norvic shoes. Now I'm never tired. It's the famous principle of Braced Foot Fit which gives a snug corseted lift round and under the instep. Such comfort and smartness. Such a saving, too, on the yearly shoe bill! You'll never regret that you changed to Norvic."

NORVIC 2044. *In Black Suede. Also obtainable in Blue or Brown.* **21/9**

Stamped on the Sole

NORVIC 9601. *Walking Shoe in Rust Willow Calf and Suede with Crepe sole and heel. Also in Blue* - **25/9**

NORVIC

PLEASE SEND ME, FREE, YOUR CHARMING COLOUR BOOKLET OF STYLES

Name

Address

(Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope affixed with 1d stamp to the Norvic Shoe Co. Ltd., Norwich)

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., NORWICH • MEN'S NORVIC SHOES ARE MADE AT NORTHAMPTON

This beautiful mermaid never goes off the deep-end about her lipstick — because her lipstick never comes off in the water! It's TANGEE . . and TANGEE it stays . . thanks to its special waterproof cream base. Try Tangee 'Natural' yourself — see its magic powers of ★'colour selection' bring to life the natural beauty of your lips.

★ **MAKE THIS TEST.** *See TANGEE 'Colour Selection' actually at work: Rub a TANGEE LIPSTICK lightly on the back of your hand and on the backs of the hands of two or three of your friends. See how the pale orange of the TANGEE Lipstick changes to a different glamorous shade for each person, according to her type.*

Use TANGEE 'Theatrical' when a more vivid colour is required.

Lipstick - - - - - 1/9 & 4/6
Rouge compact to match 1/9 & 3/6
Face Powder—6 flattering shades - - - 2/6 & 4/6
6d. trial sizes obtainable everywhere.

TANGEE LIPSTICK
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Luft-Tangee (London) Ltd., 31-33, Banner St., London, E.C.1

One Room and a Bath

(*Continued from page* 32)

bed settee is the obvious thing for sleeping on. Box spring divans with storage space below for extra blankets and linen are obtainable at very little extra cost and are well worth the investment.

If the head of the divan cannot be set against a wall (and the equable balance of the scheme seldom permits this) it is essential to have some device at the head which will prevent pillows sliding to the floor at night. A headboard, simply devised to slip into sockets, can be removed during the day, but even better than this is the two-purpose device like the one illustrated on page 33, which gives the divan a setting, acts as a headboard and as bookshelves too.

Three-ply, stained or varnished, does well enough for this purpose, and the fixture as a whole can be very inexpensive.

One of the essential features of a home such as this is that it should be, in a sense, mobile. Circumstances may require that you remove unexpectedly, even hurriedly. You will, if you are wise, have negotiated for a short lease, but your peace of mind will be even more assured if you can move your home with very little trouble and expense.

Fitted carpets, splendid as they are, are not advisable. They cost too much and are too complicated to relay. Heavy furniture of all kinds should be eliminated. A divan, one large easy chair and another smaller one. A folding dining-table, some small chairs and a good chest of drawers are the main items of furniture for such a one-room flat.

Keep colour schemes simple and bright. A plain background will give more spaciousness to the room, and bright fabrics can supply all the colour stimulus required.

Dyed hessian is a good standby for loose covers. It wears well, looks substantial and can be had in very attractive colours. Prices fluctuate rapidly in these times but the most recent price of this fabric was 3s. 6d. a yard, and it is double width.

In a drawing on page 32 you will see a useful fitment for the small hall of the flat. It is shallow but quite adequate for the accommodation of china, glass and other odds and ends that are difficult to find room for in such small quarters. You will notice that the doors are made to slide. This is a good thing for all cupboard doors in a small flat. At least have them fitted wherever it is practicable.

END

Wings over the Navy

(*Continued from page* 34)

Once contact has been made between convoy and seaplane the patrol really begins. The icy Atlantic wind shrieks; beneath them giant waves toss in a frenzy as they hurl themselves headlong at the destroyers; on the flying boat two pilots are watching the dark waves, eager for a glimpse of an enemy conning tower. Sharp eyes are needed to spot a submerged U-boat, and it may be a matter of seconds between the glimpse of a periscope and the firing of a deadly torpedo.

The huge flying boat continues its lonely vigil. Hour after hour, muffled to the ears, the crew of ten strive to keep awake. The black dots on the chart warn them that U-boats are to be expected in that area. Pipes clenched between their teeth—for smoking is allowed on these long patrols—the captain and his officer grip the dual controls with cold-stiffened fingers. A few of the men are snatching a little sleep after being on duty for eight or nine hours at a stretch. Quarters are cosy, and it is hard to believe that one is not on a liner cruising quietly towards the warmth of a southern isle. In the beautifully fitted galley, cook is preparing hot food. Cheery-faced men, some little more than boys, sit in the wardroom waiting for "chow." They laugh and joke as if they were in a saloon bar instead of on a flying ship hundreds of miles from land.

CLEANS BEST
LASTS LONGEST

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-
Prices U.K. only

NO MESS
NO WASTE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. GD204C

To be sure

Kia-Ora refreshes; it is made from sun-steeped fruit, hand-picked at full rich maturity, crushed on the spot. To be sure—say "KIA-ORA".

The keen eyes of a pilot have spotted what looks like a feather boa fluttering on the sea far below. It is the jet of spray thrown back as the periscope darts through the water towards the head of the convoy.

ACTION! A hooter is sounded and the 112 feet of wing span swoops over the sea. The machine-gunner is in the nose of the ship ready to spray death; in the tail stand two men in the new revolving gun turret which simply bristles with quick-firing guns. In a few seconds the dark waves are hissing and spluttering as the bullets shower upon the U-boat. The Nazi commander, white-faced and tense, orders a crash dive for safety. The hatch of the conning tower is closing. Men fall as the decks are raked by that deadly fire from overhead. Diving and ducking, the plane swoops once more, its four 1,000-h.p. engines roaring a mighty challenge that spells disaster for the craft a few hundred feet below. A ton of bombs are awaiting the touch of a lever; but no chances must be taken, for in a few precious seconds the enemy may be under water and scurrying for safety.

The wings bank steeply and the terrible salvo is released, rocking the U-boat like a baby's crib in the hand of a giant. In a moment it is all over. To quote one of our officers, the "U-boat is in his death-throes like a harpooned whale, keel uppermost and floundering."

The silence after the attack is terrifyingly sinister. The dark clouds seem to bunch over the grave of yet another Nazi pirate. But the flying sailors do not relax. A patch of oil and scum spreads over the sea, dotted here and there with a seaman's cap or life-belt. Still the attack continues. Our men know that cunning U-boat crews often release a little oil and thrust a cap or two through the torpedo tubes to deceive the attacker. Today, with so many of our flying boats equipped to carry torpedoes in addition to their normal heavy armament, the U-boats have but a slim chance of escaping, once they are "on the spot."

Flushed with triumph, the crew reach for cigarettes or pipes. Somehow, I always think, a drink or a smoke tastes grand in mid-air. But the look-out men stay at their posts. Anything can happen in mid-Atlantic. For half an hour they fly on, each man glowing with a grand sense of duty done. Across the mind's eye filter visions of fun ashore when you get a few precious hours of leave.

But another little job has suddenly appeared in the agenda. The captain's powerful binoculars have picked up a merchant ship that bears a neutral flag. Not feeling quite happy about her he sends a code query to the base, giving her name and position. The news is flashed to the Admiralty and the Contraband Control committee which sits in London at all hours of the day and night. If there is any reason to suspect illegal blockade running contact is quickly established with destroyers in the neighbourhood, and the ship thoroughly searched.

Yes, anything can happen on these vast patrols! Early one February morning the R.A.F. Coastal Command was warned to look out for a 20,000-ton vessel that was slinking along the coast of Norway. Three planes took off. Mile after mile they covered in the glorious early spring sunshine. At last a smudge of smoke hung over the horizon. False alarm! The observer on one of the planes was about to turn away when he glimpsed another funnel sprouting from a grey ship. His heart skipped a beat. Out came glasses—the machine dived, hesitated in mid-air, then swept the decks. The leader of the formation whooped with glee like a schoolboy. The letters on the grey stern spelled the magic word "ALTMARK" . . . .

Not long afterwards, one of our seaplanes was patrolling the skies over the North Sea when the look-out spotted something that made his blood boil. A Nazi U-boat had torpedoed a tiny British ship, the *Sea Venture*, and was indulging in a little quiet fun by firing on the men (*Continued on page* 82)

the New Freedom Wave

If your hair needs a new hair-do, and if it needs it now, then Jamal Machineless will give it to you quicker, better and more comfortably.

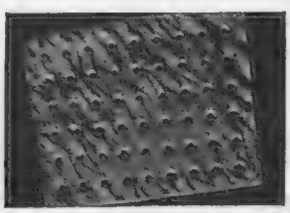
No longer need you sit, wilting though willing, strung up to a machine which bakes waves into your hair. Jamal leaves you free, cool and comfortable. This modern permanent wave is painless and perfect. Featherlight vapets coax soft, lustrous waves and perfectly rounded, stay-put curls into your hair.

More gratifying, your hair receives a revitalising oil treatment during the wave. Professional hairdressers are most enthusiastic about Jamal's ability to give a better wave without any drying of the hair.

★ *Would you like to test Jamal's freedom and beauty of result on your own hair to-day? Call on any Jamal Specialist and ask for a free Test Curl. He will give it to you gladly.*

Jamal

THE SUPERLATIVE
MACHINELESS PERMANENT



This is the featherlight Jamal vapet which has outmoded the cumbersome old-fashioned electrical machine.

Here, all the vapets are in position, and in a very few minutes the wave will be complete. Cool, light and comfortable.

If you want to, you can leave the chair or the salon at any moment during a Jamal machineless wave. That's real freedom for you.

YOU CAN'T BE KIND TO YOUR SKIN ALL THE TIME

—but WRIGHT'S can!

• Cleansing, refreshing and fragrant, Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps skin smooth and white: protected from blemishes and infection.

ALWAYS USE

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

THE SAFE SOAP

AVOID IMITATIONS

who were scrambling into her only boat. At full throttle the flying boat dived. The U-boat commander took one quick look at the mighty wings hurtling from the skies and submerged like a dropped stone. The sailors who had given up all hope set up a cheer as the graceful plane swung down and settled her vast bulk on the water. For a few seconds she skated smoothly on the surface, her nose a few yards from the stricken vessel.

"Are you O.K.?" yelled the pilot.

Back came the cry, "All well, and thanks a million."

A message was wirelessed to the shore and a lifeboat crew was soon on its way. The men were picked up and rowed to safety, escorted by the seaplane. The U-boat had evidently decided to call it a day!

Our flying boats are of various types, but all are capable of high speeds, are easily manœuvrable and possessed of heavy armament. For general patrol work we use the "Saro-Lerwick" with two 1,300 h.p.-engines and a crew of half a dozen. The "Sunderland" four-engined seaplane has a wide spread of wing and combines all-weather qualities with comfort and a maximum speed of 210 m.p.h. The "Skua" is an all-metal dive-bombing monoplane, with an ingenious wing-folding device. It weighs four tons, has a quick take-off, and is designed for land or ship-board operation. It has a speed of 225 m.p.h. We also use the Fairey "Swordfish" for bombing and torpedo carrying.

Submarines and large battleships often find it extremely useful to carry a seaplane or two in case of attack by enemy aircraft. In the great Battle of the River Plate the *Ajax* shot one of her seaplanes into the air to carry out preliminary reconnaissance work. The "catapult" is the method employed to launch a plane from the deck of a warship moving at high speed. The most up-to-date methods are, of course, secret, but the general principle is simple. The seaplane is either placed on a carriage and run off the deck from rails or towed for several yards by a powerful engine which pulls up so suddenly that the plane is given terrific impetus as it takes off. I am convinced that the catapulting method may in time revolutionise the whole principle of take-off, even on land. According to Professor A. M. Low, who commanded the R.A.F. Experimental Works during the war 1914-18, catapulting stations on land would do much to minimise the damage to bases caused by enemy bombers. Thus, however severe the damage to runways, our planes would not be put out of action if we had efficient accelerating apparatus.

Despite the sad losses of the *Courageous* and the *Glorious*, we still have five large aircraft carriers afloat, and five more are being built. Germany, on the other hand, has only one carrier with accommodation for forty aircraft. It would, of course, be foolish to underrate the striking power of her high-speed and heavily armed "Dornier" seaplanes. These seaplanes have a range of two thousand miles, and have already proved their value to the Nazis as bombers, mine layers and troop transports. But they have failed to live up to the claims made for them by Goering. Time and again these huge vultures have been sent screaming for the "ceiling" by terrific anti-aircraft fire from our battleships. To nail them to the ground our bomber squadrons have made repeated attacks upon seaplane bases in Norway, Germany and Holland.

Our aircraft carriers are the cradles of the Fleet Air Arm. Let me introduce you to the famous *Ark Royal*. Built at a cost of £3,200,000 her two steel decks have hangars for sixty planes with wings folded. With a flight deck of eight hundred feet by one hundred she is the world's largest floating aerodrome. Her aircraft are launched by catapults.

Her landing arrangements are a miracle of clockwork precision. I am told that during one bitterly cold afternoon twenty-seven machines were smoothly landed on her mighty flight deck. It is something of an education in efficiency to watch her giant

crane picking a Fairey "Swordfish" from the sea and deposit her gently aboard like a babe in arms. She is then rolled over to the lift where she folds her wings demurely before being lowered.

When the crane cannot be used, signals are rapidly exchanged between plane and carrier. The pilot has to land; the carrier cannot stop for him. The sea is angry and bursting with gale force against the sides of the mother ship. The pilot who may be travelling at something like 100 m.p.h., sees a tiny patch of deck reserved for him. If he overshoots his mark the plane may go over the side to be smashed like a peanut under a juggernaut. He keeps his hands firmly on the controls, his eyes never leaving the deck which heaves and writhes like a cake walk. Down, down the plane dives, and the pilot feels the perspiration bursting over his forehead. It's not nerves but the heat from the funnels. A hook is dangling from the plane. There is a jolt as it catches the arresting wires on the flight deck. Down she comes, with yards to spare.

Miracles like that happen day and night on an aircraft carrier. At night an ingenious lighting system throws a powerful glare along the deck, and steel runways to assist night landings and take-offs.

Grit, patience and teak-like endurance are not the only qualities that go to the making of these flying sailors. They have to take a long and exhaustive course dealing with navigation—nautical and aerial—map reading, astronomy and meteorology. As you can guess, this new branch of the Silent Service attracts thousands of young men who want action and the promise of thrills; but only a very small proportion come up to the high standard required. To qualify a man must be physically A 1, according to R.A.F. tests, and the owner of first-class intelligence. These stringent requirements are not altogether surprising when you consider the highly skilled work that is part of the ordinary routine. Each job demands peak accuracy—the slightest fault may endanger the craft and the lives of all aboard, apart from letting down the ships that look to the Air Arm for protection. Accurate gunnery, skilled navigation and watermanship up to Royal Navy standards are what we require of the crews whose machines patrol the vital sea routes.

A certain squadron of the Coastal Command has the grim motto, "I seek my prey in the waters." The phrase sums up the aims and fighting spirit of our sailors of the skies. They have already proved true to the highest traditions of both the Navy and the Royal Air Force.

"We may be hybrid, but we're not mongrels," an officer reminded me. I think few will deny that or question the wisdom of those far-sighted realists who clamoured for more seaplanes despite Hitler's repeated assurance that he had no more territorial aspirations in Europe!

Already, in these few short months, the Nazis have discovered that the Fleet Air Arm has a well-developed bicep.

END

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the Readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is: (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

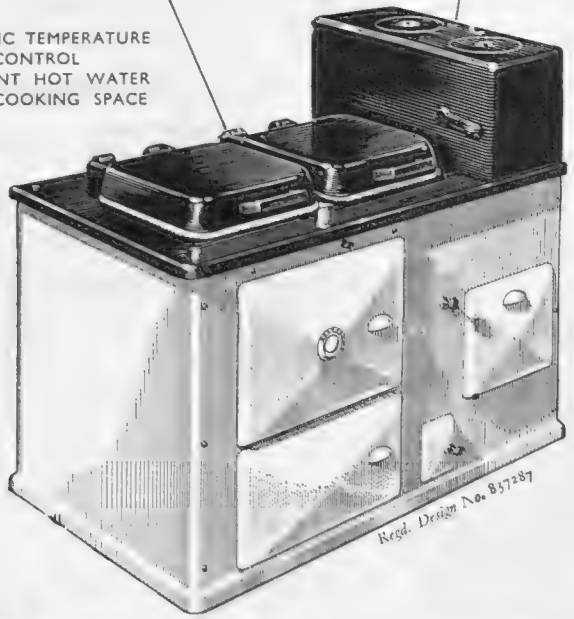
In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

How the "AB" Cooker saves!

AUTOMATIC FUEL FEED

Of course the automatic fuel feed is but one of the many practical advantages of this amazing new cooker. In other important respects it meets today's demand for economy as no other cooker can! For instance, it combines *in one unit* perfect cooking with a constant hot water service in kitchen and bathroom on approximately only three tons of fuel a year—representing a considerable saving in every pound spent previously. Its balanced oven heat and scientific temperature control ensure the maximum retention of food values with the minimum of shrinkage (you get several more portions from every joint cooked in an "AB"). Get to know more about the "AB" Cooker. You'll find it is the soundest household investment you could possibly make—and much *lower priced* than you'd ever believe possible.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL
CONSTANT HOT WATER
AMPLE COOKING SPACE



The "AB" Cooker

Write today for a free copy of illustrated Brochure to
FEDERATED SALES LIMITED
(Dept. B.E.7)
80 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 5054/5.

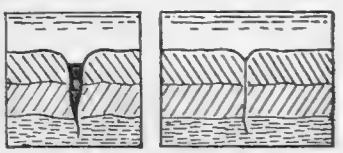
COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING

(Controlled by Federated Foundries Limited)

Beauty is skin deep —really SKIN-DEEP!

DO you know that you breathe through your skin as well as through your nose? So your skin must be *really* clean — not just surface cleansed — but deep down pore cleansed if it's to breathe properly. That's where Anne French Cleansing Milk can help you. Just try this test for yourself. Pour a little Anne French Cleansing Milk on to a piece of cotton wool and wipe it over your face. You'll be amazed at the dirt that comes away on the pad even though you may have just washed your face. You see, ordinary soap and water cannot reach down to the bottom of every tiny pore, but Anne French Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it gets your skin *really* clean; searches out and brings to the surface all the minute particles of dirt and dust which clog the pores and cause so many skin blemishes. Every day you use Anne French Cleansing Milk you'll find your skin becoming finer textured and more radiantly clear.

YOUR DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU that the secret of skin beauty is *thorough* cleansing and that unless your skin is *really* clean — deep down pore cleansed — you'll never get that smooth, fine-textured look that's the secret of a good complexion.



An enlarged pore impregnated with dirt and dust. *The same pore after using Anne French Cleansing Milk.*

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

For a trial sample send 6d. *in stamps or P.O. to Anne French (Dept.BE16) 2/5 Old Bond St., London, W.1.* 3/6 & 1/6

KEMPLAS
the Brassière with the made-to-measure fit

To have a Brassière that fits without alteration *exactly* to your size and allows for variation in measurement after purchase is something you can now have with the new exclusive adjustable device which provides three fittings to every size. By a simple arrangement a 34-in. Kemplas, for example, fits immediately a 33-in., 34-in. or 35-in. figure.

Kemplas has the additional feature of Pivotal Control which ensures perfect bust and diaphragm control.

Illustrated Model No. 271A. Sizes 34" to 50", 15/6. Also obtainable in various materials from 12/6 to 27/11.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

KEMPLAS Brassières

KEMPAT LTD.
ALBANY HOUSE, EUSTON RD., LONDON, N.W.1

Panton

Yellow with Blue Stripes

(*Continued from page* 48)

Cast off 20 sts., work 42 sts. Work on these last 42 sts. and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 32 sts. Work about 4 rows to make straight edge of work 4½ ins. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With yellow wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 2 ins. Change to the stripes and work straight for 3 ins. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every yellow row until there are 22 sts. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 75 sts. with No. 9 needles and yellow. Work the stripes, 1 yellow and 1 blue. Now, with yellow wool, * k. 1, k. twice into next st.; rep. from *. Finish the yellow bar on these extra sts. and cast off.

WAISTBANDS (both alike)

With No. 10 needles and yellow, cast on 92 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 4 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew yoke down on to front and back, making edges at back just meet. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar, putting cast-off edge to neck. Sew on waistbands.

END

Light Waistcoat—Dark Shirt

(*Continued from page* 48)

same to next 7 sts. and rep. all along.

NECKBAND

Cast on 6 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 2 rows. **Next row.**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., wl.fwd., k. 1, p. 1. Work rib for 12½ ins. Work a buttonhole as before. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE STRIP

Cast on 8 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 rows. * Work a buttonhole as in above neckband. Work 1 in. Rep. from * until strip is long enough to sew to front opening. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

COLLAR

With No. 11 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew up darts on sleeve. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband, allowing buttonholes to come to extreme edge. Sew buttonhole strip to right edge below neckband, overlapping edge of band so that opening comes to centre of band underneath. Sew on collar and buttons.

WAISTCOAT—THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 110 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and the following patt.:—

1st row.—Right side of work. (Work into the backs of all the k. sts. and into the fronts of the p. sts. as usual.) * K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 2; rep. from * to end, ending k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, p. 2; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. These 2 rows are repeated throughout.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 140 sts. Work a few rows if needed to make side seam 10 ins. including rib. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until

HORMONE CREAM
FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream is absolutely harmless. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

Per Jar 21'- and 12'6
From all leading Stores and Chemists

LEICHNER HORMONE CREAM

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

AN ALL BRITISH PRODUCT

Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

Please mention "Britannia & Eve" our advertisers would like to know you!

there are 88 sts. Work on in this width until there are 9 ins. round curve of armhole. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 56 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib (not into backs of k. sts.) for 1 in. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 61 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and the patt., and m. 1 st. at beg. of 5th patt. row and every 4th row after at this edge until there are 76 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge, then k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 16 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on as for left and work a buttonhole on 3rd row as follows : Work 3 sts., cast off 2, work to end of row. **Next row.**—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 2 sts., turn, work to end. Continue to work buttonholes every 1½ ins. all up, making shapings at opposite edges. Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 140 sts. along each armhole, with No. 11 needles. Work rib for 1 in. Pick up 64 sts., along straight sides of neck, and work rib and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row for 1 in. Cast off. Pick up 28 sts. along sloping sides of neck and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row, working 1 in. rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams. Sew on buttons. Sew press stud to rib above buttons.

END

Lavender and a New and Lacy Design

(*Continued from page* 49)

k. 3, cast off 3, k. 2. **Next row.**—K. 2, cast on 3, k. 3. Make further buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Continue until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

FRONT STRAP

With No. 13 needles cast on 14 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 5 sts., cast off 4, rib 5. **Next row.**—Rib 5 sts., cast on 4, rib 5. Make further buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Work until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off.

FRILLS

With No. 8 needles cast on 6 sts. **1st row.**—Sl. 1, (m. 1, k. 2 tog. twice), k. 1. **2nd row.**—As 1st. **3rd row.**—Sl. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., turn. **4th row.**—Sl. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1. Rep. these rows for patt. Work 2 strips with the shorter edge measuring 10½ ins. for cuffs. Cast off. Work 2 strips with the shorter edge measuring 16 ins. for front strap. Cast off. Work 1 strip with the shorter edge measuring 26 ins. for collar. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew frills to edges of collar, cuffs and front strip. Sew on front strips. Stitch buttonholes of front strap to buttonholes of front strip. Sew on collar. Turn hem at lower edge, sew, and run in elastic. Sew on buttons.

Let "Ranee" read your Handwriting

See Advertisement on page 82

"Yes, do please write me personally about TAMPAX"

It's my job to answer questions and there are very few I haven't had to deal with at one time and another during the past three years . . . personal questions mostly that only practical experience and professional training can cope with properly.

You see Tampax is by way of being a revolution. It has made the old clumsy, chafing, 'safety-pin' process of personal hygiene as out-of-date as . . . well, as tight lacing and bathing skirts. You can carry Tampax in a corner of your handbag; use it easily, wear it with complete assurance, comfort and daintiness ; dispose of it without trouble. It has made life just as simple as that for us all.

Yes, but its very simplicity makes it unfamiliar. You want to be *sure* about anything as new as that . . . sure there's nothing to worry about . . . sure it's all right for you : specially sure if there are any personal difficulties not covered by the general instructions.

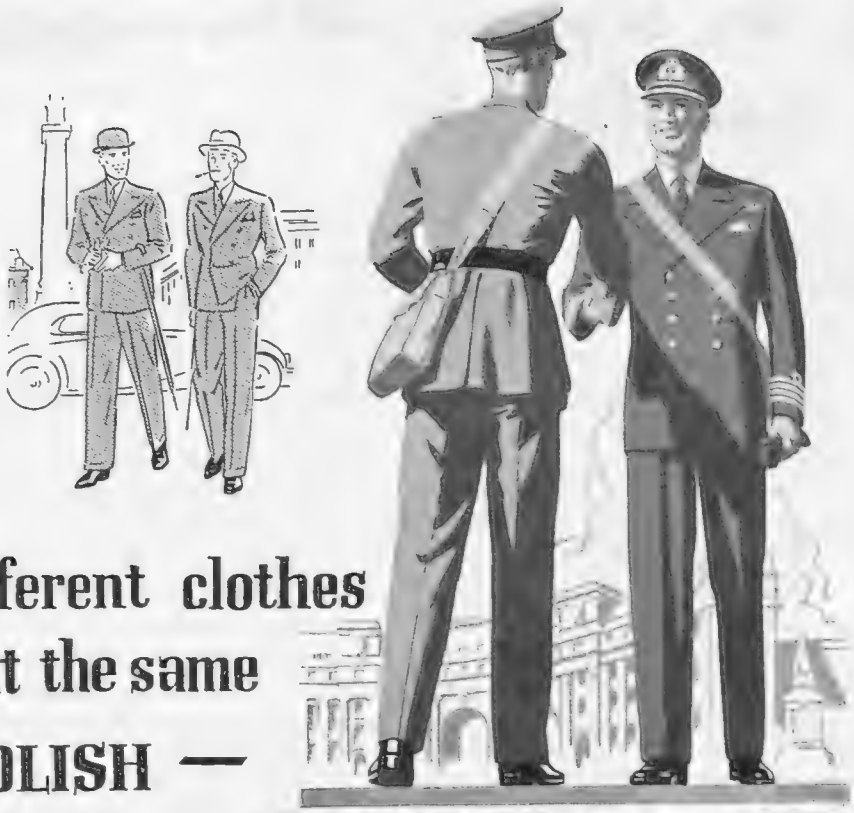
You *do* and it's very right that you should. But just one thing I want to tell you here. Tampax isn't a new principle : it's simply a new application of an old and well tried one. The absorbent tampon is recognised surgical practice. And Tampax is just a special form of the surgical tampon.

But if you're uncertain or in difficulty about any question of personal application please write me. You can talk to me as frankly and as fully as you wish. I'm the only one who will see your letter and your reply will come from me.

Nurse Jones

FREE — *A generous sample will be sent in plain wrapper if you enclose 1½d. in stamps with your name and address. At the same time you will receive a sample of Propax brand tablets which are confidently recommended for periodic pains. This offer does not apply in Eire. Write to* NURSE JONES, S.R.N., S.C.M., *Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Middx.*

TAMPAX IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS, DEPARTMENTAL STORES & DRAPERS. PRICES 1/6, 1/- & 6d.



different clothes but the same POLISH —

In Black, Dark Brown, etc.

NUGGET BOOT POLISH

Burlington Lane, London, W.4.

THE POLISH of SUPREME QUALITY

N/DP/3

Treat 'Em Rough

(*Continued from page* 40)

supple. Work the cream left over on your hands well in, by rubbing the backs together. Then knead well into the knuckles and round the cuticles.

Pull and twist the fingers vigorously. Don't wash them when you have finished, wipe off surplus grease on an old towel. Olive oil, too, is grand for the hands: it cleanses as well as feeds tissues which get dried through constant washing.

TORSO

Not only to make it silken smooth, but to assist it in throwing off acid accumulations and impurities, the skin of the body should be given a proper trouncing every day of your life. If you want to keep your body fine skinned, taut and youthful, use only rough towels, body brushes, tape or hair gloves, cold water after hot, and stinging frictions.

A salt rub can take the place of expensive frictions. Damp your loofah or bath gloves, apply the salt to them, and rub in all over the body. Rough hair mitts and salt give an electrifying effect. Rinse off in cold water and dry with a rough towel.

Use one or other of the aforementioned types of body mitt every day for washing. For your back, harbourer of blackheads and grease, use a long loofah with tape loops or, better still, a long-handled stiff-bristled back brush.

Finish your bath, whenever possible, with a friction. Eau de Cologne, suitable for the job, is still obtainable and cheap. Apply it with a sprinkler-top bottle and pat in with the hands.

FEET

Callouses and blisters won't come your way if you harden your feet by treating 'em rough. Scrub feet and ankles every day with a nail brush. Take pains not to leave soap between the toes and always dry between the toes with extra special care.

Once a week, massage with methylated spirit—again paying special attention to toes and heels. And every now and then, soak the feet in warm water, to which you have added a teacupful of vinegar or iodized salt, rubbing down any hard skin or threatening callouse with pumice.

After drying, apply cold cream or olive oil with a nail brush. Remove surplus cream or oil with a rough towel.

LYNNE JOYCE.

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of "Britannia and Eve," each month.

A recent decision by newspaper and magazine proprietors throughout the country is now in force, owing to which no periodicals can now be offered for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each month.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS :

Readers are free to post this magazine to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsagent with a permit may post :

Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 38)

wherewith to follow in the wake of the retiring Saracens. Accompanied by 6,000 horsemen, Paul reached the rear-guard commanded by Abu Obeidah and engaged him in furious battle. Peter, with 10,000 foot soldiers, swooped on the baggage train and women, surrounded them and took them back to Damascus.

The great straggling host of women, children and servants comprised every type of Saracen. They had with them an immense amount of valuable property and equipment, mostly looted from Christians in previous battles. Marshalling the unwieldy procession under strong escort, Peter travelled with it for some distance, and then called a halt in order to pitch his camp. As yet he had received no news of his brother's encounter with the enemy's rear-guard. Whilst awaiting this, he made a detailed inventory of all the women he had captured. The best-looking ones were lined up for display, before the share-out. Peter himself was much attracted by the statuesque appearance of one of these captives. Bidding her step forward, he asked her name and found to his surprise that she was Caulah, the sister of the redoubtable Derar. With beauty of a high order, she combined nobility of birth. Peter was entitled to several women as his share, but he declined to select any other but Caulah. The rest were allotted to the officers according to their rank and achievements. After the share-out, all retired to their respective camps.

Caulah proved to be a worthy sister of Derar, scarcely less brave and daring than her brother. She had no intention of becoming the mere concubine of an infidel, nor would she allow her companions in distress to resign themselves to such a fate. Taking advantage of their last few moments together before they were divided up, she called them round her and spoke these inspiring words: "What? Will you suffer yourselves to be abused by barbarians and become slaves to idolaters? Where is your courage? For my part, I will die sooner than let them lay hand on me!"

One of the older women ventured the objection that their resignation was not the result of cowardice but of hard necessity, as they were unarmed and defenceless. Caulah replied that they should arm themselves with anything they could lay hands on. "Cannot we take each of us a tent pole and stand upon our guard? If by this means we are not able to deliver ourselves, who knows but that God may not come to our aid? If all fails, let us kill ourselves; thus we shall be for ever at rest, and have preserved the honour of our race."

This proposal was adopted unanimously, and Caulah elected leader. The women then armed themselves with any implements they could find, such as tools, sticks, cooking utensils. They discarded their veils and voluminous draperies, and rallied round their fierce-eyed captain. Caulah placed in a group all those who would be useless in a fight, and formed the others in a ring around them, closing all gaps. They had amongst them a number of Hamyarites. These women belonged to an Arab tribe supposed to be descended from the ancient Amalekites. For generations they had been trained to ride horses, handle weapons and even take part in actual combat. They were of inestimable value in such an emergency.

Caulah said to them: "Strike their spears with your staves. Break their swords and their skulls. *Like this!*" So saying, she stepped forward, bringing herself within reach of a Christian sentinel, who was standing lost in amazement, struck a strong blow at his head, and watched him fall, never to rise any more. This was sufficient for the other sentries to raise the alarm and attract the attention of soldiers in the surrounding encampment. Peter was one of the first to arrive. The fierce and threatening aspect of the women made him halt, aghast. Then he addressed Caulah: "What is the meaning of this, my dear?" *(Continued on page 88)*

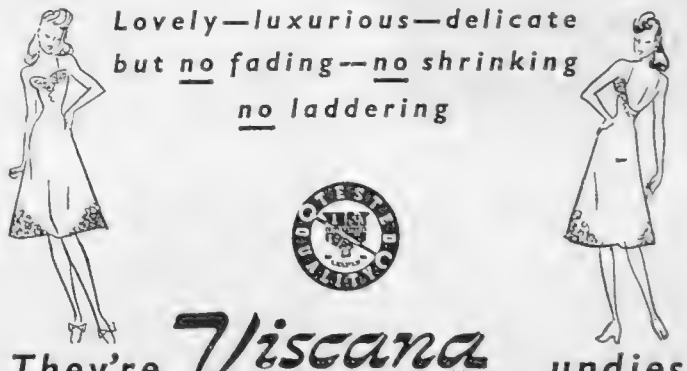
NEWS—if there ever was! Now it will be easy to possess two or three, or even four or more, of Tattoo's nine lovely fashion-matching shades. One for your 'type' and one for every frock you fancy!

A new size Tattoo lipstick has arrived. For 2/6! Tattoo—the *different*, put-it-on-wipe-it-off-colour-stays, wonder lipstick! Yes, Tattoo is *now* to be bought in a half-crown, as well as 4/6 size. Oh, boy! Oh girls!

Tattoo . . stains your lips to a South-Seas seductive, glamorous, glorious, too-divinely-dangerous redness . . . instead of making them look 'coated.' Tattoo, the *different* lipstick.

NINE SHADES:
Fire Red Rose Dawn Orchid
Black Magic Coral Exotic
Natural Pastel Hawaiian

Tat'oo Ltd.



Guaranteed by Courtaulds
Obtainable at all good stores and drapers
THE ISLET, MAIDENHEAD COURT, MAIDENHEAD, BERKSHIRE

Your Child's Health is at Stake

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child there can be no two ways. Nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with 'cheap,' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach "upsets" she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Always remember that there is nothing "just as good" as 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 *(Treble Size)*
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

Old Tales Re-told

The affectionate inquiry was answered as follows: "Woe to you and all your people, Christian dog! The meaning is that we intend to preserve our honour even though we have to beat out your brains with these staves."

Peter laughed at her with an air of affectionate condescension, as though he were dealing with a naughty child; then he ordered his men to surround the women, not to harm them, but to remove them. He knew that they were not likely to give any further trouble once they were separated. He gave particular instructions that Caulah's beautiful skin was not to be marked in any way.

Slowly the soldiers urged their horses to take up positions all round the warlike little phalanx. Her eyes flashing with rage, Caulah shouted: "Well, why do you not approach your sweethearts? Come closer, and perhaps you will receive your rewards at their hands!"

Several of the soldiers came forward at this; but as soon as the horses were within striking distance the women dealt them terrific blows on their legs, causing them to stumble and fall. They then dragged the men from their backs, hitting them again and again, until they lay unconscious on the ground. Peter realised that this affair was assuming more serious proportions than he had anticipated. He dismounted and told his men to do likewise. Then he commanded them to draw their swords, though not without much hesitancy. It was evident that the prospect of attacking women disgusted him. Again he turned to Caulah. (Let us borrow the words of the historian.) "Peter looked with concern upon his mistress, and when he reviewed her beauty and comely proportions and stature, he was loth to part with her, but came near and gave her good words and would fain have persuaded her to desist from her resistance. He told her that he was a man of wealth and honour, that he had many fine estates—all of which should be at her service—and he desired her to have pity on herself and not to be accessory to her own death."

This entreaty, instead of touching Caulah's fiery heart, only served to incense her still further. She replied: "Thou infidel scoundrel! Why dost thou not approach a little nearer, that I may beat out thy brains?"

Her renewed challenge angered Peter. Immemorial custom justified his claim to be her conqueror. He drew his sword and spoke to the soldiers, stressing the fact that their duty would be the more painful because their dignity was at stake. What would the world say if they were beaten by a handful of women?

Whilst he was talking, one of the Hamyarites raised a shout of triumph. "Look, the Saracens approach! Our own people, the Saracens!"

Two men were seen to be approaching on horseback at full gallop. One was fully armed; the other appeared to be completely naked. Caulah's heart beat high. Well acquainted with her brother's eccentricity, she instantly supposed that the latter was none other than Derar. If it was he indeed, then the God of Islam could have sent no stouter aid. Far behind the swiftly approaching men, a cloud of dust betrayed the unmistakable presence of a large army.

We must here make a slight diversion, in order to pick up the thread of events concerning Paul and his 6,000 horsemen whom we left at grips with the Saracen rear-guard.

At first he had had some success, but when the main body of the enemy turned against him, he had been overcome and made prisoner by Derar. It was from Paul that Derar learnt of the capture of the women by Peter. Derar's rage knew no bounds. His beloved sister in the hands of the Christians! Even Caled could not stop him. Armed only with a lance he started alone, riding bareback on his Arab horse that no one had had time to saddle. Caled, after ordering his men to follow Derar, gave chase and succeeded in catching him up

A little MISCHIEF
means a lot of charm!

A touch of "Mischief" emphasises your romantic side. Makes you an 'interesting' companion. Subtly tells the world that you are smart as well as pretty. And this cute, adorable fragrance always keeps its first freshness on furs frocks or undies.

SAVILLE'S
Mischief

The romantic PERFUME that is always FRESH . . .
TRIAL SIZE 1/3

3/-
5/6
12/6

CVS—99

CROOKED TOES

Crooked Toes straightened — Dr. Scholl's Toe Flex gives immediate relief. Corrects cause of bunions and prevents them developing. Relieves enlarged great toe joint. Fine flexible rubber, soft, extremely comfortable. In 3 sizes. 1/6. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl Depots.

FREE ADVICE *Whatever your foot trouble, it can be corrected by Dr. Scholl's World Famous Methods at very little cost. Ask at any Dr. Scholl Depot for free advice by foot experts.*

Dr Scholl's TOE-FLEX

when about a hundred yards from the camp where the women were holding their captors at bay.

When Peter saw that the two men were followed by whole divisions of cavalry, he realised that the worst was about to happen. Courageously he mounted his horse and prepared to face the storm.

When the two men reined in their sweating steeds before the little circle of heroic women, Peter spoke to Derar as follows: "Your sister belonged to me, by all the rights of warfare. However, since I perceive that my affections are so unwelcome to her, I freely render her back to you."

Caulah, in a frenzy of anger, caught at his bridle in an effort to unseat him; but Derar smiled with sinister politeness.

"Sir, I thank you for the gift you offer me. I have nothing to offer you in return but *this!*" And, springing forward, he impaled the Roman general on his lance with one blow. . . .

Caled withdrew and left Derar to enjoy the fruits of his daring. Returning along the track he had followed, he soon met his approaching columns. When within earshot he rose in his stirrups and held up his hand for silence. Then he addressed his men: "Soldiers of the only true God, your wives and sweethearts have performed the epic feat of fending off, by force of arms, the infidels who captured them. Thus they have kept themselves pure from the pollution of the Unbeliever. All honour to them!" A thunderous cheer greeted the announcement.

Caled continued: "Let us hasten to take our places beside them and console them for our absence—but first let us prove ourselves worthy of the love of such heroic creatures. *On, to the camp of the infidel!*"

By nightfall the tide of war had once again been reversed. The camp, that had been but a short while ago the gloomy prison of the Saracen women, became the centre of gaiety and rejoicing.

Later on, no longer immured in the women's caravan but riding proudly at the head of her Hamyarites, the fiery Caulah entered the fallen city of Damascus. Her story has been immortalised by the Arab chroniclers, and thence I have garnered it to tell once again in Old Tales Re-told.

END

On Duty—Off Duty

(*Continued from page* 50)

On Duty—

deodorant powder which is quite inexpensive, called "Deo," which is a godsend as an after-bath talc powder.

IF you are washing undies, stockings or shirts yourself remember that to remove perspiration you should rinse the garments in plenty of lukewarm water before you start using soap. For undyed fabrics a good tip is to add one tablespoonful of ammonia to every four gallons of the lukewarm water. When you are washing things which are apt to shrink remember that most shrink troubles are caused by using too much soap. If you are using solid soap as opposed to flakes then shave up two ounces only and dissolve in four gallons of lukewarm water. Swish the garments about and press the suds through them but do not rub and never leave to soak. You will need to rinse in three changes of lukewarm water for real efficiency and squeeze the water out of your delicate undies but do not twist them.

MANY women in the Services whose complexions are sun-shy are bound to suffer a good deal of discomfort this summer unless they take trouble to protect themselves. The real sun-shy complexion will go red and blotchy when exposed to the glare and heat of a hot summer day, there may be swelling around the eyes, sore red blotches on the face and pimples on the neck. Most beauty preparations which are made to protect the skin (*Continued on page* 90)

Here's the BEAUTY TREATMENT we can all afford
OLIVE OIL—
nature's safeguard for your Schoolgirl Complexion
Nowadays, when vegetable oils are increasingly hard to come by, this wonderful soap is the best you can choose. For every tablet is made with a generous supply of olive oil to soothe and smooth your complexion all over. In every bath Palmolive does two things for you. It cleanses safely and it beautifies naturally.
3½d
U.K. only
PALMOLIVE

MAKE THIS DELICIOUS NOURISHING SWEET WITH
CHIVERS JELLIES
Economy Recipe No. 1
LEMON WHIP
1 pint packet Chivers' Lemon Jelly. ½ breakfast cup stale white breadcrumbs. 1 teaspoonful lemon juice.
Make up the Jelly as directed on the packet and place a small layer in the bottom of individual moulds. Whisk the remainder when cool, adding the lemon juice and breadcrumbs when thoroughly whisked. Fill the moulds with this mixture and when set turn out and decorate with plain chopped jelly, if required.
NO SUGAR REQUIRED
NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

from the sun contain quinine or tannic acid, or they may be of the calamine type, and it is a good thing to remember that powder foundations tinted brown or reddish brown worn under a really dark face powder will also guard the skin from the rays of the sun. Use a cleansing cream or a cleansing milk instead of soap and water, sponge your face with lukewarm water only and use a special powder foundation. Arden's Sports Jelly, which is very popular with skiers, is being brought out this month to guard the complexion against sun, wind and glare. At the same time it will allow you to become safely tanned. As a protection against tan there is the Sunpruf Cream and Protecta Lotion, which comes in four shades : natural, rachel, rose rachel and sun fair.

Off Duty—

and bath mitts. Any time the war news is getting you down, try half an hour with a few of these luxuries and you will be a joy to yourself, and what is far more important to the people you are with.

YOU have heard tell of the Nylon material which is used in America for sheer hosiery and has had so much publicity on that side of the Atlantic. Nylon bristles are now used for tooth brushes, and it is faintly funny that on this side of the Atlantic they are busily stressing the fact that Nylon is *not* an "ersatz" wartime substitute. This particular type of bristle is supposed to have several advantages. It absorbs only one-fifth as much moisture as the ordinary tooth brush bristle, it will not split or break off, it is not susceptible to bacterial attack as it has a smooth surface which is not spongy in structure. They say that these bristles do not scratch the enamel and that the dentifrice collecting at the base of the tufts of the bristles is very easily removed by rinsing in hot water—in other words, a perfectly behaved tooth brush.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 39)

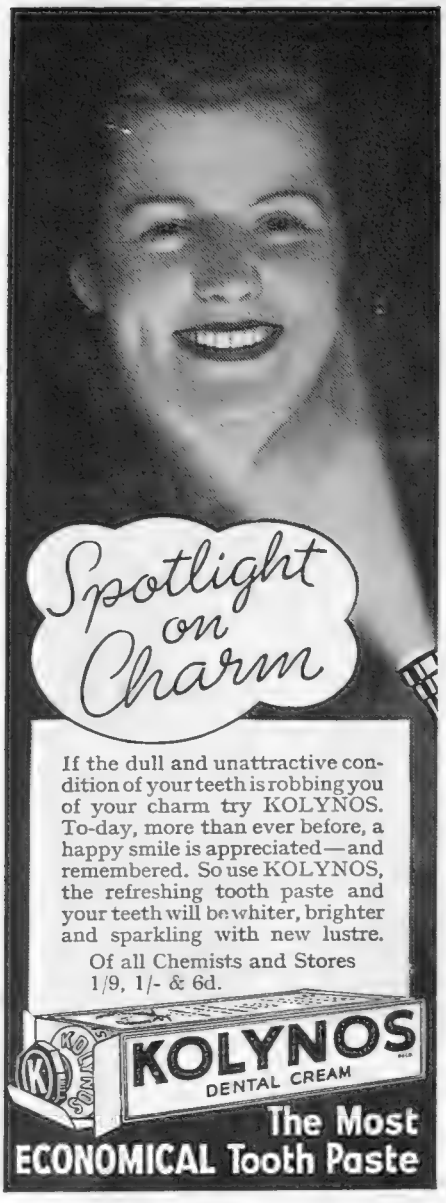
makes a merciless study of him and the seamy side of Cockney evacuation to a West Country village, but does not condemn. The writing is expert; the characters live.

COLIN and Dulcie, the Severn twins of Miss Hebe Elsna's "The First Week in September" (Hutchinson, 8s. 3d.), belong to the sunnier side of evacuation. Honor Frayne, the kind of young woman who takes holidays abroad alone, hurries back from France that fateful week to find them installed in her cottage with housekeeper Beccy. "Every one in the village has had to take one or two in," Beccy explains, "and the very little ones have got their mothers with them as well."

Beccy snorts about mothers: "Very towny most of them are, with high heels and permanent waves and suchlike. They're more likely to want waiting on than be ready to help others . . ." But children, now, the poor dears. . . .

These two prove to be the children of an actor with whom Honor, years ago, had her first—and only—affair. When he comes to visit them he finds her more beautiful and desirable and wants her on the old let's-enjoy-love-while-we-can terms, despite his marriage: an emotional complication for Honor which provides the conflict of the story, deepened when she falls heavily for Colin, wants to keep him indefinitely and be responsible for his musical education.

Miss Elsna is not always sure on boy-talk. I doubt if any boy, playing Indian chief, would say: "Into the pot with you. A fine, tender tit-bit you'll make for the warrior chief. Hula hula, I dance the war dance of the victorious brave!" or "I *slew* her. . . ." But hers is a warm, natural human story showing how helpless young evacuees can influence the lives of their foster-folk and


Spotlight on Charm
If the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth is robbing you of your charm try KOLYNOS. To-day, more than ever before, a happy smile is appreciated—and remembered. So use KOLYNOS, the refreshing tooth paste and your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.
Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

The finest Talcum for a lovely baby
Cuticura Talcum — so delightfully soothing and refreshing absorbs perspiration, prevents chafing and irritation. Let your baby enjoy its soothing comfort every day.
197 Of all Chemists and Stores.
Cuticura
TALCUM
FOR BABY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland and Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE

Monthly for.....months commencing with the ..... issue

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Date 1940

WILL the Sick Children Your Help

Help which conditions prevent today might be given by WILL to the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1. £1,000 names a cot 'In Memoriam.' £300,000 is needed to pay debt on New Hospital, and nearly £1,500 weekly for wartime maintenance.

BRONNLEY

1·2·3

BATH

SOAP

made with Turtle oil

☆

The perfect outcome of Bronnley's fifty years' experience in fine soap manufacture.

1/2 per tablet

Toilet Size 7d. per tablet

In Lavender, Honeysuckle, Verbena, etc.

☆

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.
ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3

SKOL

lets you enjoy-without regrets-every happy minute in the SUN

There's no grease or oil in SKOL to melt and get messy—and no dye to stain your clothes. Rub a film of SKOL on your skin. Lie in the sun. SKOL 'censors' the sunlight, admits only healthy tanning rays. In a little while there's a long-lasting glamorous tan. So easy. All chemists and stores sell SKOL. Buy a bottle to-day. **1'3, 2'-, 3'6.**

CHILDREN TOO! Strong sunshine affects a child's more sensitive skin very quickly—causes greater pain from sunburn. But protected by SKOL, your child can romp all day and gain the full benefit from healthy rays.

SKOL SUN GLASSES. Safeguard your eyes! Cheap glasses are dangerous. SKOL Scientific Sun Glasses are safe! Available in a variety of shapes and colours. 2'6 and 5'6 (Crookes Lenses.)

SKOL

Stainless

NON-OILY SUN LOTION

SKOL PRODUCTS LTD., 1 Rochester Row, S.W.1

the mothers those of their country hosts. Miss Tiny, the old maid, for instance, when her town guest is to have a baby :

"She's promised to let me share in the baby. I'm to be its godmother. Just think of all I shall be able to do for it, give it toys and pretty clothes, and perhaps even help to give it a start in life. It's the loveliest thing that ever happened to me. And do you know, I think she looks beautiful. Other times when I've seen any one expecting a baby, I've wanted to turn my eyes away, but she's so natural and proud about it that it makes it seem quite different."

Happily, the Colins and Dulcies more than redeem the Charleys, or this evacuation business would be intolerable.

PITY the novelist who pokes his head into his tale to say : "If, at this point, a further batch of readers have raised a series of querulous eyebrows heavenwards, and with an 'I thought as much!' look on their supercilious faces, departed, all the author can say is . . ." All the reviewer can say is : "My dear facetious sir, go and ask Private Warner to lend you his blue pencil!"—especially when *en passant* he strikes four bloodies in eight lines, which is a bit too much even for Mr. John Paddy Carstairs.

But these are about the only flaws in a brilliant study of a stage family, "Curried Pineapple" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). Andrew Blane, adored but greying idol of his public, is a masterpiece. He has a family of four juniors who discuss his "frilleries"—U.S., "frails"—at table with gusto and enjoyment; but when he calmly announces that he has really fallen for the lush chorine Dolores Pearl and means to divorce their mother and marry her . . . ! Well, illustrious father can have his own separate pseudo-bachelor apartment, his frilleries and his fun, *but* . . . When, moreover, the Dolores, in the view of one son at least, is not only a witch (only he spells it with a b) but the preserve of a theatre big-wig whom it would be perilous for father to offend. . . .

Mr. Carstairs works it all out with sagacity and wit to its triumphant climax : *Sic transit Frillery*. He knows but too well his theatre and film folk and Bohemian Soho. He can yarn irresistibly. This is a sure advance on "Vinegar and Brown Paper" which concerned not just one witch but a howling dervish horde of them in Park Lane cabaret. I prefer Andrew's so tolerant wife Bertha who understands his peccadilloes and doesn't complain even when her offspring says : "Don't try to be prim and proper one minute, mother, and all nineteen-fifty the next!"

ANOTHER admirable stage novel—American this time — is Miss Mary Kennedy's "Question the Night" (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.). If you want to know what a girl like Phillida Foster feels and thinks, growing up in a stage family, attending a theatre school, enduring the nerve-torment of her first audition, facing and conquering her first audiences, falling romantically in love and falling out of it—well, here it all is, presented convincingly with little attempt at plot, but with terrific U.S. drive. To Phillida the audience was not many people, hardly a person, rather a thing—and always different : "On wet nights, or bitter nights, what a time it took to warm it up, to thaw it out! She could tell the days of the week by it."

Her actress grandmother Frances, still playing leads in light comedy, oblivious of time, is richly drawn. She might be in her far-off twenties yet—until an ardent admirer stands before her saying : "Always I adored you. When I was in college I saved every cent to see you. When I married I took my wife to that Pinero thing on our honeymoon. She was almost jealous of you. You are wonderful. I don't know how you do it. And your son—and your granddaughter." Then Time's sly revenge : "Do you act now?"

Miss Kennedy knows the theatre, inside and inside-out; hers is an intelligent, distinguished story.

AFTER the theatre, a breath of the sea—"Thread of Scarlet," by Mr. Ben Ames Williams, is an (*Continued on page* 92)

PUT Fresh Beauty In Your Old 'Perm' THIS WAY!

Just "Dry-Clean" Your Hair With 'Danderine'—See How It Instantly Adds Thrilling Lustre—Makes Your "Perm" Last Twice as Long—Cuts Hairdressing Bills in Half!

All you need do is sprinkle a few drops of the marvellous scientific product 'Danderine' on cotton wool. Apply to hair roots. Brush vigorously. Then pat your "perm" back into place.

You'll be amazed to find your "perm" is as lovely as the day it was new. And it will last months longer. You'll save pounds on hairdressing bills. For 'Danderine' literally "dry-cleans" your hair, ending the necessity of frequent washings — feeds hair roots an ingredient that adds sheen and brilliance. It's wonderful. Try it. Get 'Danderine' today!

At all Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'DANDERINE'

FOR THE HAIR

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

American story of the 1812 war between the U.S. and Britain, with the exploits of David Swain, son of a whaling skipper, as chief theme. Captured by a British frigate, he escapes through the blockade and finds himself back home in a perplexed and troubled community, mainly of simple Quaker whalers, who resent being involved in a war not of their choosing.

A romance with the beautiful Damaris Coffin is consolation, but not enough to keep him ashore. He plans a raid on a British cruiser, discovers that her commander is the Lieutenant Ormond who made possible his escape, refuses to fight his benefactor, returns tamely to face townsfolk who think him a coward, and eventually wins redemption in a stirring fight between frigate and privateer.

Nantucket life makes a vivid background to the conflict. Those who enjoyed "North-West Passage" know with what conscientious grip the best U.S. writers tackle historic romance; and a postscript to this one indicates the author's painstaking research into authentic detail. I would call this a sound yarn which will please equally the toughest men and most exacting women, especially those who like to read of breezy adventure at sea and among hardy people who live by it.

MR. FRANK STAFFORD'S "Tattered Ensign" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.) is nautical but more sentimental: the story of young Joe Rudd, master of the cargo boat *Sennen Cove* plying from a Cornish port. Orders to put into the Scillies to tow back a disabled yacht owned by the squire of the port, Budestow, bring Joe into touch with his two daughters and romance of the kind which has to overcome class barriers. When Joe goes to the admiral, for instance, to tell him that he and Roberta are in love, the admiral's lady comments acidly: "Walking out together! Are you sure he isn't referring to one of the maids?" A nasty one for Joe, but he's weathered worse storms at sea and doesn't capitulate to a land one. He survives, in fact, to take part in an heroic rescue in a wild Christmas gale and receive the honours.

Good holiday reading for a deck chair on pier or cliffs, for there is much of this kind of thing: ". . . . Roberta stood on the breezy point watching the *Sennen Cove* steam by on her way to the open sea. Volumes of black smoke poured from the funnel aft and, as she felt the weight of the swell rolling in across the bar, her bows began to lift and dip. Roberta could distinguish Joe's tall figure standing beside the helmsman on the bridge; she saw him lift his hand above his head and then, with a puff of white steam streaming aft around the funnel, the whistle blared forth one long dignified blast . . ."

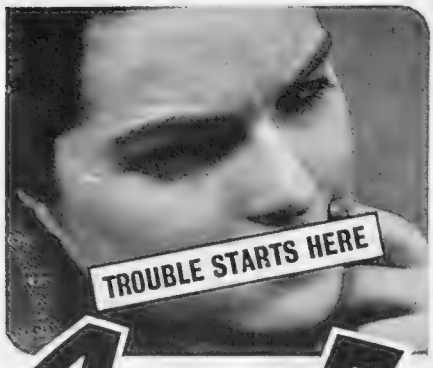
Which is almost a holiday in itself.

HANS FALLADA is the delineator of pre-Nazi Germany's lower-middle-class Little Man. This time his hero—"Iron Gustav" (Putnam, 8s. 6d.)—is an ex-sergeant-major who keeps horses and cabs and brings up his family as he would drill his company. The novel is a social study of their development and reaction.

Otto, who said of his father "any one who isn't like him or doesn't do and think in his way, he treats as an enemy and really hates him," keeps a mistress secretly, gives her a child and is killed in the war. Erich becomes a crook, Heinz a drifter, Eva a woman of the town with a pimp for a husband, Sophie a nurse and cold-hearted hospital matron. All are in the Alexanderplatz tradition, which is pretty tough material for grim realism if not delicate romance.

Gustav, having dowered Berlin with this strange brood, emerges at seventy as an international champion by driving his cab from Berlin to Paris and back as an ambassador of peace and goodwill! An ironic climax to a human document of which one may say: Neither tasty nor sweet, but it makes you think. . . .

MISS ANNE MEREDITH thinks that in time of war people need a change from contemporary novels. She has accordingly



4 out of 5
MAY SUFFER FROM
PYORRHOEA

Watch carefully for any signs of gum-bleeding, for this is often a symptom of gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans used regularly stops "pussy" bleeding gums.

Dental decay will *certainly* undermine your health — see your dentist. Thousands of dentists use Forhans anti-pyorrhoea astringent in their surgeries. Every morning—every night—brush your teeth with Forhans Special Formula Dentifrice, and be *sure* of a fresh, healthy mouth. Start using Forhans to-day!

1/3 and 2/6

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.

"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT" . .
R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

Now She MUST Carry On

War will not wait on woman's weakness, nor need any woman "go sick" on account of periodic pains and headaches. Just take one or two A-K Tablets and you will be able to carry on as usual.

If you suffer from regular pain you must try A-K Tablets. They cost so little and bring such comfort that you owe it to yourself. They relieve pain in a few minutes and their effect is lasting. Join the thousands of women who have found A-K a safe, sure method of relieving periodic pain. Don't suffer another month. Get A-K Tablets to-day, and enjoy this freedom from pain.

NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets and if you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/3 *a box.*

INSTANT Beauty for women in war-time

Land Girl

Out in all weathers—always ready to help—the land girl does a magnificent job. Wisely she carries a tube of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream with her always. A touch on a finger-tip—and her skin is soothed, refreshed and instantly protected. The winds can't harm her complexion when it's guarded in this quick-as-a-flash way: the rain and the sunshine will only make it lovelier still!

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades. Tubes 6d.—Mirror-fitted Jars 1/-

POTTER & MOORE'S Powder-Cream

No need now to pay expensive fees for Electrolysis, the only permanent treatment. Any lady can now use this genuine method of the world-famous Beauty Salons, with a Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit in privacy at home. No chemicals, no discomfort; it leaves the skin clear and lovely, revealing new beauty of skin and profile with hairs and moles gone for ever. It has never failed, and is so simple a child could use it. Individually guaranteed. Complete, ready for use, £5 5s. or 10s. monthly. Trial Free. Full particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ, LTD. (Dept. EV), 613 Argyle St., Glasgow

written an unusual story of Victorian Bath in "The Adventurer" (Faber, 8s. 6d.). Flora Vane, under family reproach for remaining a spinster, marries an incredible bull of a man with an ominous past and mysterious present who has visitors as strange as the sources of his wealth.

One of these is an old crony from the East whom he murders to escape the sinister power which holds him in thrall. But the book is not written as a thriller, rather as an aloof period piece depending on leisurely narrative and dialogue deliberately old-fashioned in style.

Captain Smith disappears after his crime, and when she meets him again by chance he is Professor Israel Smith, preacher and prophet of a New Age.

With its plush Victorian background, it has the quality of a quaint oleograph and will appeal to lovers of the antique. The author has so projected herself into the period that she might have written it fifty years before she was born!

ANOTHER unusual book which evokes a period is Mr. George Borodin's "Those Borgias" (Faber, 8s. 6d.); a series of clear-cut, impressionistic sketches and fables in which the Borgias posture before man, God and devil at the seat of judgment. One gathers that Those Borgias, for all the enormity of their living and dying, were fit neither for heaven nor hell: "Hell is no punishment for us and heaven is no reward." Incidentally, hell feared their conversion to goodness and heaven presumably had no faith in it.

"And so it was that the Borgias, who knew no peace on earth, flew to the farthest star, and San Francesco became their patron saint and the last of the Borgias no longer went with a bowed head, unprayed and unwanted. He had become the viceroy of God in those regions of oblivion where even the farthest star is the nearest. . . .

"Trionfo Borgia!"

Trionfo indeed. But it would be a pity if our present-day Borgias of Berlin and Berchtesgaden took heart therefrom. Theirs will be a stickier end when the final reckoning comes, if God's still in his Heaven and all's right with the world at long last. Mr. Borodin may essay rare literary achievements but he mustn't put false hopes into the dark souls of dictators.

END

Confidently Recommended

(*Continued from page* 58)

of taste. In the year A.D. 738 we read of monks being allowed wine by the grace of Bishop Aiden, and from then on for three or four hundred years the fen lands became flourishing wine growing districts. Yet the English weather is not conducive to good wine-grape growing, and so gradually wines became an imported treat rather than a national beverage.

Now Point wines have overcome this difficulty by importing concentrated grape juice that is produced and extracted in sunshine. Owing to the excess sugar content in this rich syrup, it travels perfectly. From this, wine is now made in England, and offered to you at the most reasonable price of 2s. per bottle.

There are four types of Point wines—Red Point, a ruby wine of port character; White Point, a sweet white wine of port character; Amber Point, a fine British sherry, and Green Point, a full strength ginger wine.

Not only are they all delightful in themselves, but they can be made into delicious long drinks by the addition of orange or pineapple, grapefruit or lemon squash. In the kitchen they add finesse to your cookery.

END

Two New Creams containing 'Milk of Magnesia' ACT ON 'ACID SKIN' LIKE MAGIC

TO keep looking younger than you are is the duty of every woman over 30. Two new remarkable creams are here to help you.

How to keep the skin fresh, supple and youthful-looking is the problem facing many women today. In these two new wonderful beauty creams, containing 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' thousands of women have found a convincing answer.

Just as 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams counteract acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM
Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture. You will be amazed at the way this new-type cream corrects those unsightly imperfections which cause so much worry and anxiety.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM
Liquefies instantly it touches the skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Sample tubes of both creams sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp to cover postage and packing. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14K.), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3. From all Chemists and Stores, 1/6 & 3/- a jar, new trial size 6d.

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

NEW SIZE 6d.

TEXTURE CREAM CLEANSING CREAM

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

It will be sent free on request. Write to The Facktative Co. (Suite 44), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

Fight Dingy Teeth

Sound White Teeth

are half-the-battle

Your teeth play an important part in helping you to "win through!" Keep them sparkling white by using this new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' by its action in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth — especially smokers. Try the only tooth paste that contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they become a natural white — and stay white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' is the dentifrice to do it every time. Get a tube today. *If you have a relative or friend in the "Services" include a tube in your next parcel*

6d., 10½d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Rid your dog of fleas and lice instantly with Bob Martin's 'PESTROY'

From chemists and dog-food shops, 6d.

Some Things A Good Cook Ought To Know

Nowadays, with all the food restrictions and difficulties with which wartime housewives have to contend, it is important to assemble the correct food ingredients, but even more important to have a real knowledge of the fundamental principles of cookery.

Mistakes happen even with the best cooks, but they are agonising to the amateur who doesn't know why they occurred. And to-day no housewife can afford to make cooking mistakes. She can't afford the time, the food or the money.

There are very good reasons for puddings that won't rise, for fallen cakes, for acid soups, burst sausages, limp bacon, soggy vegetables, and all the little tragedies that turn good uncooked food into bad cooked food. Learn how to avoid them. Here is some elemental advice.

SOUPS

Milk should be heated before adding it to soup at the end, or the soup curdles. In very acid soups, use a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. If an egg is used for thickening, beat it slightly and strain it into the foot of a tureen, then pour the soup over it.

MEAT

When boiling or stewing, the water must not gallop, or the meat goes stringy and tasteless. Simmer gently.

When roasting, sear in a hot oven to keep in the juices for about ten minutes, then the heat should be moderate and the roast cooked slowly until tender. Baste frequently.

Grills must be hot right at the start, so that the juices do not escape, then medium. Don't use a fork for turning, as this pierces the casing.

FRIED FOODS

Rissoles and fritters burst and break if the mixture is too soft. It pays to double coat soft mixtures with egg and breadcrumb. Don't have the fat too hot, or the mixture will be cooked outside, uncooked inside. A faint blue haze arising from the fat indicates the right frying temperature.

Re-heat fat between each batch of frying, or it soaks into the food, makes it greasy and sodden. Never put too much food into the fat at one time, as it cools down too much

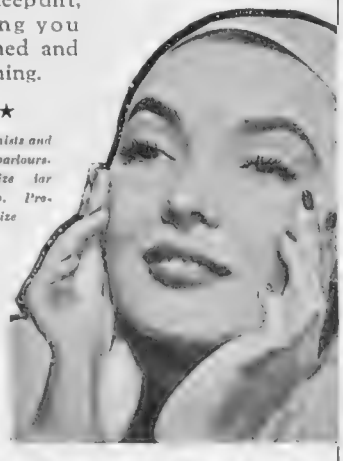
★

If beauty is but Skin Deep

it stands to reason that you *must* clean your skin *below* the surface in order to preserve a clear complexion. ALBOLENE is the most efficient, all purpose cleansing cream known — so pure (not even a scent has been introduced) and so effective that it's used to cleanse babies' skin. Smooth it into your skin and it will melt away all pore-deep dirt, leaving you refreshed and refreshing.

★

From chemists and beauty parlours. Boudoir-size jar 2/-; 1-lb. Professional size tin 4/-



ALBOLENE

CLEANSING CREAM

ADVERTISING'S UNEMPLOYED

HELP NEEDED URGENTLY

As a direct result of the war, many hundreds of advertising men and women are out of employment, many of whom were on the threshold of their careers. Some, recently married, have incurred new liabilities while others, older and already shouldering the many responsibilities of parenthood, are facing great anxiety and hardship until they can find fresh employment. The WAR EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND has been created by the NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY to relieve the acute distress which is being experienced by these people. If you can help, please do so immediately. All donations, large or small, will be gratefully received and wisely administered.

Please send a donation today to the Secretary

WAR EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND

NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

St. Paul's House, 62 St. Paul's Churchyard London, E.C.4

For details of staff collection scheme apply to HARRY JONES, Hon. Publicity Officer, W.E.F. Section

Some Things A Good Cook Ought To Know

and makes for greasiness. Thorough draining on kitchen paper is also necessary.

SAUCES

These go lumpy if the liquid has been added too quickly and has not been thoroughly beaten. Add the liquid in thirds, boiling up and beating well with a wooden spoon between each addition.

White sauce goes brown if the butter is too hot before the flour is added. It should be melted, no more. Brown sauce goes greasy if it is overboiled. To rectify, add a tablespoonful of cold water, boil up and skim.

VEGETABLES

Never boil them too long or keep the lid on the pan, this makes them water sodden, turns them a bad colour. Mushy potatoes are caused by being boiled in too much water, or boiling too long and too fast. Tilt the lid and leave them at the side of the fire after draining, until the moisture evaporates.

Better still, steam all vegetables. By this method all their natural juices are retained. If you do boil vegetables, never throw away the water. Use it for stock.

STEAM PUDDINGS

To prevent sogginess, the water must come half-way up the basin and be boiling when the pudding goes into the pot. Keep simmering all the time, and when it requires replenishing, fill with boiling water from the kettle.

MILK PUDDINGS

Don't bake in too hot an oven, or they get tough skins. Too much grain to milk, cooking too long causes dryness. Beat the pudding well, add the egg before the mixture is too hot, or it turns out lumpy.

CUSTARDS

Too hot an oven will make the mixture curdle and go watery. If cooked too long in a slow oven, it will separate.

OMELETTES

Too much fat makes them greasy. Moisture in the pan makes them stick. Prove the pan before using—that is, heat a small piece of unsalted fat until smoking, pour away, wipe out with paper.

SOUFFLÉS

If a soufflé is baked too rapidly it will fall before the mixture is cooked. It also sinks if not served quickly enough after cooking. A soufflé is sensitive to draughts and sudden chills. Once they used to carry the soufflé tin into the dining-room on a hot shovel and serve there, to prevent falling.

SAUSAGES

They must be pricked with a fork and put into a cold pan or, while frying, they burst.

BACON

Heat the pan first or the bacon will be limp. Cook long enough to crisp it.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Don't overcook or add too much milk, or they will be watery. (Continued on page 96)

K·L·G
MADE IN ENGLAND
The margin between Governmental demands for K.L.G. plugs and our maximum output is small: delays in fulfilling private orders are sometimes unavoidable, when they occur—we beg your indulgence.
K·L·G SPARKING PLUGS LTD.
PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15.

Confidently Recommended

This is a preparation which is guaranteed in time to destroy hair roots and completely cure superfluous hair. You get a pair of tweezers called Epilation Forceps (5s.) and you remove each hair, pulling sharply the way it grows, after which you dab on this **Helen Lawrence** lotion, which goes into the hair root and destroys it. The length of the process and its results depend, naturally, on the growth of the hair of each individual. If you suffer from superfluous hair, this is worth a trial. Personal treatment for the pulling of the hairs is given from 10s. 6d. a sitting at Madame Lawrence's salon, 81 Earl's Court Road, London, W.8. If you would like to send for her Home Treatment, a postal order for 13s. (which includes postage) will get it. Postage abroad is 3s. extra. Telephone: Western 4518.

Direct from Helen Lawrence

"I owe my life to the P.D.S.A. and the generous people who support this great animal charity." *"BOB."*

THERE ARE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF OTHER DOGS, CATS, HORSES, AND ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF ANIMALS, WHO LOOK TO THE P.D.S.A. TO RELIEVE THEIR SUFFERINGS.

Every penny subscribed helps to relieve some animal from pain.

Please send a donation to Hon. Treasurer—

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

INDEX to ADVERTISERS
July 1940

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

	Page
A	
"A.B." Cookers	83
Adlis Brassiere Co.	77
Alboline	94
Anne French Cleansing Milk	83
Anti-Kamnia	92
Arden, Elizabeth	87
Atkinsons	Cover ii
B	
Bear Brand Stockings	59
Bird's Custard	Cover iv
Bob Martin's Powders	94
Bronnley	91
C	
California Syrup of Figs	86
Cardinal Polish	68
Chivers Jellies	89
Coty, Ltd.	65
Crookes' Lacto-Calamine	71
Cuticura	90
D	
Danderine	91
Dr. Barnardo's Homes	2
Dr. Scholl	88
E	
Eugene	73
Euthymol	2
F	
Facktative	93
Flit	Cover iii
Ford Motors	60
Forhans, Ltd.	92
G	
Gala Lipstick	72
Gibbs Dentifrice	80
Gor-ray Skirts	74
Goya Perfume	76
H	
Heinz	63
Hofels' Curative Foods	2
J	
Jamal	81
K	
Keating's	91
Kemplas	84
Kestos	67
Kia-Ora	80
K.L.G. Plugs	95
Kolynos	90
L	
Larola	Cover ii
Lawrence, Helen	95
Leichner	84
Lenthéric Perfume	75
Lodge Plugs	61
M	
Martini Vermouth	Cover iii
McCall's Paysandu Ox Tongue	77
Milk of Magnesia	88
Mischief Perfume	88
N	
Nescafé	77
Norvic Shoes	79
Nugget Polish	86
O	
Optrex Eye Lotion	3
P	
Palmolive Soap	89
Pears Products	Cover iii
Peggy Sage	70
Phillips' Beauty Cream	93
Phillips' Dental Magnesia	94
Player's Cigarettes	67
Point Wines	78
Pond's Creams	3
Potter & Clarke	2
Potter & Moore	92
R	
Rayfilta	78
Rendells	78
Ronuk	2
Rose, Wm. R.	2
S	
Sanatogen	75
Schweppes	4
Skol Products	91
Suntona	61
T	
Tampax	85
Tangee Beauty Products	80
Tattoo Lipstick	87
Tek Toothbrushes	68
V	
Vandré	92
Vapex	77
Viscana	87
Vitos Machine	Cover ii
W	
Wright's Coal Tar Soap	82
Y	
Yardley	69

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.*; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.*

Some Things A Good Cook Ought To Know

(*Continued from page* 95)

PASTRY

This turns out hard if you don't use enough shortening or if you use too much water when mixing. To prevent it being sodden, put the sugar for sweetening between the layers of fruit, never next to the pastry.

Make a slit, or the steam sinks in instead of escaping. Sinking may be due to an insufficient filling, so if there is not enough use a pie funnel. If the pastry is stretched to fit the dish, it will shrink back to its original size in the oven. Too cool an oven causes pastry shrinkage too. Handle the pastry as little as you can, and as lightly as possible.

CAKES

These will burn on the bottom if the heat is too fierce. Put a tray of sand or an abestos mat underneath the tin. Too thin a cake tin also causes burning. A cake falls in the centre if you use too much raising agent. This causes it to puff up, then suddenly to collapse.

Too hot an oven first, then too sudden a reduction of heat, also makes it fall. Heavy cakes occur if fat and sugar are not sufficiently creamed, or if the mixture curdles when adding the eggs. To prevent this, always add the eggs with a little of the measured flour, and beat them in.

* * *

The inexperienced cook should also learn the art of camouflage. If your milk pudding burns, remove the skin and put a meringue on top. Disguise your broken jelly with whipped cream, your steamed pudding that went wrong with a colourful sauce. A little garnish, used judiciously will cover plenty of mistakes. But better still, don't make mistakes.

Cash Into the Sun

(*Continued from page* 42)

your joints, at the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists. Then give yourself the luxury of a herbal oil dip, that is, mould your arms and legs with an oil that will help the sun take off any superfluous flesh or fill you out—if you are too thin, for the sun will also do that—if you help it to. The sun is *the* perfect adjuster to shapeliness. Use Hofels' skin-functioning oil.

When you strip and lie face downwards, see that the sun never strikes for more than two minutes consecutively on the small of your back, or, if lying frontwards, on the pit of your stomach. Place a towel round. This applies however long you may have been a sunbather. And is only after you have bathed regularly for over a week that you should draw out the ten minutes to twenty.

Once you have been sunfilled daily, or even had your body exposed to the air in what is usually a sun-struck spot, you can have as many twenty-minute bathes on your days off as you wish, and sun-saturate yourself to advantage.

This advice probably sounds pernickety and hyper-fussy. I don't say you are going to take harm from not following such a routine, but that you are going to derive the maximum benefit that the sun can bestow by following it.

That first tremendously hot week in June tempted many people literally to hurl themselves at the sun for long stretches at the time.

It certainly is tremendously tempting to do this, especially in a climate like ours when hot weather is an uncertain quantity, and one can never be sure how much sunshine the summer is going to yield.

Using up every minute of the sun when it is shining, seems almost to be a duty.

Certainly use it up, but use it intelligently. Don't rush at it.

It is the people who rarely strip and then go off to a beach on a holiday and hurl themselves, all but stark, on the sands who do themselves harm. They come home flattened out and blistered. The secret is to seize all the sun you can in the work-a-day week and then go all out during your time off. That way lies fitness.

Bathe before you swim. Sit in the sun after it, but sit in your clothes. Sun-paddle all day long to your hips. But be careful how you expose your back on the beach at noon on a baking day. The actinic or burning sun-stroke rays are powerful then, as the glare is accentuated off the sea and there is heat off the rocks. This is not so in fields or near woods, because green wards off the danger of sunstroke.

Drink water, barley-water, or orange and lemon juice during sun-bathes, the assimilation of any freshly-squeezed citrous fruit in the sunlight fills the system with the correct sugars for energy. Drink plenty. We all know what it is to bask in the sun and forget there is a war on. Those moments of peace cannot be taken from us. They afford respite, sanity. You owe it to yourself and the nation to hoard them easily. They revive you.

1.7.40

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada, 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Florence Desmond

prefers Martini plain

Miss Florence Desmond, whose "Impressions" are sheer delight, says "A glass of plain Martini Vermouth is a most delightful drink at any time. It is so beneficial to health and helps to keep one fit. No imitations of Martini Vermouth for me."

Martini Vermouth is a rich matured wine of rare flavour, in which are blended health-giving aromatic herbs that tone up the stomach, liver, heart and kidneys. That is why Martini Vermouth stimulates appetite, aids digestion and helps to keep you fit and slim. Try a glass by itself any time in the day and you will realise how pleasing it is to the palate and how good it is for you.

MARTINI

Vermouth

Product of Martini & Rossi, Torino, Paris, Buenos Aires, etc.

Refuse inferior substitutes—look for the Martini label

DRY OR SWEET . . . DRINK IT NEAT . . .

MV46A

DON'T WASTE FOOD!

FLIES, WASPS AND OTHER INSECTS QUICKLY CONTAMINATE YOUR FOOD

FLIT KILLS

all insects instantly

Send him a Pears Service Pack

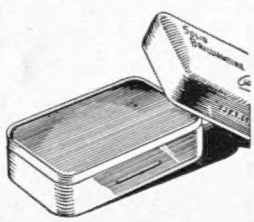
Useful and Welcome Gifts for Men on Service . . .

Here are just the things men on service need . . . No trouble to you — no time wasted . . . Write his name and address on the handy, free postal container . . . Send him one now — before you forget. Ask your usual Retailer.

CONTENTS OF 'STANDARD' SERVICE PACK

Pears Original Transparent Soap, 5d. The most popular soap among men. Economical in use — outlasts two tablets of ordinary soap.

Jif Shaving Stick, 6d. Gives a quick, smooth shave, even in cold water, and real after-shaving comfort. Packed in a convenient holder-top case.



Pears Solid Brilliantine, 1/3. Ideal for all Service conditions. Neat, handy, unbreakable, non-spillable metal case which is easily and safely carried in the kit.

Pears 'STANDARD' SERVICE PACK

Two 5d. cakes of Pears Soap – 10d.
Jif Shaving Stick – – – – – 6d.
Pears Solid Brilliantine – – – 1/3d.
Postal Container – – – – FREE

2'7

Pears 'SPECIAL' SERVICE PACK

Two 5d. cakes of Pears Soap – 10d.
Pears Golden Shaving Stick – 1/3d.
Pears Solid Brilliantine – – – 1/3d.
Postal Container – – – – – FREE

3'4

READY FOR POSTING — CONTAINER FREE

A. & F. Pears Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

PCP 8/605

. . . there's nothing like

BIRD'S

BLANC-MANGE